

# Modern Screen

OBER

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• A DELL MAGAZINE •



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SEP 18 1945



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KAPPA



# "How about a love life of your own, Pet?"



**GIRL:** Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

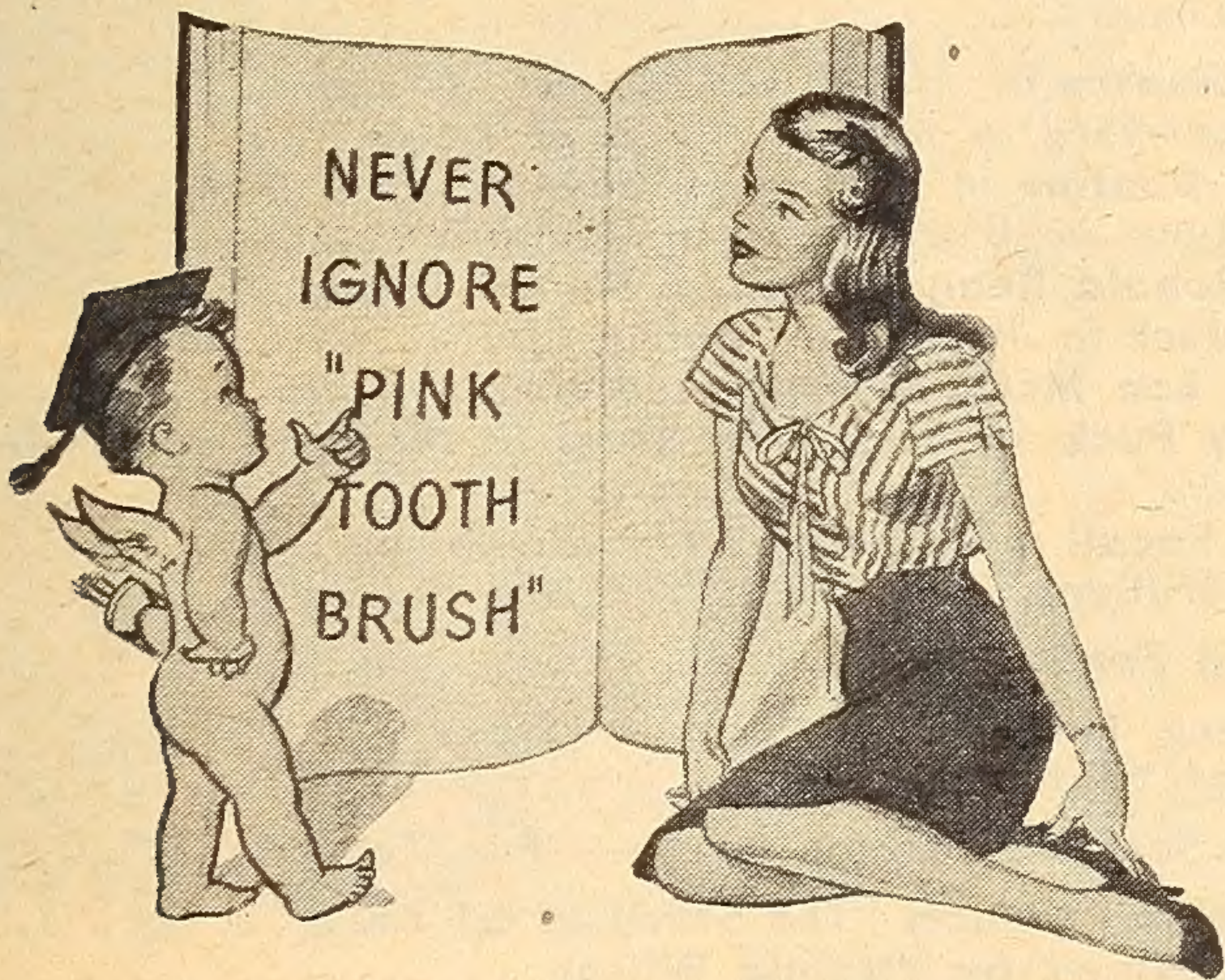
**CUPID:** But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

**GIRL:** Of *course* it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

**CUPID:** ...or just teach you that even a *plain* girl can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

**GIRL:** If she *can* sparkle at people... which I *can't*. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

**CUPID:** Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



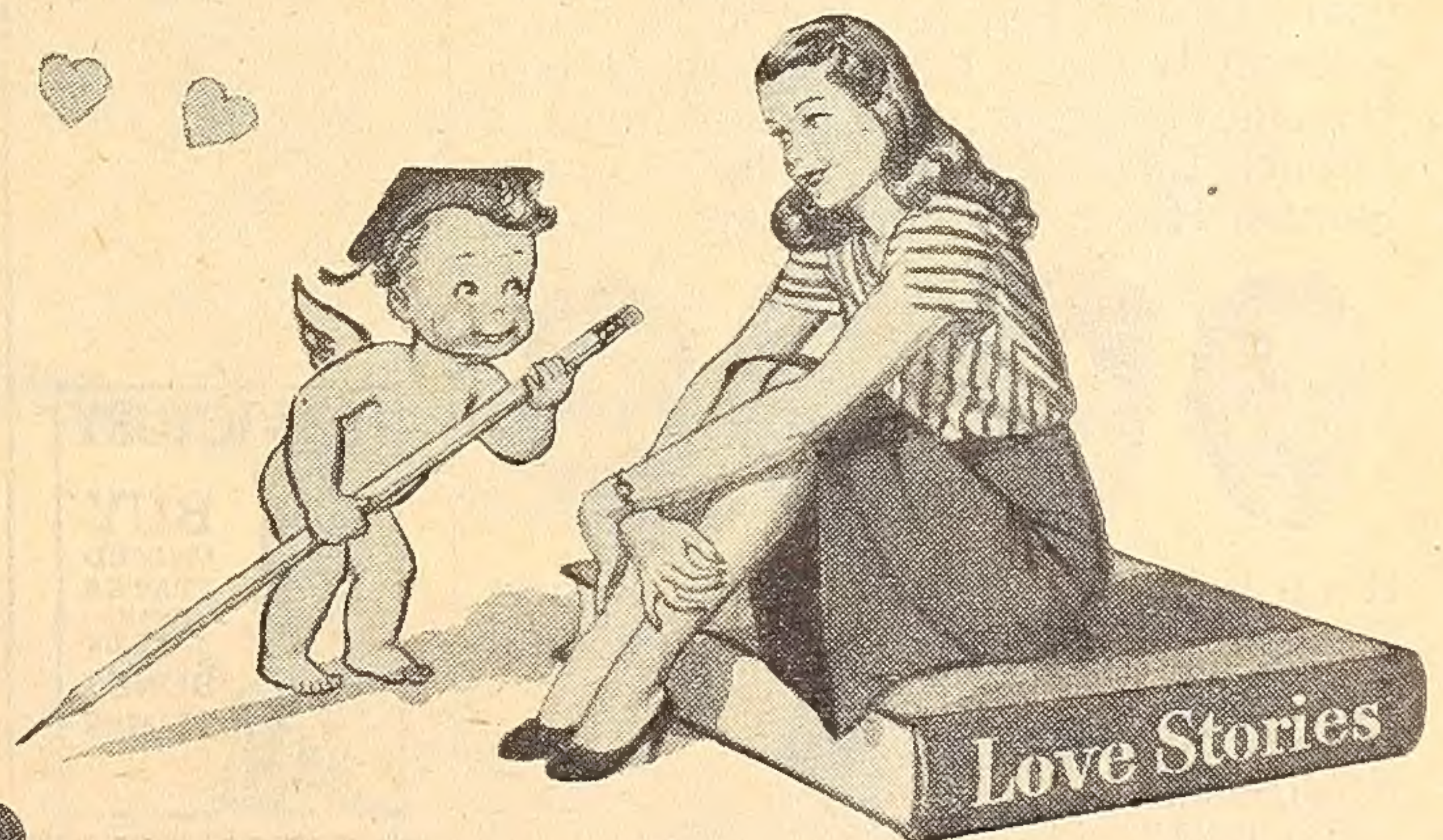
gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!

**GIRL:** Well, lately, but—

**CUPID:** But *what*? Don't you know that's a warning to see your dentist? He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** And *that'll* help my smile?

**CUPID:** Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your



Product of Bristol-Myers

## For the Smile of Beauty

### IPANA AND MASSAGE



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!



GINGER

How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top it off—a "Week-end At The Waldorf".

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

Of course the hunting is the Boy-Chases-Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.



LANA

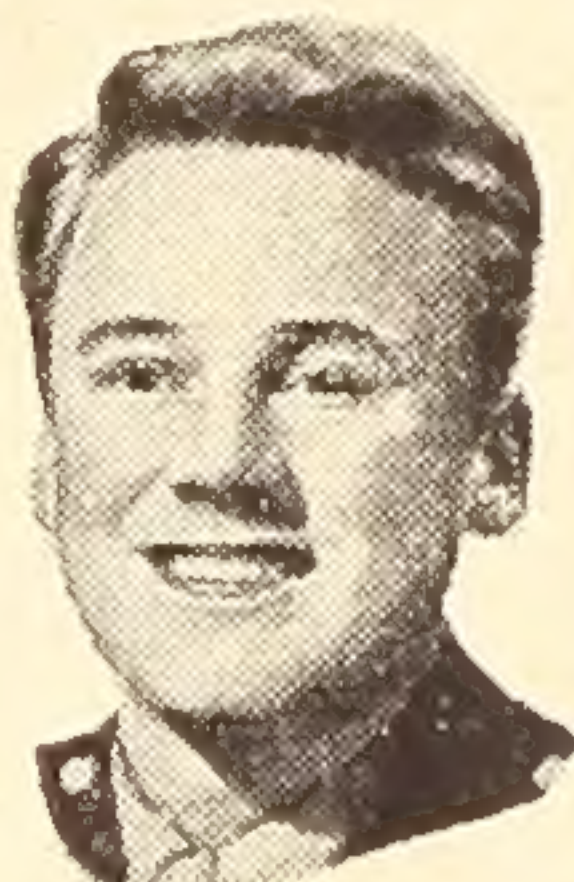


WALTER

Ginger plays Irene Malvern, the movie star. Walter plays Chip Collyer, the war correspondent. Lana plays Bunny Smith, the hotel stenog. And Van plays Captain Hollis, who's in a bad way.

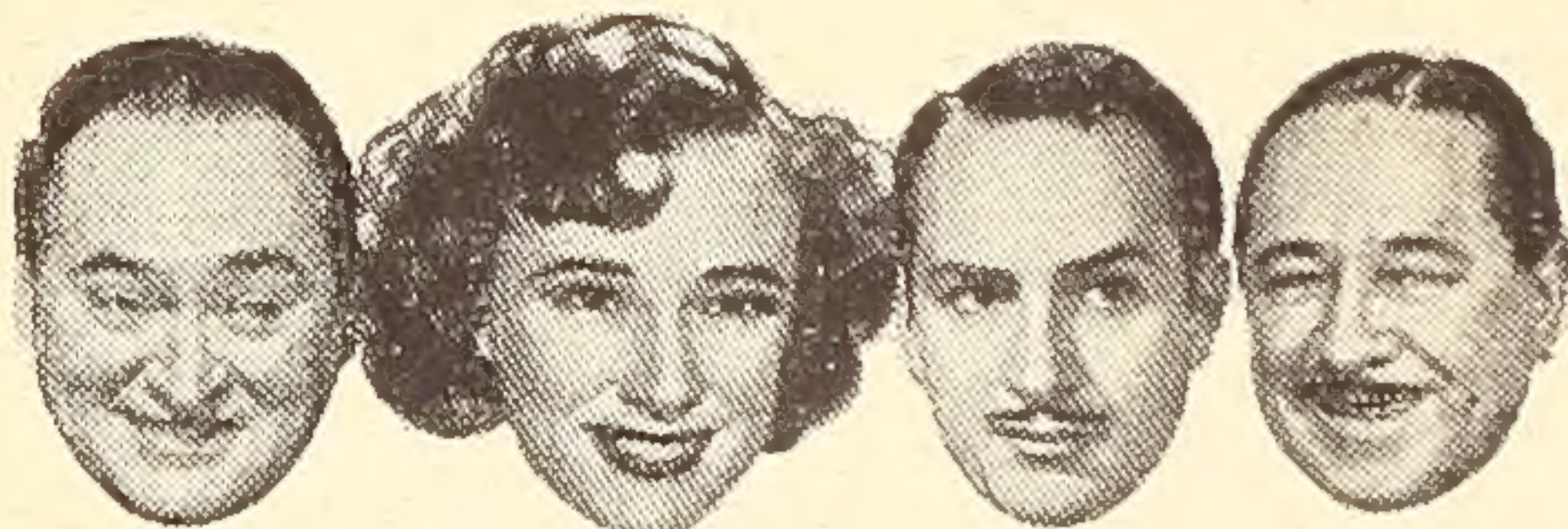
Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything *does* happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, excitingly.

It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.



VAN

You may go so far as to think "Week-end At The Waldorf" is the best picture of the year. We *know* it's first class.



Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Keenan Wynn, a cub reporter; Robert Benchley, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lina Romay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.



It's a big "Week-end". Thank Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spewack, screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton who made the adaptation. Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr. who produced it all.

And thank

—L 20



# modern screen

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COVER: C.B.S. star Frank Sinatra in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh." Cover and color portraits of Pvt. Lon McCallister, Helmut Dantine, Capt. Ronald Reagan, Peter Lawford and Gregory Peck by Willinger.

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*They had a date with fate...  
and a rendezvous with love!*



**GINGER ROGERS**

as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

**LANA TURNER**

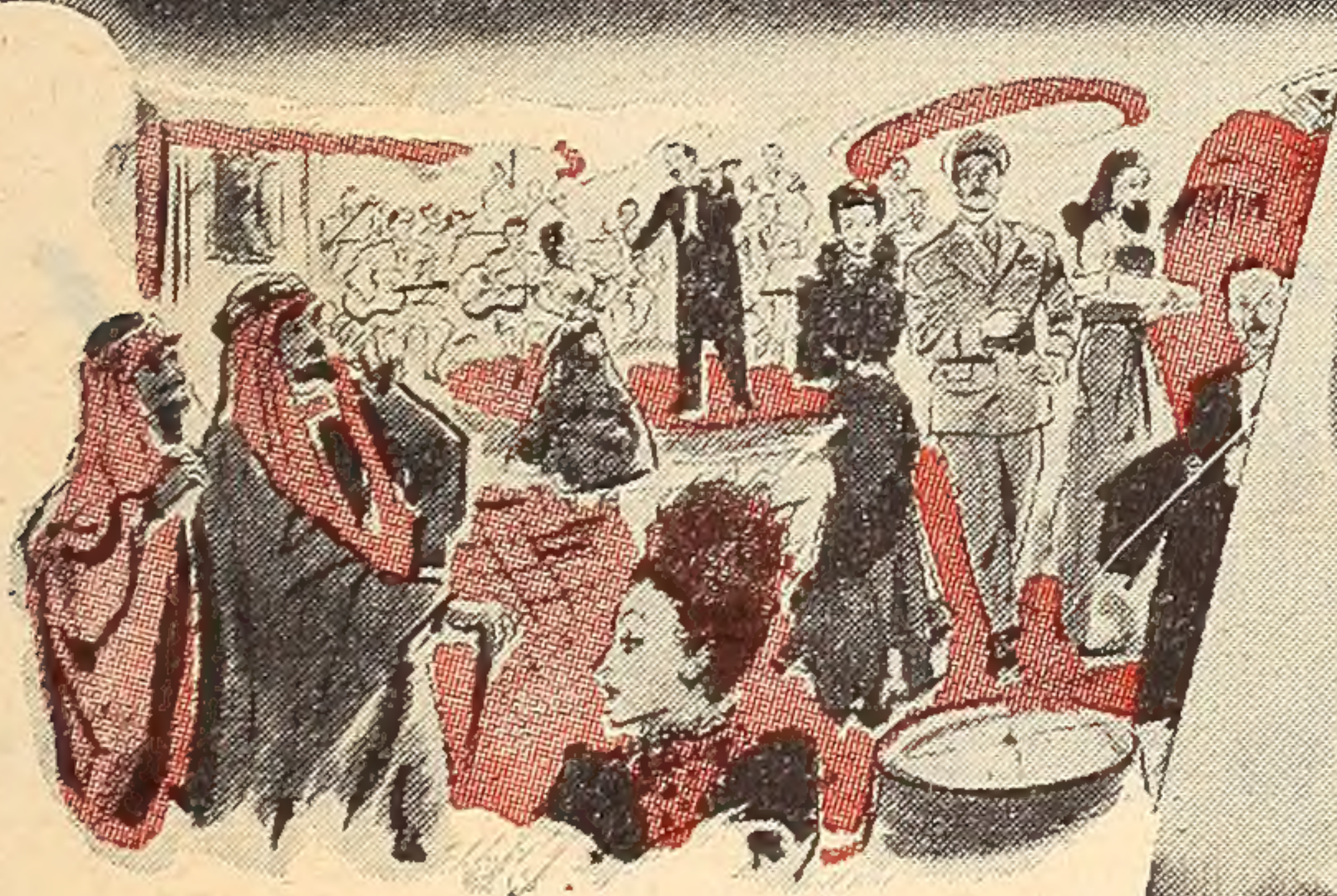
travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

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**VAN JOHNSON**

Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!



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invites you  
to come on  
an exciting  
and romantic...

# Weekend at the Waldorf

**EDWARD ARNOLD • PHYLLIS THAXTER • KEENAN WYNN • ROBERT BENCHLEY**

**LEON AMES • LINA ROMAY • SAMUEL S. HINDS**

**and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION**

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture





Talking turkey: Lt. Walker (Bob Mitchum) demands Christmas dinner gobblers for his men from Quartermaster's (Gene Garrick) as Ernie Pyle (B. Meredith) looks on in a lighter moment of "G.I. Joe."

## Fannie Hurst

### SELECTS "THE STORY OF G.I. JOE"

■ Ernie Pyle's "Story of G.I. Joe" is a restrained telling of unrestrained war.

As stories go, it is not very well put together. Neither is war.

On the other hand, as stories go, G.I. Joe is well put together, because it is cemented into a kind of cohesive whole by such stuff as blood and tears, dirt and laughter, fears and grandeur.

Here is a scraggling, repetitive picture, whose ingredients are nothing new under the sun, yet they are never old.

They are the ingredients of your young men's valors,

and your young men's fears. They are the ingredients of your sons' puniness and your sons' magnificence. They are mixed with everything you know about this American kid. His perpetual adolescence. His naiveté. His smart-aleckness. His bravery. His pitiful apprehensions.

His grandeur comes out on top.

G.I. Joe could be any one of Ernie Pyle's home-spun stories, spinning itself across the screen.

It is a narrative of the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers; the soda jerkers, the bank clerks, the college professors; (Continued on page 8)



**FIRST THERE WERE TEN...**

A Poisoned Drink... and then there were **NINE!**

This One With An Axe... and then there were **SIX!**

His Head Was Crushed... and then there were **THREE!**

A Strangling Terror... and then there were **EIGHT!**

For Her A Deadly Needle... and then there were **FIVE!**

The Sea Washed Him Up... and then there were **TWO!**

A Knife in the Back... and then there were **SEVEN!**

A Shot in the Dark... and then there were **FOUR!**

WHO WOULD BE NEXT...  
AND WHO WOULD BE LAST?  
... THE KILLER KNEW —

*Rene Clair's*

**AND THEN THERE WERE NONE**

Agatha Christie's world-famous Masterpiece of Terror... with the Screen's greatest all-star cast!

Starring  
**BARRY FITZGERALD • WALTER HUSTON • LOUIS HAYWARD**

with  
Roland Young • June Duprez • Sir C. Aubrey Smith  
Mischa Auer • Judith Anderson • Richard Haydn  
Queenie Leonard • Harry Thurston

Directed and Produced by Rene Clair • Executive Producer Harry M. Popkin  
Screenplay by Dudley Nichols • From the Story by Agatha Christie

A  
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SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 6)

the trucksters, the hucksters, the poets, the dirt desert farmers, the teamsters; the Mama's boys who one strange day following Pearl Harbor, found themselves flung into the maelstrom of war.

This story of colossal implications begins with a white and woolly pooch, a G.I. in a tin hat, the tin-horn of Harry James, and a desert crawling with jeeps and army cars.

As the Army prepares to cross the desert, the guy in the tin hat is ordered to get rid of his woolly pooch.

There is a moment of silent conflict between hundreds of G.I. boys who want that dog along, and a commanding officer, Lieutenant Walker.

Pooch wins and this Iliad of immense warfare is off to a sentimental start. So is a convoy which includes Ernie Pyle, late and beloved American war correspondent, who, although well past the age limit, attaches himself to the unit, as all America knows by now, and treks along.

Burgess Meredith plays the difficult role of Ernie for all he is worth, and he is worth a great deal. At best, such a characterization is a thankless task, because no one man can be expected to live up to America's composite version of this dearly beloved war correspondent. Meredith plays him lovingly, but the characterization seems "white." Meredith plays him tenderly, but the characterization seems a little too old and too tired. But he does manage to achieve sensitivity. Both in real life, and in this rather halting and ambling picture, Ernie Pyle typifies what we have learned to admire most in our American fighting men; their innate and deeply rooted decencies, plus those everyday virtues which overshadow their everyday vices.

The story is about the rough and terrible going of a group of veterans of the campaigns of Africa, Sicily and Italy.

There is a G.I. infantryman who yearns to be in the Air Forces (Jack Reilly).

There is the gallant and comprehending Lieutenant Walker, just one more example of a man who under pressure acquires genius for leadership (Robert Mitchum).

Lopez, (the very names of these men are significant) murmurs his pathetic homesickness for his wife in Arizona and wonders what he can bring back to the kid on his return.

"That is, if you do return," another G.I. retorts with the cynicism of men who live in the shadow of death.

Then there is Ernie... always Ernie...

Dawns come. Dawns go. Motor trucks, jeeps and armored cars fill the air with their din.

Through it, like a minstrel, wanders Ernie, nonchalant, humorous, gentle, his eyes packed with appreciation of these fighting fellows who find it so difficult to hate.

The rains come, the mud thickens, the artillery fire comes closer and closer.

The first man in the company is shot down.

Unaccustomed to death (except in the ordered way of the coffin in the family parlor, the slow hearse, the hillside graveyard), American boys leave a comrade in khaki lying face downward in strange dust, thousands of miles from home.

Tramp. Tramp. Tramp. The rains come down in solid deluge, the mud twists around the plodding feet.

It is defeat now, for the Americans are obliged to retreat down a mountain path. Bodies hurtle from towers. Italian palazzos, older than America, totter to bombarded destruction.

No, there is nothing new in these battle scenes, but to Ernie Pyle, every individual boy's dilemma is terribly separate, ter-

ribly vital, never old, always new.

The obscenity of war constantly appals him. He remarks: "The G.I. lives miserably and dies miserably."

There is no glory in war, no glamor for Ernie. He knows that these G. I. fellows love life, and too often pretend they do not dread death in battle.

The bombardment of San Vittorio begins. Tanks, men, shells, form chaos. Streets are flaming rubble. Bullets whizz. Ernie always in the thick of it.

One G. I., Dondaro (finely played by Wally Cassell), stumbles into a momentary dazzle of romantic adventure when he bursts into a ruined cafe and finds a lovely Italian girl crouching there. But war splits his moment of passion and he is snatched back into hell's fire.

The devout Lopez stops to worship at a ruined altar. Up in the belfry of the shattered church, a sniper grabs at the bell rope as he falls to his death, and the bell begins to ring over Lopez and the demolished scene. Obvious dramatics? Perhaps. So is war.

Sergeant Warnicki receives a package from home. A phonograph record of his baby's voice. He finds a disabled gramophone in a ruined building and upon every possible occasion, in dugouts, in fox holes, plays it. "Hello Daddy—Hello Daddy—Hello Daddy."

Private Murphy marries a Red Cross nurse under German shell fire. Ernie Pyle gives the bride away.

They are halted by fire from a monastery atop a hill, which the enemy is using as an observation post. The monastery is not named, but the audience knows that the wedding is taking place in the historic shadow of Mt. Cassino.

In the midst of this vast razing of the monastery, Pyle receives news from America that his war coverage has won him the Pulitzer prize.

But scenes of life and death, of comrades falling, bleeding, dying, of men sobbing in death's delirium, dwarf his Pulitzer Prize achievement to the commonplace. Ernie crams the message into his pocket and continues pounding away at a typewriter to the overhead pounding of guns.

Warnicki, who carries his baby's voice around with him on a record, suddenly cracks under the pressure, and goes mad.

The battle rises in wrath. Long files of dead bodies are brought in on stretchers. And then comes the corpse of Lieutenant Walker.

Ernie Pyle's own written description of the death of this leader, will stand as one of his most moving narratives. The screen attempts to live up to Pyle's little classic. It almost succeeds. Anguish and immense tragedy rise in Pyle as he sees the men pay the tribute of farewell to Lieutenant Walker, who had given them something more than leadership, as he spurred them on to face hell fire.

This final scene of mute understanding between men of austere dedication, of exultation and humility of spirit, is done with dignity and restraint.

Lt. Walker is gone and so are countless comrades. The march to Rome must continue.

We see the last of Ernie as he trudges alongside of these men for whom he is interpreter — these common, ordinary, everyday men, who can only feel in their bones what Ernie articulates for them in words. He knows them. He loves them. He speaks for them.

They, in turn, know and love him—they speak for him, now that he is gone. Haltingly, but with a kind of bated breath.

This is the straggling story of Ernie Pyle's "Story of G.I. Joe."

It lacks form, but somehow it has texture. The texture of the American soldier and of Ernie Pyle.



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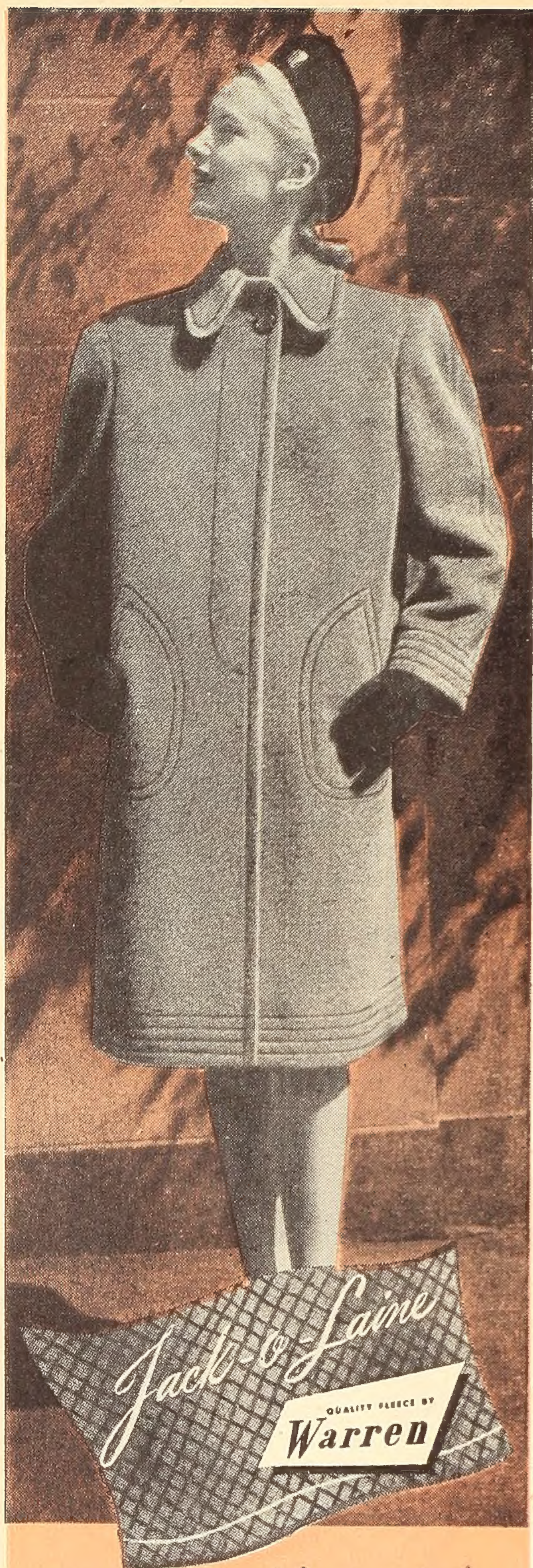
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by Virginia Wilson

## MOVIE REVIEWS

### *Kiss and Tell*

■ The part of Corliss Archer in "Kiss And Tell" might easily have been written just for Shirley Temple—it's that perfect for her. As Corliss, she is by turns sweet, coy, precocious and maddening. It's a good part, and a good picture. Backing Shirley are Jerome Courtland as her next-door swoon-goon, and Walter Abel, Robert Benchley, Mary Phillips and Darryl Hickman.

You wouldn't think a little thing like a kiss could lead to so much trouble. But when Corliss and her friend, Mildred Pringle, sell kisses instead of guest towels at the Red Cross bazaar, it leads to one marriage, one near-marriage, and a scandal which rocks the town. You see, Corliss' mother and Corliss' ardent admirer, Dexter (Jerome Courtland), blame Mildred for the kisses. After all, Mildred is almost eighteen, and an Influence on Corliss. That starts a feud between the Archers and the Pringles which makes the Montagues and Capulets look like bosom friends.

So naturally when Lenny Archer comes home on leave from the Air Force, he and Mildred have to see each other secretly. They carry the Romeo and Juliet business to the point where they even get married secretly. None knows except Corliss, and she swears a solemn oath not to tell. Then Lenny is sent overseas. And soon Mildred finds herself in the unfortunate position of an about-to-be-mother whose family doesn't know she's married. To make matters worse—a whole lot worse—some of the town gossips get the idea it's Corliss who is going to have the baby. They tell her mother, and since Corliss has sworn she won't reveal Lenny's and Mildred's secret, (Continued on page 12)



Was Corliss (S. Temple) having Dexter's (J. Courtland) baby—or were they just pals . . . ?



*"As great a Warner picture as ever was made..."*  
*—says the NEW YORK SUN...*

STARRING  
**ROBERT ALDA**  
 as George Gershwin  
**JOAN LESLIE**  
 as Julie Adams  
**ALEXIS SMITH**  
 as Christine Gilbert  
**CHARLES COBURN**  
 as Max Dreyfus  
**JULIE BISHOP**  
 as Lee Gershwin  
**ALBERT BASSERMAN**  
 as Professor Frank  
**MORRIS CARNOVSKY**  
 as Mr. Gershwin  
**ROSEMARY DE CAMP**  
 as Mrs. Gershwin  
**HERBERT RUDLEY**  
 as Ira Gershwin  
**EDDIE MARR**  
 as Buddy De Sylva  
**OSCAR LORAIN**  
 as Ravel  
**HUGO KIRCHHOFFER**  
 as Walter Damrosch

AS THEMSELVES  
**AL JOLSON**  
**OSCAR LEVANT**  
**PAUL WHITEMAN**  
**GEORGE WHITE**  
**HAZEL SCOTT**  
**ANNE BROWN**  
**TOM PATRICOLA**  
**THE WARNER**  
**CHORAL SINGERS**

FOR THE PRODUCTION

Produced by  
**JESSE L. LASKY**

Directed by  
**IRVING RAPPER**

Original Story by  
**SONYA LEVIEN**

Screen Play by  
**HOWARD KOCH**  
**ELLIOT PAUL**

Dances created and  
 directed by  
**LE ROY PRINZ**

Orchestral arrange-  
 ments by  
**RAY HEINDORF**

# Rhapsody IN Blue

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 SINGLES  
 SWANEE  
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 SUMMERTIME  
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 I GOT RHYTHM  
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**SEE IT EVERYONE!**  
**NOW! NOW! NOW! NOW!**

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 SANG HIS  
 LOVE-SONGS  
 ... BUT  
 ONLY ONE  
 WOMAN  
 UNDERSTOOD!



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NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE.....

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

she can't tell the truth. Her family thinks she has been having an illicit romance with a young soldier whom she has met casually a couple of times. Corliss, alarmed at this, finally tells them, in desperation, that the father of her child (imaginary) is Dexter, the devoted boy next door.

This throws everything into complete chaos. Dexter is in danger of being either shot or horsewhipped, Mr. Archer can't decide which. By the time the situation is unraveled, you'll be worn out from laughing. Robert Benchley has an amusing scene as an uncle who walks in on a family conference at just the wrong time. Darryl Hickman is a properly obnoxious kid brother.—Col.

**P. S.**

F. Hugh Herbert's "Kiss and Tell" is assured of success before it ever reaches the screen. His "Corliss Archer" is already known and loved by millions through the stage, radio, and books. The George Abbott production, which opened on Broadway in March 1943, has been running ever since. With this background it's a screen natural. . . . The first problem facing co-producers Herbert Abbott and Sol Seigel was the casting of Miss Corliss Archer. Shirley was the first and only choice, but at the time she was being sought for two other parts as well. Herbert's screenplay was laid in the laps of Shirley and her advisers. It was far more eloquent than words—Shirley agreed to do it at once. . . . "Kiss and Tell" was an important milestone for Miss Temple—in it she bade farewell to childhood roles. And when word got around that Shirley was to receive her first screen kiss—well, 'twas the kiss heard round the world. Photos of the event were publicized both here and abroad. . . . Herbert, who's writing a sequel to be produced by George Abbott, tried his best to persuade Shirley to make her stage debut in it. Shirley refused gently but firmly. She's a real product of the films and is wary of the different acting technique called for by the stage. . . . Though Shirley is stage shy, the cast boasts of several stage veterans. Walter Abel, Shirley's screen papa, went to New York at the picture's completion to prepare the production of a play he's planning to give in the early autumn. Katherine Alexander was a member of the original New York cast and the only one to appear in the picture. . . . Jerome Courtland, Shirley's gangling screen beau, reported for induction at Fort MacArthur at the picture's end. His departure interrupted a short but noteworthy career.

## LOVE LETTERS

You know what a lost feeling you get when you suddenly forget a familiar face or name? Multiply that by a million or so, and you have something approaching amnesia. And amnesia is the theme of this picture starring Jennifer Jones and Joe Cotten. It all starts, of course, with the love letters. Alan Quinton (Joseph Cotten) writes them for his friend, Roger Morland, a brother officer in Italy. Roger (Robert Sully), who gets over big with the girls at close range, belongs to the "Weather cold here. Hope to see you soon," school of thought in letters. So he gets Alan to turn out some tender missives for a girl named Victoria, back home in England. Alan puts a lot of himself in those let-

ters. Too much, perhaps, for he finds himself definitely disturbed when Roger tells him he has a leave and is going home to marry Victoria. Soon after Roger goes, Alan is wounded, and after a convalescence of many months, discharged from the Army. He comes to England and finds that Fate has pulled one of her fanciest tricks—he has just inherited an estate in Essex, twenty miles from Roger's home, where he and Victoria were to live.

Then comes shock number two. Alan learns that Roger has been killed, and when he asks about Victoria, is told she is dead, too, and he'd better forget her. Alan drowns his sorrows at a party that night. There he meets a girl who has a strange attraction for him. She is known simply as "Singleton" (Jennifer Jones). But by the time Alan has slept off his hangover the next day, he has forgotten her in his thoughts of Victoria and Roger. He looks up the Morland case in an old newspaper, and finds to his horror that Roger was murdered. Victoria was accused of the crime, since she was found by the body with a knife in her hand. However, she had completely lost her memory. The doctors said that there was no question but that she was a victim of amnesia, and so she got off with a sentence of only one year.

Then Alan finds that "Singleton" is really Victoria. They fall in love. She still remembers nothing up until the moment the police found her by the body of her husband. Alan marries her, anyway—but what will happen if she recovers her memory?

Joe Cotten and Jennifer Jones both give superb performances in this drama of love, mystery and amnesia.—Par.

**P. S.**

"Love Letters" is Hal Wallis' first production for Paramount. Wallis' pictures have always been among the elite of the industry—in sixteen years, fourteen of his productions have been up for Academy consideration and have won a total of 27 awards. . . . The screenplay was taken from Chris Massey's novel, purchased by Wallis while still in galley proofs. Ayn Rand, author of the best seller "The Fountainhead," whipped it into shape for the screen. . . . Wallis was fortunate in capturing the services of co-stars Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten—they're two of David Selznick's most carefully guarded players. Both came to "Love Letters" directly from "Since You Went Away," and play opposite each other for the third time. . . . For director, Wallis chose a man with whom he had been closely associated in all his years at Warners—William Dieterle, who rates among Hollywood's ten top film makers. . . . The main sets designed by Roland Anderson were three complete English houses. These homes were built just as described in Massey's novel and were real honest-to-goodness houses—from the fire crackling in the hearth to the rows of crisp vegetables growing in the gardens outside. . . . Though not at all a war story, "Love Letters" takes place in modern England, and the sets and clothes had to be fashioned accordingly. The London scenes show evidences of the rubble and ruins caused by the bomb and robot blitzes. And Jennifer's clothes, though designed by Edith Head, were not the fashion expert's usual lush creations. The outfits were made strictly in accordance with British wartime rationing. . . . Ann Richards and (Continued on page 14)



# *A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!*

Soft, evil, alluring...can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for...in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT  
CLAIRE TREVOR  
SIGNE HASSO  
**JOHNNY ANGEL**

LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL  
MARGARET WYCHERLY  
Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN  
Screen Play by STEVE FISHER

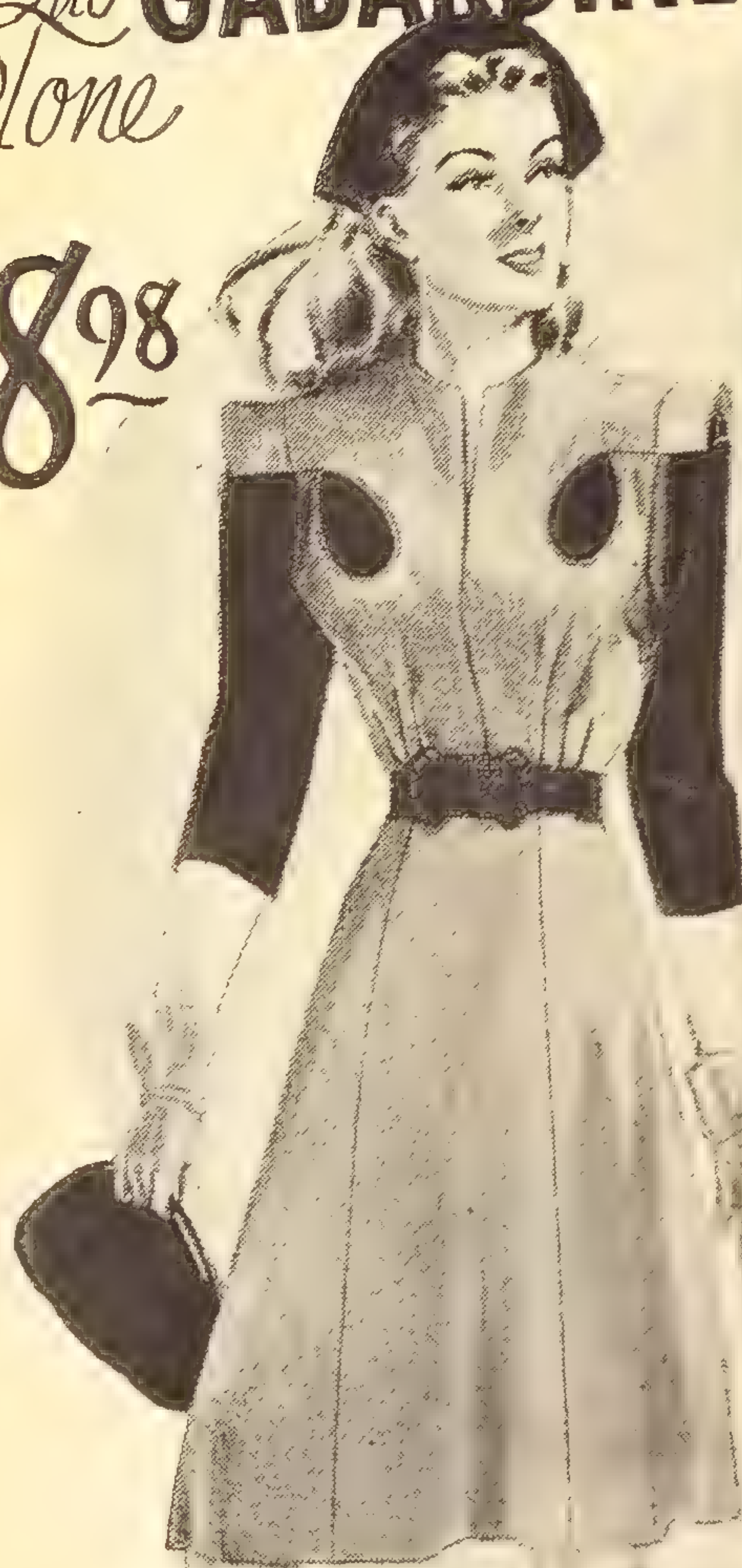


Hoagy sings  
"Memphis in  
June"



# THIS STUNNING Duo-Tone GABARDINE

\$8.98



An Original  
*Fashion Frocks*  
Charmingly Different

THE ingenious manner in which the two harmonious colors are used, give this tailored rayon gabardine dress the appearance of jumper and blouse. The three-quarter length sleeves that emerge from the shoulder epaulets and the inset breast pocket, both in black, create the jumper effect. Marks of good tailoring are seen in the fly front opening from the high neckline to the waist... the slightly bloused bodice... the trim 6 gored skirt, topped by a neat alligator-grained belt. Offered in choice of two different color combinations.

See the lovely colors and sample of the exquisite fabric

Before you order this dress have our representative show you the two beautiful color combinations and samples of the rayon gabardine fabric. There is no obligation. Just mail the coupon. Send no money. And remember, returning this coupon is not an order—just a request for more style and quality information.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.,  
Dept. X-10, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

**MAIL COUPON • NOT AN ORDER**

FASHION FROCKS, INC.,  
Dept. X-10, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

I am interested in the Duo-Tone Dress advertised at \$8.98 and would like to see the color combinations and samples of the fabric. It's understood I am not obligated to buy.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Continued from page 12)

Robert Sully are both comparative newcomers to Hollywood. Miss Richards was Australia's top woman star before coming to America and Sully was a Pittsburgh steel engineer just two years ago.

## DUFFY'S TAVERN

Duffy's Tavern, the hilarious radio symposium of wisecracks and malapropisms, has been transferred to the screen. All the regular habitués of Duffy's are in it, including Archie (Ed Gardner), Finnegan (Charlie Cantor), Eddie (Eddie Green) and Miss Duffy (Ann Thomas). A few more ingredients in the form of Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds and Barry Sullivan, have been added. Paramount has whipped up a plot which calls for the services of Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton and practically every other star on the lot. The result is really A Thing.

Duffy has gone away on a vacation, and left Archie to run the Tavern. That was Duffy's error, as you might imagine. Archie has been letting fourteen ex-soldiers eat there, on the cuff, and fourteen hungry GIs, ex or otherwise, can make quite a dent in the profits of a joint like Duffy's. Now Archie hears that Miss Duffy is being sent home to look over the accounts, and he realizes that he's just half a jump ahead of the sheriff. His only hope is Mr. O'Malley (Victor Moore) who owns the factory down the road. Archie believes O'Malley is rich, and is thinking of marrying his beautiful daughter, Peggy, (Marjorie Reynolds) to O'Malley in order to recoup his fortunes.

But alas! O'Malley turns out to be broke, too. It is lack of dough, not lack of shellac, that is holding up his manufacture of phonograph records. Archie's last hope

expires. Then Finnegan gets an idea—his first in years. "Listen, Arch," he says, "being as how you know Bing Crosby and Betty Hutton so well, and went to school with Bob Hope, why don't you get 'em to put on a benefit show for the soldiers? Then the boys could pay you back what they owe you, and you wouldn't go to jail." It's a fine idea. Only Archie's "friendship" with the stars is just something he dreamed up in an idle moment. If you want to get literal about it, the whole thing is a pack of lies. So no one is more surprised than Archie when the benefit actually comes off! It's a super-duper whooper of a benefit. All the stars put on some kind of an act, and the whole thing couldn't be more fun.

You'll be glad somebody thought of making "Duffy's Tavern" into a movie.—Par.

P. S.

Wow, what a cast! Drips with the biggest galaxy of stars ever to appear in a Paramount picture—just try to name one of the stars on the lot who doesn't finally pass through the swingin' doors of Duffy's—"where the elite meet to eat."... On hand to greet the arrivals are radio's originals—Ed Gardner as Archie, Charley Cantor as Finnegan, and Eddie Greene as Eddie, the waiter.... Ed Gardner used to be a WPA worker, but was so talented at mutilating the English language that the radio industry decided he was worth \$5,000 a week. Hollywood agreed—and then some.... Though the "Tavern" is as familiar to listening audiences as the corner saloon, this is the first chance the old regulars get to actually see it. For those who have a fond remembrance for the old "sawdust on the floor, swingin'"

(Continued on page 18)

## FREE OFFER!

We've got 500 FREE DELL Mags waiting to be mailed to 500 alert people who'll fill out the Questionnaire below and send it in to us by September 20th! Read all about your favorite stars, their pics, their lives! We're not asking you to rush your answers any more, the mags will be sent out to 500 people chosen at random, NOT the first 500 that come in. So take time to read MODERN SCREEN, answer the questionnaire thoughtfully, and take your chances on getting a DELL Mag—FREE!

## QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Those Hollywood Parties!

by Hedda Hopper.....☐

Up in Central Park (Dane Clark)...☐

"The House I Live In"

(Frank Sinatra).....☐

Tom Drake Life Story, concluded..☐

Lucky Bum (Bob Mitchum).....☐

Baby Talk (Payne-DeHaven).....☐

Last Leave (Lon McCallister).....☐

Junior Dream Man  
(Gregory Peck).....☐

"My Daughter" by Natalie Bacall...☐

"Wicked Williams" (Esther Williams)☐

Johnny Come Lately (John Dall)...☐

"Pride of the Marines".....☐

Good News by Louella Parsons.....☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

My name is.....

My address is:.....City.....Zone.... State.....

I am ..... years old.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN  
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

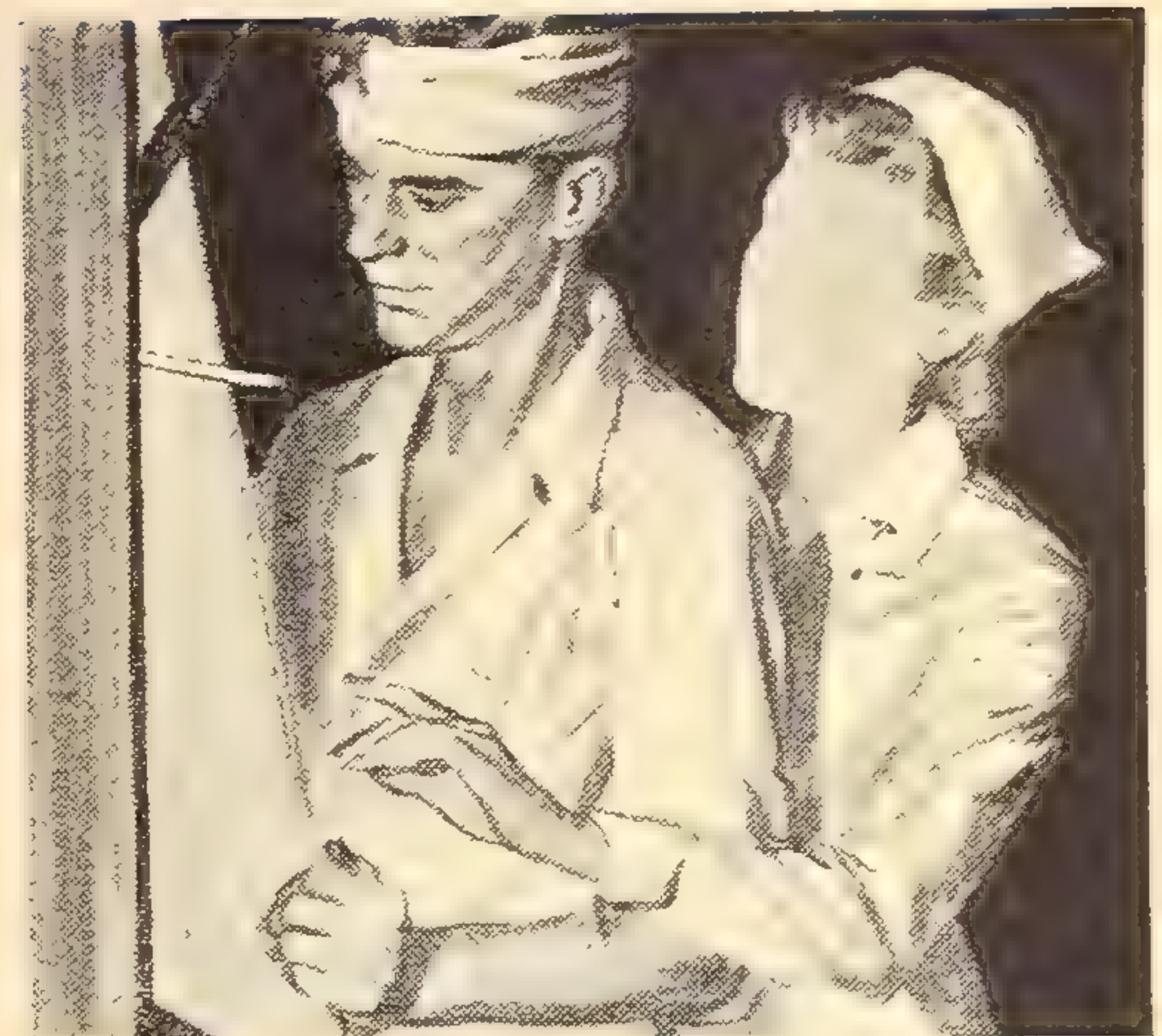


**Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses**

# In which picture does your face fit?

## DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.

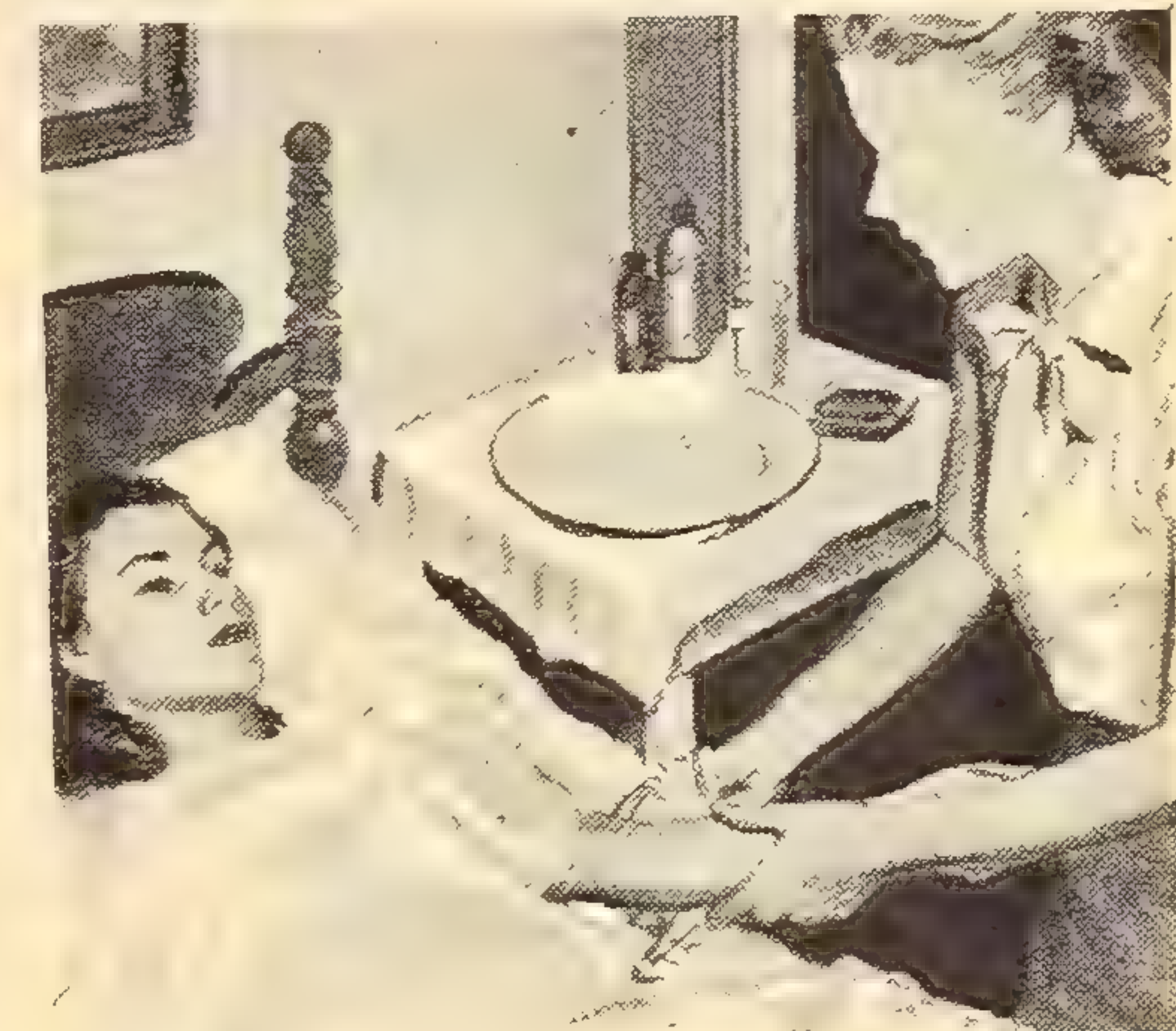


**Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives.** Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

### Are you a graduate registered nurse?

You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

**Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital?** With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.

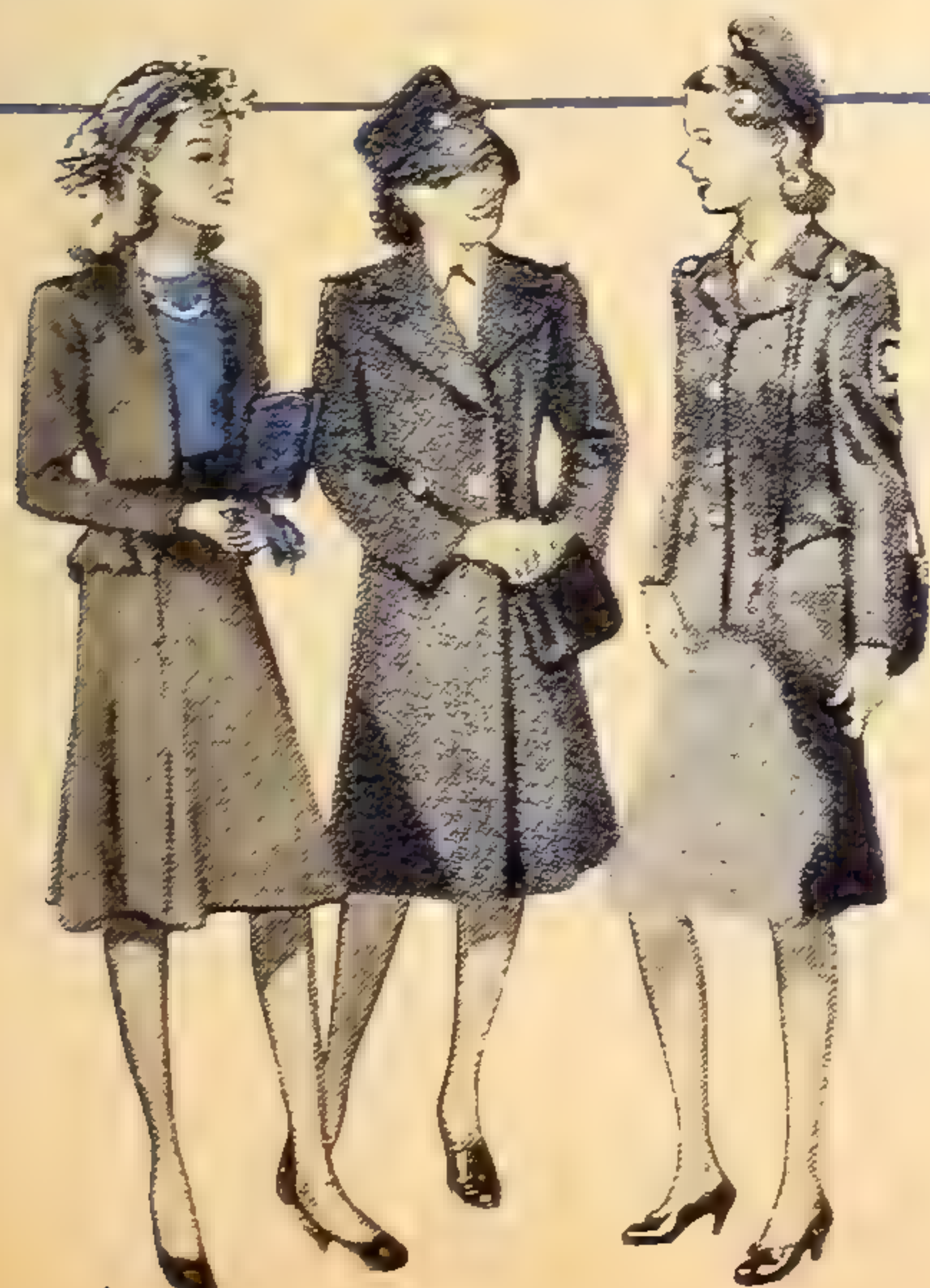


**Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession?** If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education *free!* You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country *now* and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

### Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide?

Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

**Can you give 2 hours a week?** Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.



## You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX\*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .

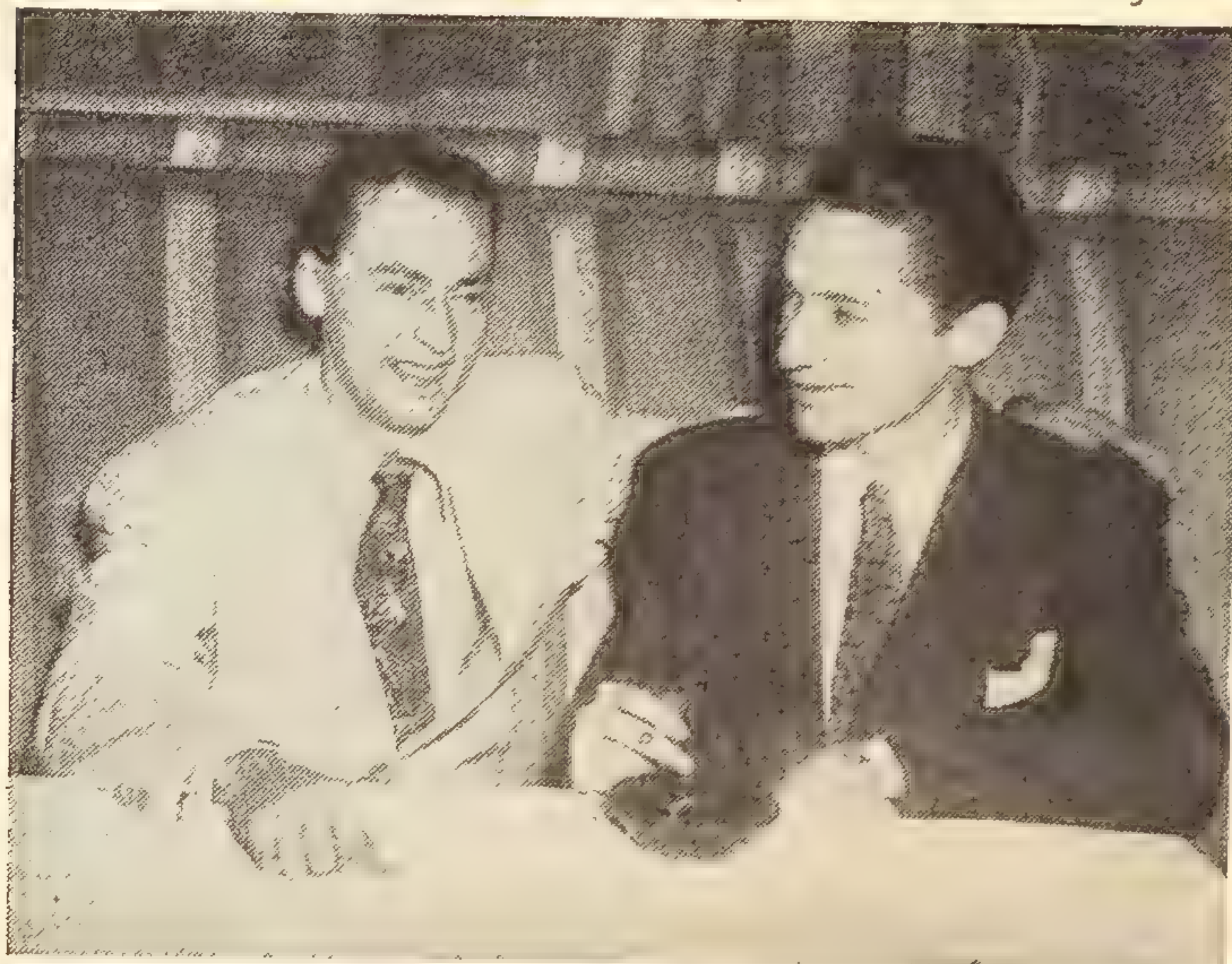


\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**More women choose Kotex than  
all other sanitary napkins put together**



The place: N. Y.'s Hotel Pennsylvania. The Occasion: Woody Herman's opening with Len Feather present to offer congrats.



Frankie had been back in the States only a few days when he received his invite, rushed over to join in wishing Woody well.

## BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ The records just keep piling in. So, after a heavy sifting session, well, come on, here we go with this month's best:

**ELEVEN SIXTY P.M.**—Harry James (Columbia)—Remember last month Harry told me he was interested in owning a music publishing company? He's got one, now! He's called it Music Makers, Inc., and his first record (this Eleven Sixty P.M.) stars, of course, Harry's band, with a vocal by Kitty Kallen.

Actually, about seventy-five percent of the big band leaders have connections with publishing houses. Either own them, or own pieces of them.

Harry, it seems, is almost as popular with the army as he is with the swoon set. He rated second on the recent Billboard poll of Army camps throughout the United States. (Tommy Dorsey came out first.) Some of the opinions of men overseas are reflected in the poll, too, because many of the soldiers voting were just back from Europe, being re-orientated.

For the record, Benny Goodman walked away with number three spot, and Woody Herman took fourth.

There were some rather astonishing results when the poll came to male singers. Bing Crosby got more votes than Sinatra, Como and Haymes all put together! The figures, in Billboard's point system, are:

Bing Crosby: 1188 points

Frank Sinatra: 374 points

Perry Como: 308 points

Dick Haymes: 308 points

What Frankie-fans have to remember is that the opinion here is mostly male. Women in service constituted only about ten percent of those polled.

Dinah Shore came way out in front of the other (Continued on page 71)





In All the World

# No Girl like You!

Oh happy moment, when he discovers *you* are the girl he's dreamed of always! Oh thrilling day, when you flash your Great Decision to the world with a gorgeous Multi-Facet Diamond engagement ring!



# No Diamond like This!

40 EXTRA FACETS



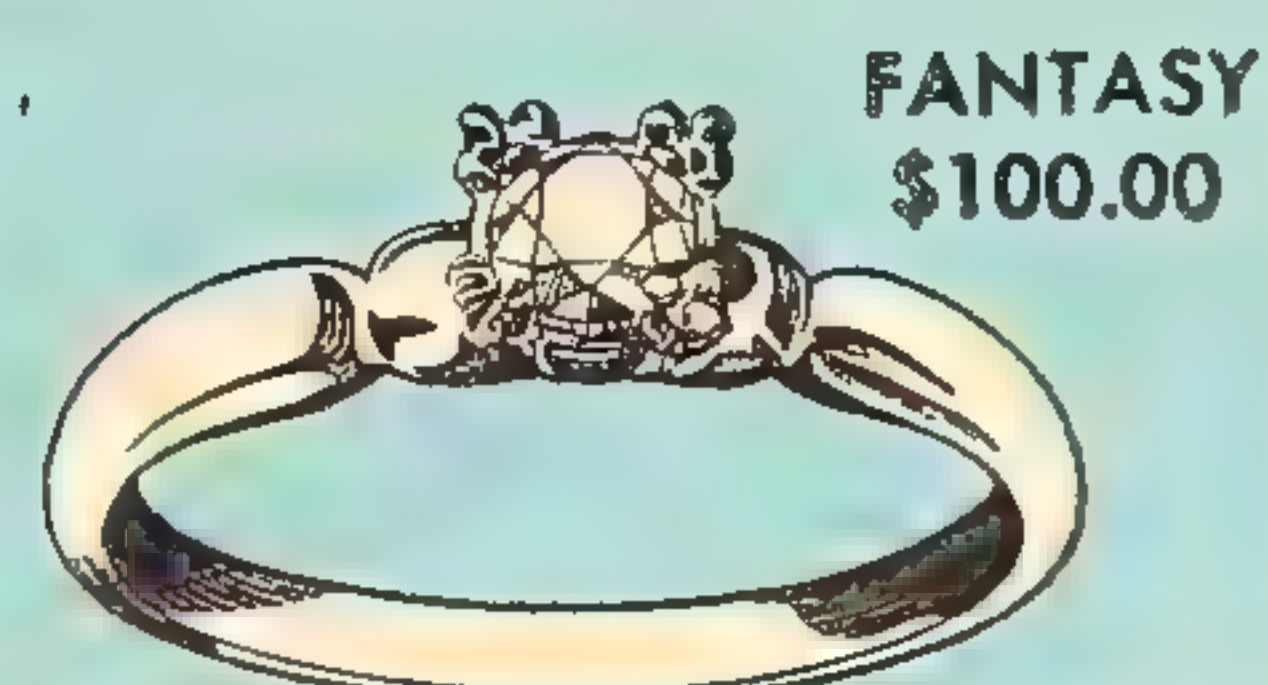
Multi-Facet is the *only diamond* in the world with *forty extra facets* around the "equator" of the stone.

Forty *extra* surfaces to reflect the rays of light, creating such dazzling beauty, such intensity of color as you never dreamed possible.

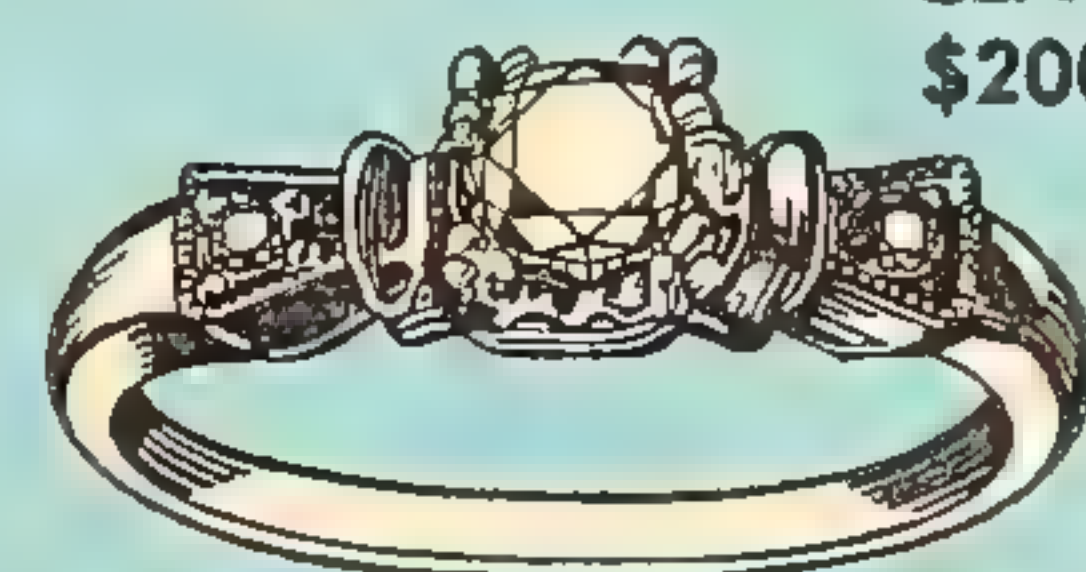
Multi-Facet Diamonds *look* larger. And the *exclusive* Multi-Facet feature helps prevent chipping. Choose Multi-Facet for matchless beauty!

## Multi-Facet\*

DIAMOND SOLITAIRES



FANTASY  
\$100.00



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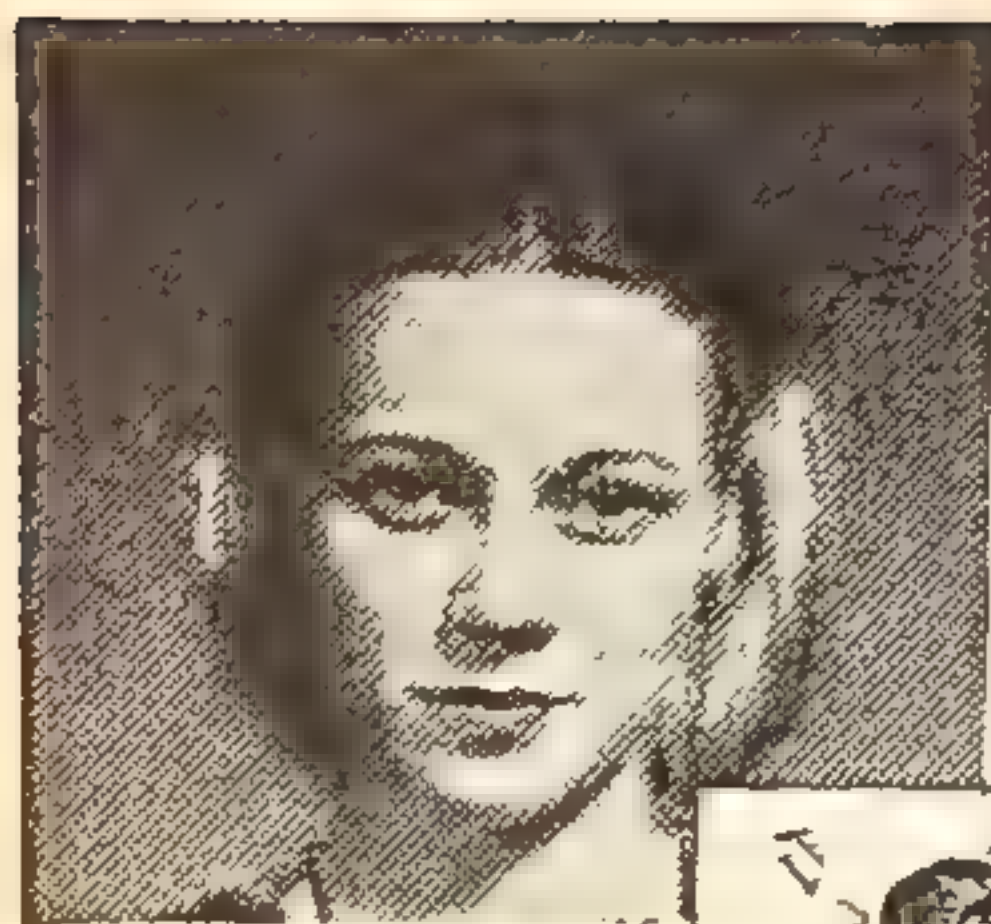
OVERTURE  
\$350.00

At your jewelers \$75 to \$7500  
Wedding Bands To Match  
Federal Tax Included

Diamond Craft of America • 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. • Four Generations of Diamond Cutters

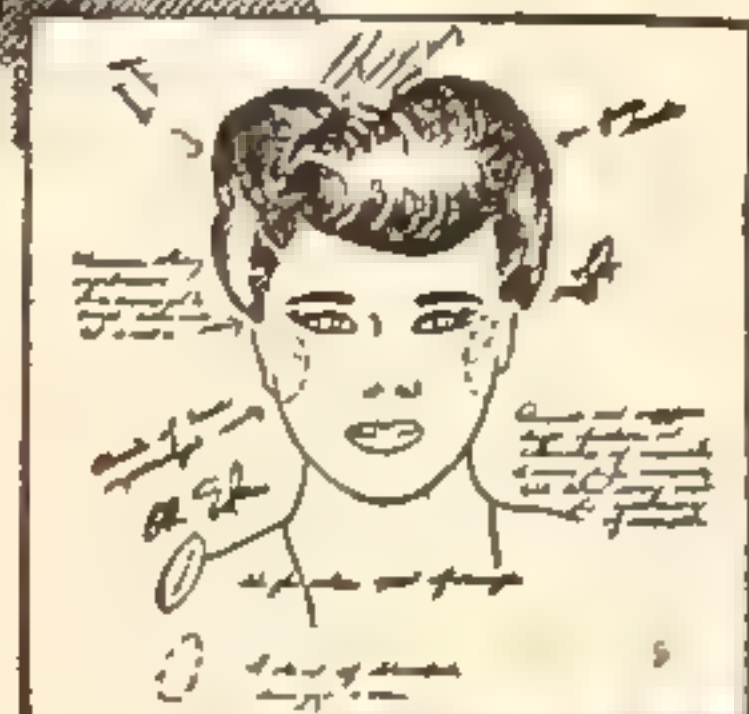
\*Pat. and Reg. in U. S. & Foreign Countries.  
Rings Enlarged to Show Detail.





### "I was UNCERTAIN"

"I am a blonde, but it wasn't enough!" says Doris Bertel of New York, N.Y. Just LOOK—wonder-working Eden "Photo-Revise" helped her to achieve new loveliness!



### "Now I'm SURE!"

"Now, my friends say I'm more attractive! A girl needs to feel right in Face-Figure-Voice-Clothes! Powers Training solved my many problems!"



## Powers' Proved Beauty Course Offers YOU, Too, New Self-Confidence A "MODEL" FIGURE!



**Quick results**—yes, in just the first 7 short days you can see a new, more lovely YOU begin to emerge from your mirror!

**Planned** just for you—the beauty secrets of the famous and envied "Powers Girls"! And you can practise them in the privacy of your home!

**Why deny** yourself the happiness, the beauty, the admiration this Powers Training can win for you—so very inexpensively?

"AREAL THRILL to wear a smart bathing suit," says Doris! Can YOU... now?

### Real Powers Training—PLUS...

... the inspiring help of Grace Eden, famed Director of the Powers Home Course! She and her experts advise you on Face-Figure-Grooming-Voice-Personality. The Powers formula for charm and magnetism really works!

Clip the Coupon NOW!

Write John Robert Powers today for free confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet "The Powers Way", and details of Powers Training.



Send for

Free

Booklet

John Robert Powers Home Course  
247 Park Ave., Suite K205, New York 17, N.Y.  
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested.  
Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 14)

door" beer hall, art director William Flannery created a classic set guaranteed to stir up a maudlin tear or two. . . . The original screen play was done by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama, who in their pre-Hollywood days did many of the Duffy shows. This gave the needed experience to transport the full flavor of Duffy's from radio to screen. . . . For music lovers—and aren't we all—there's everything in this one from a whirlwind, knock-herself-out Betty Hutton number to the dreamy lyrics of the Groaner. . . . Associate producer Danny Dare was promoted to full-fledged producership after this one. Before succumbing to the lure of the silver screen, Danny was a well known dance director and stage producer—he did the successful "Meet The People." . . . And in case you're one of those who've always wondered about it yourself, Victor Moore and Ed Gardner become involved in that classic argument—"Does the light in the ice box really go out when the door is shut?"

### THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET

That old gag about truth being stranger than fiction proves itself all over again in this fascinating study of FBI wartime activities. The whole thing is based on actual fact, with William Eythe and Lloyd Nolan representing the forces of law and order, as opposed to Signe Hasso, Leo G. Carroll and Harro Meller as German agents.

The house may not actually have been on 92nd Street, but somewhere in Manhattan just before our entry into the war, there was a house like this one. In the picture, it is owned by Elsa Gebhart (Signe Hasso), who runs a smart dress shop on the second floor. This shop is the first place William Dietrich comes to when he arrives in New York. Dietrich (Bill Eythe) has just come back from Hamburg, where he took an intensive course at the German school for saboteurs and spies. The Germans, however, don't know that when they first contacted young Dietrich, he went direct to the FBI who, of course, told him to play along with the Germans, attend the school, and then work with the FBI when he got back to America.

Already, before he gets to Elsa's place, his instructions from his German superior, which are written on microfilm, have been changed by the FBI in an undetectable manner. They now read "Dietrich is to contact all other German agents." Actually, the original instructions read "contact with other agents is forbidden." Armed with his credentials and a confident, easy manner, Dietrich strolls into the dress shop. Elsa accepts him, and introduces him to three other agents. They distrust his instructions, but his credentials are in perfect order, and he has the money to pay them for work they have done.

Dietrich's main objective, as directed by Inspector Briggs (Lloyd Nolan), is to find out the identity of "Mr. Christopher," head of the German agents in New York. This turns out to be the most dangerous mission he could possibly embark upon.

There is more excitement per reel in this factual account than in any fictional spy thriller ever concocted. See it, definitely.—20th-Fox

### P. S.

"House" is really a unique experiment—the story is true and it was filmed right in the very spots where it happened. Taken straight from the FBI files, it's the story of the Bureau's wartime fight against Fifth Column activities. . . . Producer Louis DeRochemont's first job was to

visit J. Edgar Hoover and convince him the picture should be filmed. So conclusive were DeRochemont's arguments that besides giving the necessary data, Hoover offered the entire facilities of the Bureau as well. Laboratories, offices, and file rooms were used as settings—FBI scientists and agents played minor roles to impart added realism. . . . The case with which "House" is concerned occurred in New York, so instead of building complicated sets, the whole company packed up and went East for the shooting. Bill Eythe got a kick out of living in a penthouse only a few blocks from the dingy room he had in former days. . . . Before it started, Bill and Lloyd Nolan, who plays an FBI man, went to Quantico, Virginia, for a week at the Bureau's academy. Spent their time attending classes with the regular agents, shooting on the rifle and pistol ranges, and getting a sample of some of the FBI basic training. . . . Some of the scenes took place in the street—always difficult because of gathering crowds—so the FBI solved the problem by loaning 20th special cars for secret photography. The camera crew, safely hidden from sight, could point their "eyes" in any direction without being spotted by curious spectators. . . . Leo G. Carroll was starring in the Broadway success "The Late George Apley" at the same time he was working on the picture. His working hours had to be arranged to take care of the matinees and play rehearsals. . . . Lloyd's an actor (Continued on page 20)

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



When our Eighth Victory Loan got under way, Calgary had the grand surprise of having Claire Trevor and George Murphy here on behalf of bond sales. On the evening of their first appearance, 12,000 Calgarians

turned out to welcome them. Since the weather had been beautiful all day, the show took place in our open-air stadium. Everything was going fine until the first appearance of George Murphy, at which time a dark, rolling cloud appeared in the sky. It traveled so fast that some of the crowd got scared and began to leave. Proving what he was made of, George stood out there and said that if the crowd would hold out, so would he. Suddenly the storm struck, with a force I have never seen before. Huge masses of dust descended from the sky, and in an instant the whole place was enveloped in a blanket of darkness. The crowd became hysterical, but in the midst of the shrieking and whistling of the wind, George Murphy remained on that platform without any protection from the gusts which were crashing chairs and knocking down planks. He stood there and succeeded in calming the crowd by singing such songs as "Stormy Weather" and "Good Old Summertime." From the back of the stage a woman gazed at the star, her eyes filled with proud tears. "Good going, Murph. Give them all you've got," she said. It was his mother, Mrs. George Murphy. We'll never forget the courage shown by these people.

Pat Bowe  
Calgary, Alberta





You've lived for this moment.  
And he must find you excitingly  
lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so  
endearing... let Trushay guard  
their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant,  
creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before  
everyday tasks, before you do  
dishes. This "beforehand" idea  
is Trushay's own! And now you  
can guard soft hands even  
in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch  
whenever, wherever you need it.

# TRUSHAY

The  
"Beforehand"  
Lotion



PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS



(Continued from page 18)  
and has a badge to prove it. Filming one sequence at a very secret war plant, Nolan was required to wear a badge reading "Lloyd Nolan—Actor." Now if he meets doubting critics he just has to open his coat and flash it.

### THAT NIGHT WITH YOU.

The idea is to dream about what you want, and then make the dream come true. If you are, for instance, a girl like Penny Parker (Susanna Foster), who works in a diner days, then at night you dream you're the star of a big musical show. Next day, you go out and—but wait a minute, let me give you the whole set-up.

Here's Penny, planning on a singing career. While Johnny (David Bruce) who owns the diner, plans on her marrying him and having six children. He doesn't take Penny's dreams seriously, which is foolish, because they are very serious indeed. One night Penny dreams that the famous theatrical producer, Paul Reynaud (Franchot Tone), is going to star her in his new show. Next day she wangles her way backstage, and while she doesn't get to see Paul, she does find out something which gives her an idea. It seems that Paul was married at an early age to one Blossom Drake. The marriage was annulled, but if a daughter had resulted, she would have been just Penny's age.

That's enough for Penny. She shows up at Paul's penthouse, and with an affectionate cry of "Father!" declares herself part of the Reynaud family. Neither Paul nor his charming secretary, Sheila (Louise Albritton), really is convinced. But Paul loves pretty girls, and Penny is pretty. He gives her a most un-fatherly kiss, and invites her to move right in. Sheila doesn't care for this development, and

phones Blossom, the one-time Mrs. Reynaud, to come to New York immediately. When Blossom arrives, instead of exposing the hoax, she greets Penny as her daughter, which astounds everyone, particularly Paul.

Blossom's reason for this move is simple enough. She wants the lead in Paul's new show. This doesn't suit Penny, who wants the lead herself. None of it suits Johnny, who wants Penny to marry him and get started on those six children. It all gets pretty complicated, but my bets are on Johnny, a very determined type.

The music is lovely, especially one hit song. Susanna's voice continues to be a delight. Franchot is at his best as the amiable wolf.—Univ.

### P. S.

Half of the charm of "That Night With You" is that it pays no attention to the war and other pressing world problems—goes blissfully on its way ignoring rationing, shortages, reconversion and other such hair-whitening worries. . . . Franchot Tone came into the picture directly from a season on Broadway, where he starred in the play, "Hope For The Best." . . . Art director Martin Obzina felt justifiable pride in the Corn Crib nightclub set he created. It's so different from the run-of-the-mill cabaret that he's already had several requests for commercial rights to its use. The Army thought so well of the little set that U.S. Army Morale officers had Spike Jones use it for a background in a morale short to be sent overseas. . . . Susanna Foster does her first screen dancing in this one. . . . When Franchot Tone was to entertain in his picture penthouse, the ever-present rationing popped up to shake a warning finger—huge quantities of food were needed. The main course was a sixty-pound roast served buffet style—a

mere matter of 750 red points. After much executive brain-wracking, points were borrowed from the studio commissary—the roast to be salvaged for serving in the cafe later. To insure no waste, an expert carver was cast to work in the scene, but the head of the commissary hovered within objecting distance just in case. . . . There's one scene that'll make the watching gals' mouths water. Suzy Foster goes on a shopping spree for the latest in feminine fashions with which to capture the attentions of Mr. Tone. The resulting wardrobe designed by Vera West just drips with captivating creations. On the men's side of the sartorial picture are two extremes. David Bruce wears the not-too-prepossessing attire of a lunch wagon proprietor, while Tone appears in a collection of suits at which no man-about-town would turn up his nose.

### GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

A new "Scandals" used to be a big event on Broadway. George White's shows always had extraordinarily beautiful girls, good comedians, and at least one song that you whistled the rest of the winter. The movie version contains much the same ingredients, plus a cock-eyed plot. If you're a devotee of the Joan Davis-Jack Haley radio show, you'll be enthusiastic over this same combination in the picture. On the other hand, if you're anti-Davis and Haley, you'll be unhappy, because they are in practically every scene. The plot concerns itself with Joan Mason (Joan Davis) and Jack Williams (Jack Haley) who are not only co-stars of the "Scandals" currently in rehearsal, but are in love. The affair is not progressing so well. Jack's sister, Clarabelle, isn't in favor of his marrying anybody, let alone Joan, whose antics are not exactly dig-

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"She's got something!"



nified. Clarabelle is the dominating type, and Jack doesn't dare defy her, in spite of all his girl friend's needling.

Another romance is developing backstage between Jill (Martha Holliday), who is in the chorus, and McGrath (Philip Terry), the handsome Irishman who is George White's assistant. Jill's mother was a "Scandals" girl, and Jill's father is Lord Asbury, but no one in the show knows anything about that. Except Joan, who has promised not to tell and is helping the romance along. After all, *somebody* might as well be happy.

Jack gives Clarabelle a surprise party on her birthday, with Gene Krupa's band and Ethel Smith furnishing the music. You'd think that would melt even Clarabelle's heart. Joan has hired a gigolo to pay attention to Clarabelle as a further melting measure, but his identity is discovered and the party breaks up with Clarabelle chasing Joan with an axe.

Meanwhile, someone tips off the British Embassy that Lord Ashley's daughter is in the chorus of the "Scandals." For reasons not apparent to me, this seems to threaten Anglo-American unity, and Jill is taken out of the show. Don't worry too much . . . she gets back on opening night, and with no international repercussions.

There's a revival of a tune you'll remember called "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries," and some sprightly new music besides. Joan Davis' little girl makes her film debut in this picture.—RKQ.

**P. S.**

Producer George White staged his first "Scandals" in 1919 and has been adding one to his list annually ever since. This revue carries on the White tradition in celluloid. . . . Occupying two stages, one of RKO's most elaborate sets was built for this one—a duplicate of the theater where George White's revues were staged. Since most of the action takes place in the theater, it was recreated to the most minute detail. . . . This boasts eleven different musical numbers from the hot drummin' of Krupa to the lively strains of Ethel Smith's electric organ. . . . Joan Davis, who used to practically put herself in the hospital at her vaudeville performances before Hollywood claimed her, has become one of the most popular screen comediennes. Now at the top, what does she do in this one? That's right—with friend Jack Haley, she spends half the picture knocking herself out doing her routines for the cameras. . . . Martha Holliday's dancing was just too good. Worked for three years as a dance director before RKO "discovered" her and placed her before the cameras. Prior to this, her screen appearances were limited to scenes in which only her legs were shown—RKO decided that the rest of her was worth watching, too. . . . Just get hepcat hero Gene Krupa, "the hottest drummer in all the land," into a corner and he can gab for hours on the lively art of drummin'—way back to its beginning. . . . Ethel Smith, "queen of the organ," just set one foot back on American soil after a tour of the Latin American countries when she was snatched right up for one of the picture's featured roles. . . . Fact that comedian Fritz Feld is very much in demand around talkie town is quite apparent—"Scandals" was his 149th picture.

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(Continued on page 24)



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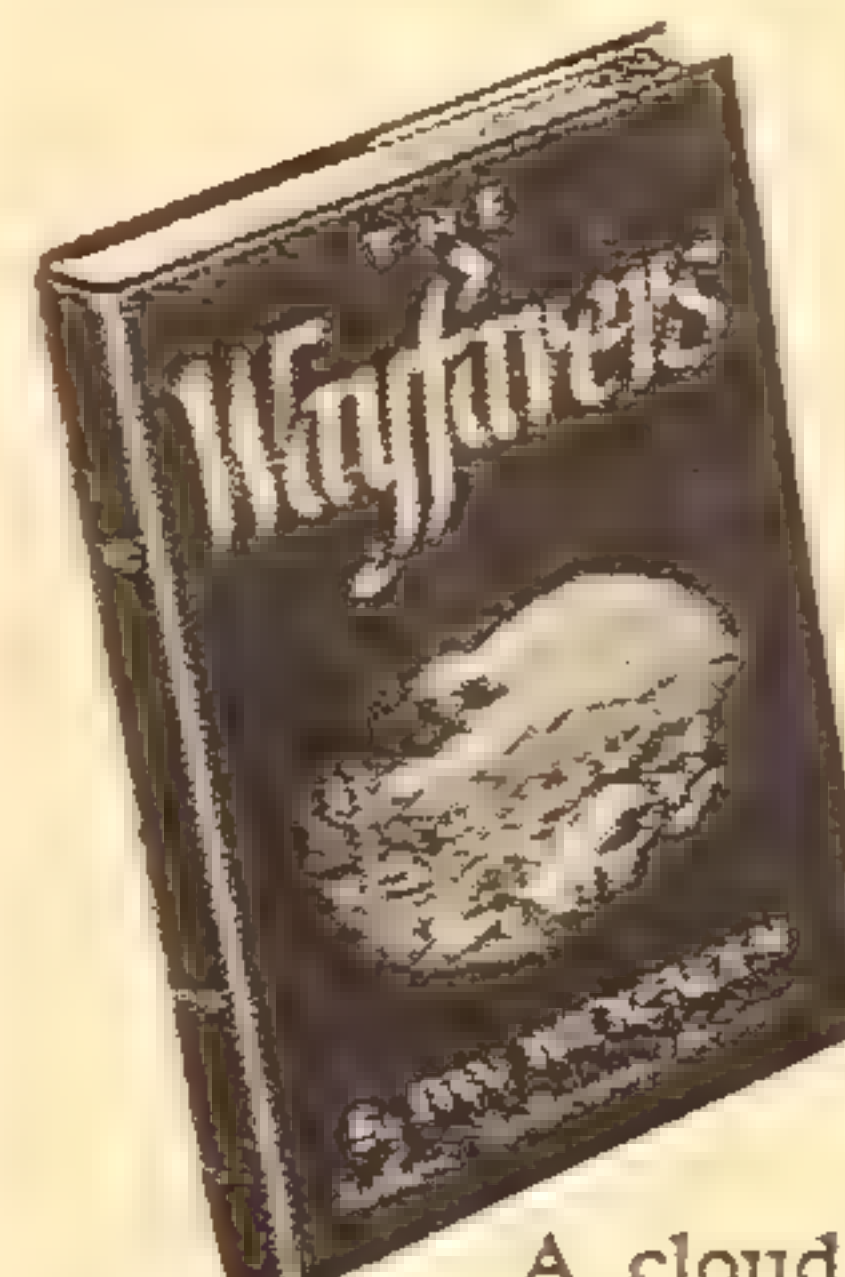
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(Continued from page 21)

They start to happen when a plane crashes in Mexico. Among the passengers are a pair of international crooks (I'm so glad someone has revived international crooks, I've missed them since the war!). They are Clyde Ballister (John Warburton) and his wife, Carola (Signe Hasso). During the plane trip they have noticed that one of the passengers, Kingby (Edmund Gwenn), has a briefcase locked to his wrist. Kingby is injured slightly in the crash and they have a chance to investigate the briefcase. It contains four wills, each signed by a different name, and each leaving a million dollars in bonds to Kingby. The first is signed Miles Kempen, Cleveland, Ohio.

It will not surprise you to hear that the Ballisters turn up in Cleveland. But Kingby arrives, first, and Miles Kempen dies at once. The police call it an accident. However, Kempen had just told an attorney, Jeff Caign (James Craig) to draw him up a new will, leaving everything to a pretty night club singer. Jeff's curiosity is aroused by the neat timing in Kempen's death, and he finds Kingby has some connection with it and follows him on board a New York train. Also on board are Clyde and Carola, who are determined to reach the next will signer, Professor Budlow, before Kingby. Clyde gets a knife in his back on the train, and Jeff and Carola join forces. Carola wastes no time on regrets for the death of her husband. There's four million dollars tied up in this thing, and she's more interested in money than in a man who was more a partner than a husband.

She and Jeff out-manuever Kingby in New York and collect a million in bonds from Budlow. If they had left it at that, they would have been all right. But they move on to the next will signer, and run

right into a trap, which threatens to dispose of them permanently. . . .

The Craig-Hasso team is effective, and has excellent support from Edmund Gwenn, John Warburton and Mabel Paige.—M-G-M.

#### P. S.

James Craig came to the set one morning looking very pleased—they'd celebrated 7,000 birthdays at his place that morning. The new arrivals to his San Fernando Valley ranch were 7,000 day-old turkeys. The turkeys added to his 1,500 laying chickens means there'll be no egg or poultry shortages at his friends' homes for quite a while. . . . Visitors on the set raised horrified eyebrows every time James called Mabel Paige "Mother Rat"—all in fun of course. Miss Paige, who could pose for a Mothers' Day picture any time with her white hair and kindly smile, has a record of film misdeeds long enough to entitle her to a private suite in the state pen. Practically all her screen roles have been innocent sweet old ladies—with a knitting needle in one hand and a gat in the other. . . . Signe Hasso was offered her choice of snazzy streamlined dressing rooms, but turned them all down. Chose in preference the old room that had brought so much luck to her countrywoman and idol, Greta Garbo. . . . Signe, who for five years has wandered through her screen roles in an odd assortment of tattered dresses, worn raincoats, and other such unprepossessing apparel, realized her fondest dream. In this one she has a wardrobe designed especially for her by Irene—who spared no time or effort to create an array of gowns fit for a queen.

### THE ADVENTURES OF RUSTY

Young Ted Donaldson, who was wistful

and appealing over a caterpillar in "Once Upon A Time," is equally wistful and appealing over a dog in "The Adventures Of Rusty." Rusty is played by Ace, The Wonder Dog, who is, as far as I know, a newcomer to the screen. Handsome, too.

Danny Mitchell (Ted Donaldson) is unhappy. His father, Hugh (Conrad Nagel), is getting married again, and Danny bitterly surveys a future which includes lots of face washings and no more fishing trips. Of course Ann (Margaret Lindsay) is okay as women go, but who wants women? When Rags, Danny's dog, is killed by a truck during the wedding reception, the boy blames his new stepmother, and his antagonism flares into actual hatred. Ann tries every way she can think of to win him over, but Danny is obdurate. The situation worries Ann and his father very much.

Danny's main interest these days is a dog named Rusty. Not a nice, friendly dog like Rags, either. Rusty is an ex-German war dog trained by the Nazis, and is as vicious and treacherous as his former masters. However, something about his loneliness appeals to Danny, who is lonely too. Rusty's owner can do nothing with him, and is perfectly willing for Danny to have him. But when the boy tries to pet Rusty, he gets his hand severely bitten. Ann finds out, and naturally refuses to have such a vicious dog in the house. Danny is inconsolable, and at last Ann tells Hugh she thinks they had better let him have the dog. Danny, elated, digs up a German-American dictionary, and by the time he's had Rusty a few days the police dog is obeying his commands. Still, there is no affection or friendliness to it. This worries Danny so much that he solemnly takes Rusty to a psychiatrist he has heard Ann mention. Ann consults the same man about Danny,



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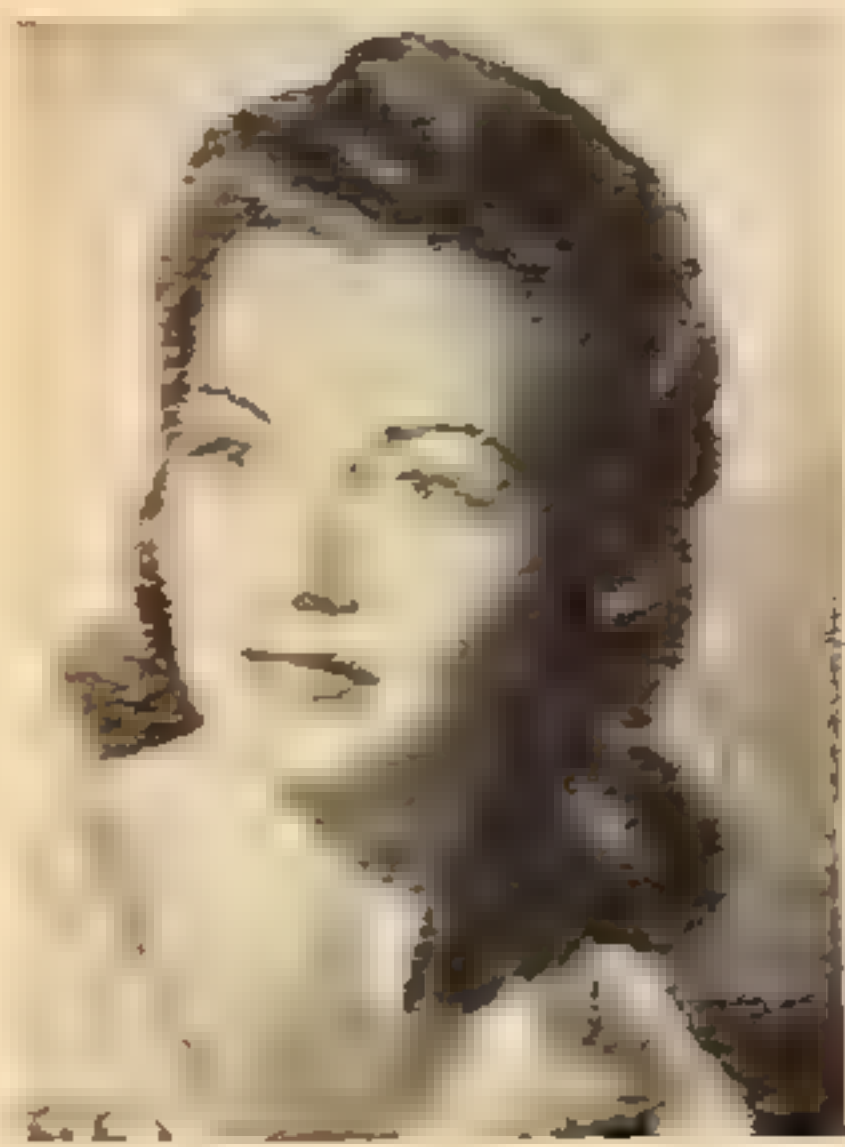
and they both get good advice from him. But Rusty runs away, and that's when the excitement really begins. Because a couple of German saboteurs have arrived in the neighborhood, and they find the dog and try to make him into a Nazi all over again. Whether they succeed depends on Danny.

If you like small boys and dogs, you'll like "The Adventures of Rusty."—Col.

**P. S.**

Ted Donaldson, who has never owned a dog in real life, found his co-star in "Rusty" to be an ex-war dog who needed mighty careful handling. When the war broke out, Ace—trained to guard defense plants—was used as a model in training Marine dogs. . . . Before they could work together, Ted and Ace had to have several sessions to become acquainted with each other—with trainer Earl Johnson on hand to see that all went well. . . . For a ball throwing scene Ted was warned to throw the ball from the side or underhanded, never to raise his hand over his head to toss it. Ace had been taught to attack like a flash the minute a hand was raised overhead. Once when Ted forgot, a serious accident came too close for comfort. Needless to say, more than one brow was wiped before it was all over. . . . Director Paul Burnford's first day on the set was enough to drive a man mad—and nearly did. First day of production, his first important picture, and his wife presented him with his first youngster. . . . When Margaret Lindsay played the young bride in "Cavalcade," the cameraman who worked with her was Al O'Connell. In "Rusty," she and O'Connell met again for the first time since that picture, and in this one she's playing Conrad Nagel's bride. Bet you can guess what O'Connell popped out with—said she was "always a bride, never a bridesmaid." . . . Wasn't the Pied Piper of Hamelin on the loose the day Ted and his friends disappeared? Out on location, the first aid man on the set was occupying his spare moments by carving things out of the plentiful supply of wood around. One day the kids were found in a circle in the woods, all industriously creating masterpieces under the supervision of the carver.

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**



Lynn Bari visited the Army hospital in Vancouver, Washington, nearly a year ago, and I shall never forget what I saw her do at that time. Plans had been made for her to eat at the table with the officers, where she would be served with them. When she entered the mess hall, however, she refused her place as "guest," joined the enlisted men's waiting line, had her plate filled when her turn came, and then carried her tray to a bench, where she sat among the enlisted men. She accepted no special privileges. Up to that time the enlisted men had felt that the officers got all the breaks whenever a celebrity visited camp. Miss Bari, whether she realized it or not, did a great deal toward boosting army morale by her simple gesture of sticking with the enlisted men.

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☐ **DOWN-BEAT SKIRT** . . . \$4.99 (choice of colors)  
☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Navy ☐ Kelly ☐ Aqua  
Size: 24 26 28 30 (Please circle size)

☐ **SERENADE BLOUSE** . . . \$2.99 White only  
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Please circle size)  
Mark how many of each item you desire in large squares at left.

PRINT NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



Perfectly happy ?

Think the world's swell ?

Then sit this out, 'cause

we're talking about fresh

starts and getting

gay and getting guys.

## CO-ED LETTERBOX

What's the kindest way to tell a boy you no longer love him? Bill and I were engaged before he went overseas, and now, two years later, he's back and it's just not the same. B. Y., Chicasaw, Iowa.

First of all, give the guy a chance. He needs a while to reconvert himself from soldier to civilian. If, after two months or so, you still feel as you do, it will be fairly obvious to him that things have changed. It is even possible that he'll feel differently about you. Talk the thing out honestly, making it clear that it is nobody's fault—least of all his, and impressing on him the fact that you still consider him a very superior guy. Make the break clean, with no ifs, ands or buts to keep him dangling, and send him off with his self-confidence intact, and no bitterness in his heart toward you.

I can't make up my mind which of two soldiers I love best. They've both asked me to wait for them. What to do? C. W., Eureka, Utah.

You've heard it before, but it still goes. If you think you love two men

(Continued on page 97)

Ever wish to heaven you could make a fresh start in the world with a brand new line and a flock of charm? Ever feel that if you could just cancel out your sad sack past you'd be a zing thing? Well, haven't we all, but how often do we do anything about it? Here then, is an idea.

Could there possibly be a better time than now to begin again? With a nice, clean, uncharted year ahead at school; with maybe a lush new job. The set-up is perfect, so what do you say? First of all—

**Give Yourself a Chance:** You may be a Lana Turner inside, but if you go around looking like a bundle of old clothes, you won't do yourself much good. Start with your face and figure, discover your type, then accentuate it. If you're small and blond, play up your hair, your cute little figure. Wear pastel makeup, hair ribbons, sweet sissy colors. Let your stock in trade be femininity. Sweet talk, encouraging words, the good old oil. If you're a big girl, exercise away the chubbiness, but stand right up to those extra inches. Wear good looking tailored things, wonderful sweaters, be-eg pieces of costume jewelry. Talk baseball, jazz, politics (but know what you're talking about) and the boys will love you. If you're slim and slinky, wear Lauren Bacall-ish clothes, have something about you that's a trademark. A ring, an odd hair-do, a pair of pixie glasses. Interesting, that's you, so talk poetry, the theater, your philosophy of life. The point is, know your type, and stick with it. And that's a good start toward that fresh start.

**Meet Some Men:** Maybe you've been exposed to 'em, but it just hasn't taken. Maybe you just don't know any. Well, stop sitting around flapping your gums about the stupidity of men, and get busy. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, you know what to do about it. (Continued on page 65)



JEAN  
KINKEAD



A girl who wouldn't say YES...meets  
a man who wouldn't take NO for an answer!

Nixie...  
the  
amorous  
imp!



"There's a YES  
in my  
whistle!  
It goes like  
this!...."

*ONE* <sup>♪</sup>whistle and

*TWO* <sup>♪♪</sup>whistles and

*THREE* <sup>♪♪♪</sup>whistles  
and

COLUMBIA  
PICTURES  
presents

*Rosalind* *Lee*  
**RUSSELL • BOWMAN**

in

# *She Wouldn't Say Yes*

with

ADELE JERGENS • CHARLES WINNINGER

HARRY DAVENPORT • SARA HADEN

Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, John Jacoby and Sarett Tobias

Produced by

VIRGINIA VAN UPP • ALEXANDER HALL

Directed by

ALEXANDER HALL







# Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!

Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

## READ MRS. ROSS' STORY

**Twenty—love!** Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it with Camay—for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher."



**Moonlight—and Home!** Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* new beauty, pat on Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation. Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.



—the former Mary Ellen Nelson,  
*Mrs. Jack H. Ross*  
New Canaan, Conn.



*It's still important—to make your Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap!*



■ If you've ever had a letter from us (who hasn't?!), you've noticed the slogan on the cute little backside of our envelope: MODERN SCREEN, the Friendly Magazine. It's a unique slogan, and we are fiercely sentimental about it. It has helped us grow. And as we've grown, our genial slogan has embraced countless new friends.


This month, MODERN SCREEN's circulation reaches an all time high of 1,700,000. The way Henry and I look at it, that's one million seven hundred thousand very real and live friends who stand by *us* each month. And if you can do that, we want to stand by *you*!

Most of you are young. You buy MODERN SCREEN because you're crazy about Frankie and Van Johnson and June Allyson and all the others. But you have other needs, too. Youth is a tough racket. Henry Malmgreen and I would be letting you down if we didn't use the power of our magazine to help you get the most out of being young.

From this proud sense of responsibility stem the various services we offer. In the last couple of years, MODERN SCREEN has mailed out well over a million advice charts and personal letters.

No letter to MODERN SCREEN goes unanswered. If you write Henry ribbing him about that ridiculous hair-do he affects, you'll get back a blistering squelch in nothing flat. If you write Jean Kinhead (page 26) to find out why that cute GI stopped writing, she'll do her best to plumb the mystery for you. Beverly Linet, the mad genius, will answer anything at all about movie stars (page 90). Our Super Coupon (page 22) lists twenty advice and information charts. There's Harry James' brand new Band chart and Bev's Superchart with info on five hundred movie personalities. If you want to improve your dancing, lose weight or gain boy friends, just turn to the Super Coupon!

For the most part you'll want information. You'll get it—in great abundance. But if it's comfort you want or Dutch Uncle talk, you'll never find the Friendly Magazine wanting.

  
Executive Editor.





# THOSE

F. didn't have to be coaxed, but when a guest chattered during a song, then stabbed, "I-knew-him-when," well . . .!



"Too many women may be bad," cracked Errol on New Year's Eve, "but not enough is certainly worse!"

Helmut danced in the Tyrol with Claudette Colbert and never forgot. Years later, he asked, "Remember?"





by HEDDA HOPPER

# HOLLYWOOD PARTIES!

Like the one when the lights  
went out—and Van Johnson  
was caught without a girl!



"Long live the queen," Peter murmured to Ann Sothern's baby. And there wasn't a dry eye left.

At parties, Ronnie Reagan talks politics while Jane perches atop the piano and makes like Helen Morgan.

■ "Tell the kids about some of the parties you've been to," says Albert.

"Have a heart, sonny. Thirty years I've been going to parties. How d'you expect me to get 'em sorted out?"

"Easy," says Al, who doesn't have to do the job; he just dishes it out. "Your memory's a grab-bag. Stick in your thumb, pull out a plum, and go on from there."

Being simple minded, I like games. Grab! and out came a dinner party at Norma Shearer's, veddy veddy swank. Only she'd invited Betsy and Gene Kelly, who own as much swank between them as would balance on an eyelash.

In England they call it drawing room—short for withdrawing—because the ladies withdrew after dinner, leaving the gentlemen to brandy, cigars and masculine (*Continued on page 99*)





# UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Sure, Dane offered to help pack a picnic lunch, but editors Al Delacorté and Henry Malmgreen (the crew cut with the cruller), certainly never expected a reception like this! And at seven a.m., no less!

"Let's keep it gay," we  
said, "let's keep it light." So  
when Dane Clark blew  
into town we blew the works  
—sandwiches, jive and  
two beautiful gals in a park.



A New York boy from 'way back, Dane decided to instruct Shirley (the beautiful) and Peggy (the blonde) in the etiquette of dunking. "See little pinky outstretched, girls, and no fair going beyond the elbow..."



The dishes cleared away ("We'll take turns," he said. "Breakfast was swank, but lunch we'll eat *my* way!"), Dane settled down to autographing the girls' M.S. Fan Club Association cards.





By 9 o'clock they hit the park and Dane got chummy with the hackman's hoss. "I like horses," he insisted, "look what they did for Bing!"

"But what'll your public think," bellowed the cameraman, "kissing nags? Do something *different!*" "Sure," grinned our hero, "this one's for fun!" And planted a smack on startled, pleased Peggy.



■ "I'm coming home, fellas," Dane wrote us, "I'm coming home to *live!*" So natch, what could we do but roll out a red carpet, blare out a bugle and grin? Because Dane Clark's one of our favoritest people, and when he forsakes the tall trees and the smudge pots for grubby little us (so what if he was coming East anyhow for that Strand Theater appearance?), well, no red carpet's red enough! "I want to see skyscrapers again and Brooklyn Bridge and an Automat," he wrote. "And especially I want to see Shirley Elman and Peggy Field. Honest, fellas, the way those girls organized a fan club for me, the way they *slaved*. . . ." So even if the paper shortage held up our shots of the buildings and the Bridge, we did get you Central Park at noon, we did get you this Great Day'n the Morning . . .





If you think Peggy was hot and bothered, you should've seen the melon! It got lugged from cab to hack, from suite to park—it got liquidated!



The trouble started when Dane got spring fever and went dancing with barefoot Shirley to the strains of Al's portable. There's the "trouble" back there—a gang of "Dead Enders."



"Hey, is dat Dane Clark, huh, mistuh, huh?" they asked. "Sure." "Aw, he don't look so tough, he don't look like no big shot," they jeered. But all Dane did was sit tight, eat his fifth sandwich—and bide his time.

## UP IN CENTRAL PARK

This is the sort of photo you find in Grandma's album—"Portrait of Five Young People Eating Their Heads Off and Enjoying it."







It was getting hot, the Dead Enders were getting hep, and anyhow, ice cream tastes better out at sea. So off they drifted to mid-lake

# UP IN CENTRAL MARK



But does Dane take it easy? Does he read a book or get a sunburn or snooze? No. he gets the rowboat snagged on a clump of seaweed and needs a private cheering section (Peggy) and a personal water cooling system (Shirley) to boost him on





Always the gentleman, he left Shirley room to top him. By this time, the Dead Enders had seen the muscles, heard the roars, recognized a champ—they were getting impressed.



Home in a hack. Dane's got a date to spree Coney Island with the Dead Enders, the gals have sore feet and their heads in the clouds. The weather was fine, wish you'd been there, up in Central Park...



"She's safe!" "She's out!" "Whaddya mean she's safe? She's *out*!" With 8 months of professional baseball behind him, Dane's a whiz at bat, did everything but crown ump Al D. with a pop bottle and slam that ball clear to Ebbets' Field.



By the time he decided to apply the palm of the hand to the shaft of the oar, the Dead Enders had organized a highly vocal razzing team. That boat made land in 15 minutes flat!





At CBS, Bob grins over a GI gag pulled in New Guinea. His show interrupted by Bombers taking off, he asked, "What goes?" "Oh, Fred Allen's nearby—those guys are after jokes!"



# "The House I Live In"

■ The street was empty and from corner to corner the store fronts and the house windows were dark. A faint light gleamed over the entrance to a building in the middle of the block. It shone weakly on two stone tablets set in a niche over the large, carved wooden door. It was a quiet street and now, late at night, it was as silent as a moment of prayer.

Suddenly a rock hurtled through the air. The small bulb over the tablets shattered in a spray of fine glass. There was the sound of rushing feet. In the thin light from a sliver of moon two shadows appeared. One of them carried something round, can-shaped, in one hand, and it made a tinny, gurgling sound as it swung. They worked swiftly for a few minutes. And then they were gone.

It was morning before the old men came to the building. They came early to say their (Continued on page 87)

FRANKIE FIGURES SO WHAT IF YOUR SKIN COLOR'S DARKER OR YOU GO TO A DIFFERENT CHURCH . . YOU'RE STILL ONE OF THE GANG!





Frank's new short, one of his and Mervyn Leroy's top contributions to the cause of tolerance, incorporates many of the talks F. gave on his tour for democracy.



Just before overseeing Frank recorded several S. A. tunes with Xavier Cugat had to switch to civvies at Army's request—GIs want glammer togs

Frank's super record collection of 150 albums is pure long-hair, with those negro spirituals he disced with the Charioteers holding top honors



by Kaaren Pieck

Deep, dark secret: John's a poet who's had stanzas published! But he's no sissy; when house needed plumbing, he dug ditches himself!

Johnny's got a jinx: His dad gave him a ring he'd worn for 50 years without losing. After one scene in new pic, "The Dolly Sisters," ring disappeared!







Pink booties or blue booties,

there's a gleam in the John Paynes' eyes

that spells b-a-b-y!



Gloria yearns for a convertible; can't drive, but *knows* she could sail through H'wood without lessons if she only had the car! "You Are Beautiful," murmurs John. Romantic? Nope, it's name of her next pic!

■ On June 28th, Gloria and John Payne celebrated their 6-month anniversary. He gave her a two-toned gold ring, to match the pin-and-earring set he'd given her at Christmas, when she was still Gloria De Haven. She gave him socks and stuff. They had dinner at Somerset House, topped off by a look-in at Slapsy Maxie's. But they didn't stay late. John's working in "The Enchanted Voyage." Gloria won't be going back to work for quite a while, but she starts yawning early nowadays.

There's never been any cleavage in her mind on the great Hollywood problem of career vs. marriage. As a bride of ten days, she said: "I'll go on working, but only so long as it doesn't interfere with John's happiness. *Our* happiness, I should say, for it comes to the same thing—"

You've heard other brides voice like sentiments and change their minds overnight, so you grow skeptical. But there's something about this one that compels your faith. You've seen her on the screen—a gay, pretty kid who wins you by the grace of her talents, but gives you no hint of the girl who married John Payne. Dignity is perhaps an unexpected word to use in connection with one so young, but Gloria has it—together with a child's clear honesty and a native wisdom you'd be glad to meet in a woman twice her years. She speaks quietly, making no effort to impress or convince you. The upshot is, if she told you she'd rather wear lisle than nylons, you'd believe it.

One morning John went with her to the doctor's office, where their hope about the baby was confirmed. Gloria promptly told (*Continued on page 146*)





Four-year-old Jimmy Robin, here with Mom Dorothy and cookie-shoving Chris Robin, started talking at 5 mos. First words? "I wanna be a actor!"

# LUCKY BUM

by Kirtley Baskette...

Only a four-leaf clover guy like Bob Mitchum  
could be kidnapped by moonshiners, then grow up to bake cakes... and kayo champs!

■ A tall, lean, muscular stick of human dynamite named Bob Mitchum stood loose and easy before a big Hollywood tycoon a couple of years ago and gave him a level look out of his keen blue eyes.

It was Bob's first interview for a movie part. He was busted flat. He had a hungry wife and baby at home. The seat of Bob's pants was so patched it looked like a crazy-quilt and his coat was taped together at the armholes where his big punching muscles had popped through at last. But his angular face was undismayed and his clefted, cocky chin was sticking well out in the breeze. If the chance for a (Continued on page 126)





Ernie Pyle thrilled over Bob in "G.I. Joe":  
"You could be Walker himself—it's amazing."  
(With Capt. Thornton, adviser, and F. Steele.)



Bob's a romantic lead who dotes on his family, his rented home in W. H'wood; an ex-hoss op'ry hero who hates horses!

Even after hitting the big-time in "30 Sec. Over Tokyo," (here with Van J.), Bob insists he has no talent—"just luck."



**By Ida Zeitlin**

■ Not till M-G-M signed him was Bud Alderdice translated into Tom Drake—an event shrouded deep in the future on that day in late summer when Bud, seventeen, and his year older sister, Claire, drove to New York to take a crack at Broadway.

Their father had been dead six years, their mother six weeks. Their assets consisted of one season (for Bud) with Reginald Goode's stock company in Poughkeepsie, a modest income and the large dreams of youth. . . .

On Riverside Drive they found an apartment in a renovated private house, which they took because it had a backyard for Wrinkle, their Great Dane. It became headquarters for a bunch of kids from Poughkeepsie, including Chris Curtis, the 15-year-old who'd developed a crush on Bud that summer—

"If you get out of high school at 15," her mother had promised, "you can have a year in New York before going to college—"

This was her year, but college was no part of her program. At Poughkeepsie, someone discovered that she had a voice. Fine, she'd study opera.

"You'll never get any further than op," Bud assured her kindly. "Better go in for nightclub singing." It was his idea to own a nightclub some day. "I might even (*Continued on page 114*)



The Drakes, Tom and Chris, prefer their hearthside to gallivanting, specialize in small gatherings with good talk, music and food. Rugged, Tom's sole claim to cooking fame is "salad di Cicco"—with coddled egg dressing!

tom drake

***Life wasn't kind to the kid with***

***the lost looking eyes, but***

***now, after the grief and the fight***

***and the loneliness.***

***Tom's heart is home again.***





Tom's piled up a heap of habits in his 27 years: like collecting thousands of pictures of horses, like never outgrowing his crush on Amelia Earhart and loving burnt toast and grabbing the check and singing off key.



Tom's a sucker for good acting, loves schmaltzy love stories or intelligent whodunits. (At the NBC Comedy Theater with host Hal Lloyd, F. Bartholomew and Maria Montez.)



'I've never met anyone I haven't learned something from,' he vows, 'nor anyone I didn't adore—or detest—on sight.' (With the wee O'Brien on a Lux Show.)



THEY SWORE NO YEARS WOULD SPOIL LON'S LEAVE





SO THE McCALLISTERS WERE GAY. EVEN IF GRANDMA SNIFFLED INTO HER APRON WHEN NO ONE WATCHED • BY FREDDA DUDLEY

# Last Leave



Record collection's large, but Lon gripes because he can't make with the music himself. Learned to strum a guitar, though! A good soldier, his theme song's "How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning!" Loves charting voyages, drawing up boat plans.



Lon, who squirms in tuxedos and starched collars, has Grandma loosen even G.I. tie. Dreams of becoming a writer, owning an island . . . and *disowning* middle name: Alonzo!

■ Three eager people stood expectantly on the leaside of the administration building at the Long Beach Army Air Base and watched the planes come in. "I certainly hope he isn't in that little bumblebee," said Lon McCallister's grandmother as she eyed a Mustang disapprovingly.

Lon's mother shook her head. "He said he was hitchplaning on a C-54, whatever that is."

Lon's grandfather came to the rescue with some potent information. "That—coming in right over there—is a C-54."

Three bodies leaned forward, (Continued on page 135)







*He's a pin-up boy in three-cornered slacks, this*

*happy Peck baby with the dimples*

*and that way with women like Daddy's.*

*by Cynthia Miller*

# JUNIOR DREAM MAN

■ One Sunday morning in July, 1944, an earnest student was bent over a desk with a city map under one fist and a red pencil in the other. Until that moment, Gregory Peck had been a casual traveler along Los Angeles' city streets; he had eased his way from one studio to another, from his home to the homes of friends, recognizing a tree here, a house there, a filling station or a drugstore. He always managed to reach his destination, but the process required one thing he thought he might lack on the run he was going to make some time soon: Time.

So Gregory made a road map, indicating the fastest, least traffic-ridden route from his home to the hospital, fourteen miles distant. Then he said to Greta, "I think we should make a test run."

"Seems kind of silly when Junior isn't due for at least three weeks yet," said Mrs. Peck mildly. She is not the nervous type.

"I'd feel better about it if I'd checked my time," said the father-to-be. So he and Greta set out, driving cautiously but with an eye on the clock.

When they reached the hospital, they hastened to the reception desk and were met by the starched and professional smile of the nurse on duty. "Yes?" she said.

"Exactly what does one do when one is going to have a baby?" demanded Gregory.

The nurse drew a fresh form from a nearby drawer and poised an efficient pen. "Your name?" she said, beaming on Mrs. Peck.

"No, no," said (Continued on page 92)









# my daughter

**She was a funny,  
skinny little kid. Al-  
ways reading Shakespeare  
aloud. Or  
crying over a stray cat.**

■ "Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight." She was a skinny little girl with an ice cream cone in one hand and a pair of roller skates in the other, and her face was screwed up with the intensity of wishing . . . The little girl became a rangy seventeen-year-old, standing in front of Sardi's a little before curtain time. And if you saw her there, briefly searching the sky, her bright mane tossed back, you just assumed she was posing a little—the kid liked to pose—and you never dreamed that perhaps she was praying . . . Seventeen became twenty, and she was a suave, wonderful-looking gal on the way to the premiere of her first movie, (Continued on page 81)

14-year-old Lauren wept when photog said she had legs like a colt; thought he meant she looked like a horse! Won polka contest as child; swears she could've danced with Clifton Webb.



Nickname "Sluggy" for Bogey's yacht may be changed to "Baby." She and H. splash in world's smallest swimming pool; it's 8 x 4 x 4! Outdoor Girl Bacall (see "The Big Sleep") drinks nothing stronger than sherry.



by

*natalie bacall*

as told to

**Jean Kinhead**







# Wicked Williams

***Esther's the kind of gal  
who looks as though she breakfasts  
on bubbles—and then turns  
around and murders a 3-pound steak!***



Though play-the-field Van Johnson squired E. to the "Thrill Of A Romance" prem, nobody's feelings were hurt when "The Girl With The Beautiful Profile All Over" admitted her top thrill to date was having fiance Sgt. Ben Gage lay the rug in her new home!

*by Dorothy Deere*

■ For four months Esther Williams had been collecting pretty pink paychecks from the studio for having nothing but fun. For a whole year before that she'd turned the talent scouts down cold, telling them she didn't think she'd make a movie star. And even after signing, she'd walked straight up to the studio execs who were acting as if they'd just hit Bingo, and said, "Look, fellows—I've got news for you. I *can't act!*" On this particular day, diving in and out of the pool, she had a feeling that pretty soon now, those execs were going to start believing her.

When the telephone message came, the nasty little premonition stuck out its tongue and said "See? This is *it!*" Sure enough, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, the head man himself, wanted her to get over to his office at once. Any other time she would have stopped to curl her hair, or waited for her eyes to stop being red from the chlorine in the pool. Now, she merely slipped into something dryer than a swim suit, and slap-dashed a powder puff across her pert nose.

"You don't have to go formal to be fired—" she told herself, and it didn't sound funny.

By the time she reached the studio she was as forlorn as the heroine in a sad movie.

Mr. Mayer is a fellow who likes his little joke, only it wasn't showing on him when she reached the inner sanctum. To her, he looked like a man suffering from a painful duty.

"Sit down—" he said, putting the tips of his fingers together and looking at her solemnly through half closed eyes. Then, clearing his throat, "Since I have only one thing to say, the quickest way is to say it—"



# Wicked Williams



Esther, who's in perpetual swim training, partnered up with Ed ("Duffy's Tavern") Gardner in a Milwaukee brewery that'll produce, yup! "Duffy's Beer!" And she wears *clothes* in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies!"



She's forever late, toforever eating (who ever saw a *fat* mermaid?), forever gay. "When Esther was born," confides her mom, "God must have said, 'This one's for laughs.'"

"Oh, no—" she was thinking, a little wildly, "Don't make it quick—beat around the bush a little, I've got plenty of time. Maybe, if you think it over, you'll want to make me one of your secretaries or something—"

Mr. Mayer, however, was walking to the door and grasping the knob firmly: "There's a gentleman who has offered to help you make your screen test—" He was saying, "He's on vacation and has come into the studio specially, so I'd like you to do it this afternoon—"

He opened the door and just outside stood Clark Gable "—in all his glory!" says Esther, who still gets fireflies in her brown eyes when she thinks of it. She didn't know how it had happened. How Clark, seeing some of her preliminary tests run off, had seen a girl with a warmth and eagerness he was sure the fans would like, and that this was his way of betting on it. (Continued on page 141)



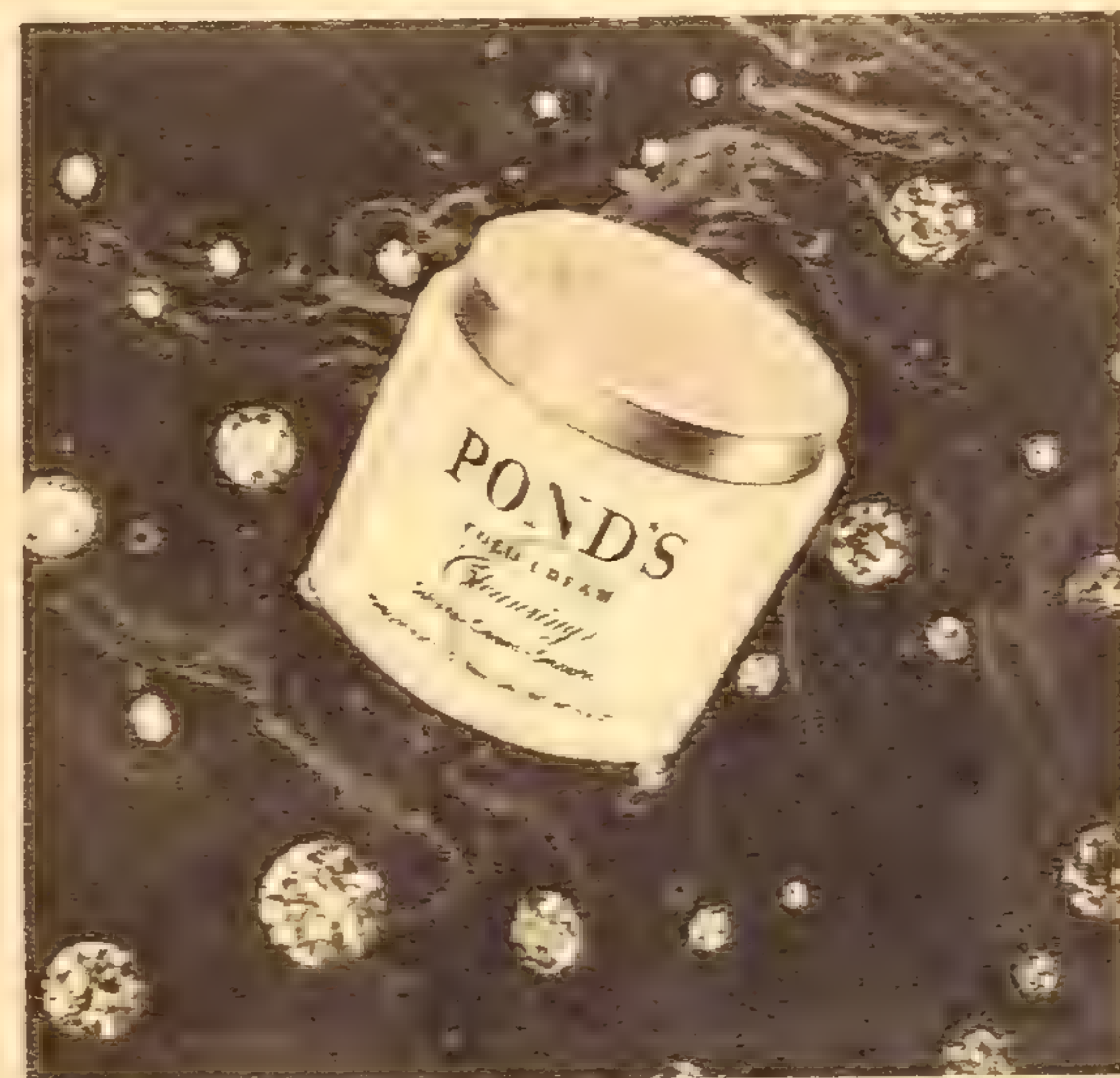
# SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



**NANCY JANE MACBURNERY**—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.



**JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS**—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurney, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't you help in your locality?



**HER BEAUTY CARE**—Pond's Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

## TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

*Nancy Jane Macburney  
engaged to  
Robert Francis Reynolds  
Flying Officer, R. A. F.*



**THE RING** Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

*This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .*

She smooths white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with

little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so clean!"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—every night, every morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big jar today—you'll love the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Tarbat · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Miss Mimi McAdams*



by Nancy Winslow Squire

"What's six years, anyway?" muttered John Dall through clenched teeth. "I still wanna be an actor!"

# Johnny come lately

■ "Mm-mm, letter from Louella!" John Dall's mom, sorting the morning mail, was distinctly pleased.

"Louella, no less," grinned John. "And you're the gal who couldn't stand anything connected with the acting profession. Remember?"

Henry (which, believe it or not is his mom's first name) was too engrossed with Louella Parsons' note to retaliate. Johnny sat staring at her, feeling again like pinching himself because the whole business was so incredible. Here he was, the family black sheep, the guy who had tossed overboard a scholarship at Yale, an assured career in engineering for a 100 to 1 shot at the theater—here he was, basking in the adulation of his mother, of his paratrooping brother, of a lot of total strangers. Fans, yet. He, old Johnny Dall, a fugitive from dinners at the Chock Full O' Nuts and very brief, very unremunerative walk-on parts, with fans! It had been a long hard pull, but looking back, it seemed neither long nor hard. Looking back, he'd had an awful lot of fun.

Johnny knew that he wanted to act when he was very young. Maybe seven or eight. He had a girl cousin named Parker McCormick, and between them they built a bright and beautiful world. A world of home-made costumes and glued- (Continued on page 58)



At 14, Johnny got radio bid to sing (soprano). Mama rounded up doting friends, shined up her "Dalling," but one look at mike and John fainted dead away! (With Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green.")



"Beautiful trash" is how John describes his pulp magazine stories. Pen name, to confuse family, was H. Treadwell Vanderwall!



# No other Shampoo

**leaves your hair so lustrous,  
yet so easy to manage!**

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓ *Extra lustre*... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair*... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

## Jewels in your Hair

**for After-Dark Glamour**

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES... glamorous New York fashion model,

Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



## Drene Shampoo

**WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION**

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# TIPS FOR A LOVELY THROAT LINE



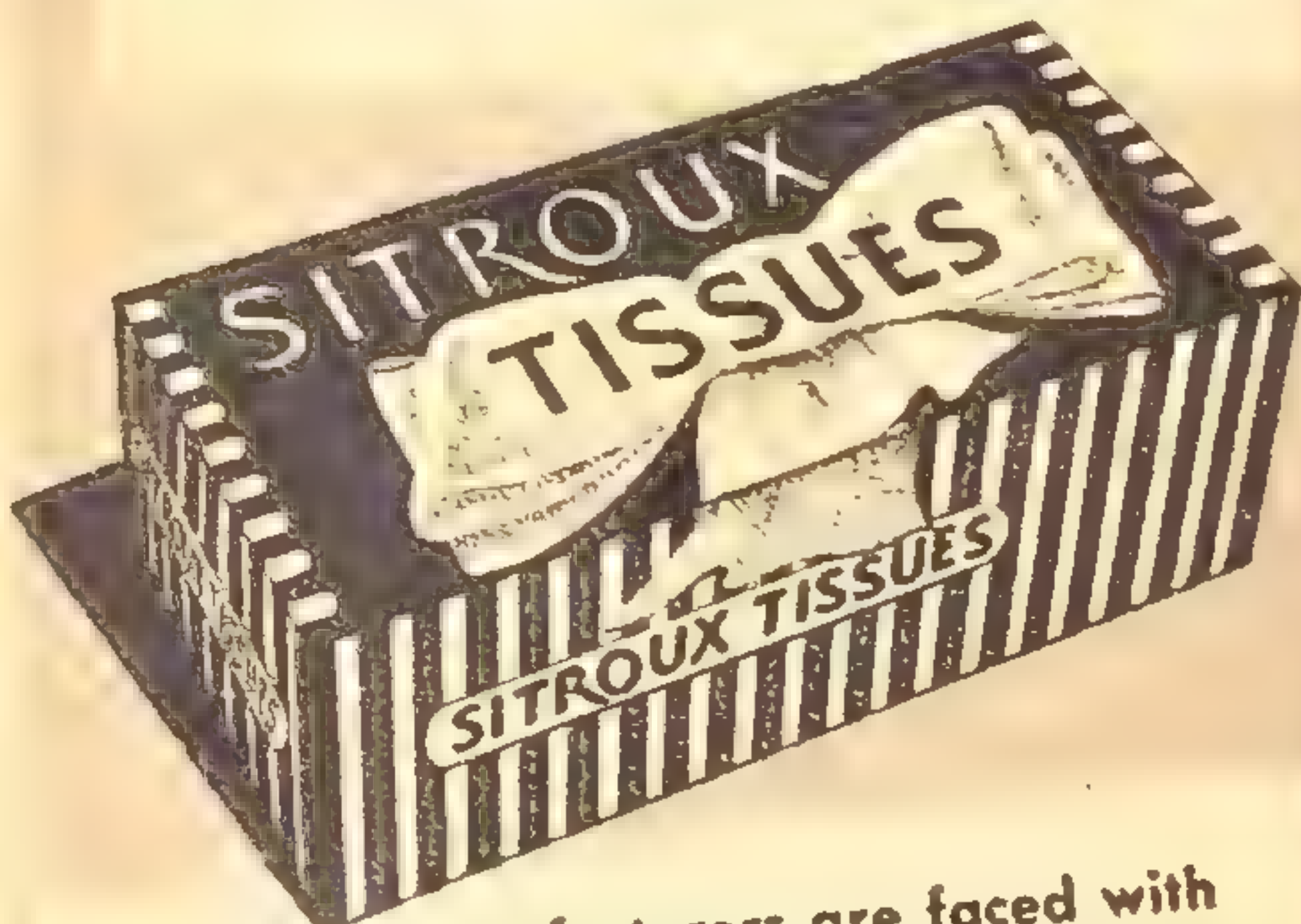
When applying and removing cleansing cream, always use upward and outward motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further\*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.



Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with both hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.



For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.



\* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

## SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

## JOHNNY COME LATELY

(Continued from page 56)

on moustaches. A world of glowing, if imaginary, press notices and thunderous—oh thunderous—applause. The plays that they gave were made up out of their heads and involved dozens of characters, each with a different kind of accent. No children's plays for them, but war stuff and drama of the heaviest kind.

When John was ten, his father's work took the whole family to Panama, and—away from Parker's encouragement and interest—he temporarily ditched the theater. If he had been older, he would have felt lost, but when you are ten, the world is so full of a number of things . . . He played baseball and learned to speak fluent Spanish. He grew to be six feet one and made up his mind to become a writer. He was gone for four years, and it was an enchanted era studded with jaunts to places like Haiti and Cuba and the Bahamas, a heavenly period of erratic schooling and a great deal of fun.

His was a congenial family, in spite of the fact that John's brother Worthington (whom, as a child, he used to call One-to-Ten) was nine years older than John, and in spite of the usual family run-ins.

There was, for instance, the time on the trip to Panama when the ship ran into a terrible storm. The waves were Alpine, and the ship bobbed like a cork. The whole family, with the exception of John, was felled with seasickness.

"Get out of the cabin, dear," John's mother murmured from her bed, unable to bear the sight of his rosy, smiling face another minute.

"Where'll I go?" he whined. "There's no one to play with."

"Just go," she said. "Anywhere."

John trekked down to the dining room, returning presently with a bowl of fruit and a rich looking cake. "Here, mom," he said, munching an apple in her ear, exuding health. No member of the family spoke to him for days afterwards.

There was the period when he was about eleven when he made the family's life wretched hounding them for a monkey. He gave them no peace night or day. "They're a lot of work, dear," his mother would say to him. "A lot of work."

"I don't care," he'd insist doggedly. "I'll do everything for it. You'll never know it's in the house." That was prophetic.

monkeyshines . . .

In the end his mom was beaten down, and they went off to a pet shop to buy the animal. It cost \$5, and John bore it triumphantly off. However, in the car, it first spat at him, then clawed him, and it was just getting ready to tear him limb from limb when he got it back to the pet man. They didn't wait to retrieve their money. It was worth ten to get rid of him.

"You would have a monkey, dear," his mother told him gently, expecting him to be crestfallen, prepared to hug and comfort him if he should cry or anything.

"Yeah," said John, undaunted. "But what I really want is a dog." He was really a most annoying child.

Incidentally, they did get a dog when they returned to the United States. They were living in Maryland at the time, and they bought a beautiful collie called "Buster." When the family took a trip out West at one point, they shipped Buster to some friends in Westchester for a visit. However, he ran away from them and reappeared at the house in Maryland three months later, ragged of paw and mangy of fur. The poor pup died soon after, and that was John's last encounter with animal ownership. He now contents himself with

patting other people's dogs and looking wistfully in pet shop windows.

He went to high school at Horace Mann in New York, during which time his interest in acting revived, and he worked with little theater groups after hours. He was a funny, shy kid, torn between this violent desire to act and a kind of horror of being stared at. He was devoid of the exhibitionism that is characteristic of most actors. Not only that, but he loathed girls, and love scenes were unadulterated hell.

"Girls," he would say, "are dopes."

"What about Parker?" his mother would ask him. "You're devoted to Parker."

"Parker—" he murmured, and he realized then that he had never consciously thought of her as a girl before. She'd always been, well, just Parker. "Yeah, that's right," he said. But it didn't change his feeling toward women in general. It remained for a session at the Theodora Irvine Dramatic School to accomplish the metamorphosis from gal-hater to gal-dater.

one extreme to another . . .

He graduated from Horace Mann, and Parker—who was studying at the Irvine school—persuaded Miss Irvine to take on John as a pupil. She agreed, but was something less than captivated with him. He was all arms and legs, and whenever he had to do a love scene, he'd freeze. "Look," Miss Irvine would say. "You like this girl, see. You're crazy about her." And after a while he got the hang of it, and she'd have to yell at him, "Now don't overact, John."

Along about this time, he began to talk to his mother about acting as a career. "Do the Barrymores design bridges?" she used to ask him. Honesty compelled him to say "no," and then she had him.

"Well?" she'd say triumphantly. Her meaning was clear. John's dad had been a successful engineer and so had his dad. Henry's family had invented the Worthington pump. By rights John should have been a terrific draftsman, a fast man with a slide rule. A crisp, terse, efficient individual. Instead, he sauntered, he gangled, he walked with his head in the stars. Eventually, of course, his mother agreed to let him take a fling at acting. "Get it out of your system," was the way she put it, "then come back to the fold."

John joined Clare Tree Major's famous Children's Theater, and toured the schools of the country doing "Little John" in "Robin Hood." He liked it, but he always felt a little sad because he could never make friends with the kids. With his blacked-out teeth and frowzy hairdo, he was nobody's dream boy; and when the play was over and the children came up on the stage, they always gave him plenty of elbow room and screamed if he smiled his toothless smile at them. Only once did a child come near him, and she had her mother in tow for protection. She was a small girl of about six, and evidently her sole contact with actors had been through the movies, where of course they are flat and two-dimensional. She walked around and around John, eyeing him from every angle, and finally she squealed, "why mama, he's round!"

There followed six long years of stock, during which he starved with people like Lauren Bacall, and tided himself over from walk-on to walk-on with odd jobs like selling pajamas in Macy's and carrying trays in Schrafft's. The first break was a tiny role in "Janie," then Quizz West in "Eve of St. Mark." Warners noticed him and put him under contract. There were

(Continued on page 60)





A room with a view, when you're outside looking in! Bates College Board members, Eva Blackmer, *St. Mary's* and Joyce Franklin, *Carnegie Tech*, made four-walls-and-a-window into a dream-dorm with Bates "Alpine" Bedspreads and Matching Draperies. "Alpine" also comes in blue or rose.



Claire McCardell (seated), famous American designer, features Bates fine poplin with an old-time calico print in her fashion-flash pantaloons inspiration.

## Smart Girls Leave Home

*with Bates  
in their  
baggage!*

Start your trunk-packing with Bates Bedspreads and Matching Draperies, and first-year dorm decoration is one required "course" you'll breeze through. Bates new patterns are as fashion important as your knee length tapered shorts—as colorful as your own special clan plaid shirt. The spreads are wrinkle-proof, easy to launder, and reversible. Matching draperies, pinch-pleated and ready to hang, go up in two minutes flat. Wartime limitations still restrict production of Bates bedspreads and draperies. If your favorite store does not have the pattern you want... please try again.

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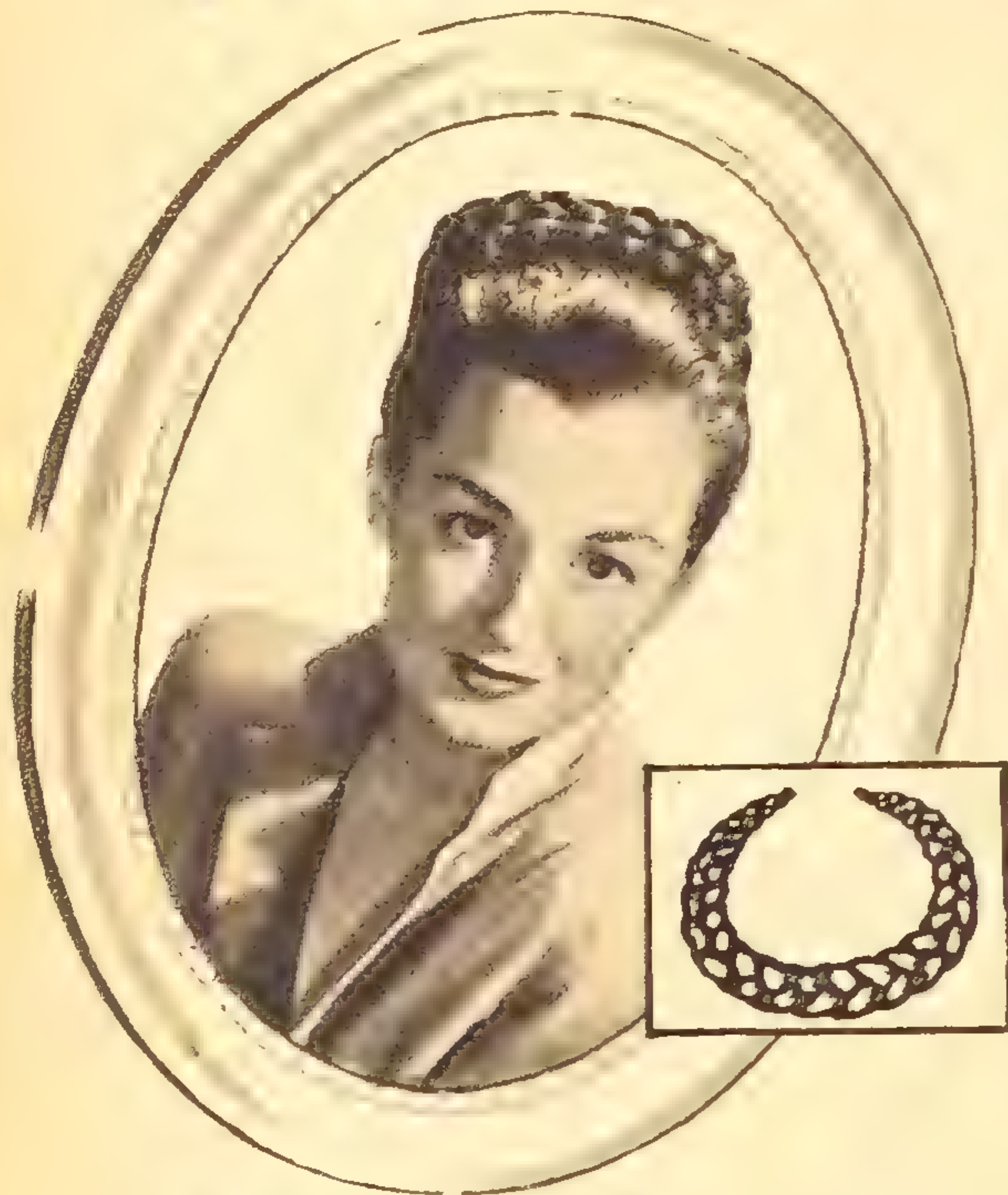
Bates Keeps Living Costs down. Supplies for civilian use are limited but you can still buy Bates Fabrics at Spring 1942 prices.



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Vogue HAIR-DO



**THE HALO** Picture yourself in this charming new hair-do — Vogue's lovely version of the fashionable coronet. So flattering, so easy to achieve with a Vogue pin-on braid — even if your hair is short. Vogue braids come in natural hair colors, amazingly "real", in four lengths.



**THE ROLL-'N-BRAID** Happy combination of upsweep, page boy and braid, this picture-pretty hair-do is a gay deceiver. A Vogue hair roll provides the roll-up foundation. A Vogue pin-on braid adds smart sophistication.

Vogue Hair Rolls . . . . . 5¢ to 59¢  
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nine long months of waiting around. Then, the marvelous break in "The Corn is Green," and after that the Broadway hit, "Dear Ruth." He's made, that Johnny Dall, and the only person who isn't surprised is Parker—married now to a G.I. mom of a two-year-old son. "Why the hysterics?" she asks people. "Johnny was always magnificent."

While he was appearing in "Dear Ruth" he lived on 55th Street in New York City; loved the street because it had trees. His apartment had a tiny kitchenette, a bath, but little hot water. It was furnished, for Johnny owns no furniture and is repelled by the idea of possessing anything at all, beyond a couple of suits, and a few books. He wants to be completely free, with his house on his back, so to speak.

He's an unorthodox guy. He hates hats and formal clothes. Looks awfully beautiful in tweeds and lives in them. He thinks nothing of eating a hamburger for breakfast if he happens to feel like it, and he's been known to call up a gal at three in the morning and take her for a ride in a hansom cab. He likes joints where you can hear a good hot piano. He detests the country and the suburbs of New York City are his idea of no-man's-land. Once he was invited to spend a week-end in Hartsdale in Westchester County. His host had intimated that it was just a step from Manhattan, so Johnny hopped in a cab. They rode and rode and rode.

"No distance at all, was it, boy?" his host greeted him when he finally arrived. "Heck, yes," John said. "We came by way of Canada."

He spends his free time going to plays and movies, and when he was doing "Dear Ruth," he'd return from his wanderings steeped in whatever show he'd seen. After "The Mask of Demetrios" he found himself spitting out words, flaunting his profile. When he saw Brian Ahearne, he returned full of fire, very dramatic. The kids in the cast couldn't wait for him to see "The Glass Menagerie" so he'd come back reeking of Laurette Taylor.

He has definite ideas on women. He likes 'em unpredictable and slightly on the screwball side. Like Roz Russell. He prefers them hatless, with flowers in their hair. (He sends 'em.) Loves low necks, perfume, warm colors. He likes his gals bright—and if they've read Virginia Woolf, James Joyce and Prokosch, all the better; and he likes them funny, a sense of humor being his idea of a pretty neat dowry.

He was married briefly to a non-professional, and he's made up his mind that the next time it's going to stick. Meanwhile, he's got a string of telephone numbers a mile long, and he's enjoying his freedom. Steadiest gal is his cute mom whom he regularly whips out to a dinner and a movie. She can never make up her mind between Boyer and Bogart, but is very cagey about admitting this yen for Bogey.

"There's that Bogart picture," she'll say. "Of course, he's awful, but his pictures are pretty good."

"You're nuts about him, Toots," John tells her, and then she'll say,

"Oh, John, for heaven's sake—" And they'll wind up at the Bette Davis place. That's John's gal. He'll never forget how swell she was to him while they were making "Corn."

It's a good life; good food, nice dames, work that he loves. But it's a screwy thing, being the white-haired boy after all the lean years. This business of having his mom correspond with Lollie; of having a fan club ("The Dall's House") and getting roses from the kids and having guys like Winchell say he's hot. He's crossing his fingers and hoping it lasts.

For a hundred years, for our dough.

## AUTOGRAPHS!

Of course you know the story of the mountain and Mohammed . . . how the wise people of India decided to bring Mohammed to the mountain, since they couldn't very well transport the mountain to Mohammed! Well, you fans are like the mountains and the stars are like Mohammed. We know you want their autographs, and we know you're much too busy to traipse to Hollywood every time you want Judy G.'s signature. We thought and thought about it, and then the NAVAL AND AUXILIARY FUND hove into port with a perfectly seaworthy plan: "Let your fans send us a quarter," they said, "and we'll send them a personal autograph of any star listed below. We'll use the quarters to help sailors' families when they're in trouble."

"And," they added, "what's more, we'll give one FREE autograph to anyone who orders four!" So roll 'em in, kids, the autographs are waiting!

June Allyson  
Don Ameche  
Dana Andrews  
Lois Andrews

Jennifer Jones  
Arlene Judge

Danny Kaye  
Kay Kyser

Lauren Bacall  
Jane Ball  
Lucille Ball  
Jess Barker  
Anne Baxter  
William Bendix  
Joan Bennett  
Ingrid Bergman  
Turhan Bey  
Julie Bishop  
Joan Blondell  
Humphrey Bogart  
Charles Boyer  
Eddie Bracken  
Jim Brown

Alan Ladd  
Hedy Lamarr  
Dorothy Lamour  
Carole Landis  
Peter Lawford  
Joan Leslie  
John Loder  
Myrna Loy  
Ida Lupino  
Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray  
Lon McCallister

Joel McCrea  
Roddy McDowall  
Fibber McGee & Moll  
Dorothy McGuire  
Alan Marshal  
Trudy Marshall  
Marilyn Maxwell  
Carmen Miranda  
Maria Montez  
George Montgomery  
Constance Moore  
Dennis Morgan  
George Murphy

Tom Neal  
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon  
Edmund O'Brien  
Margaret O'Brien  
Virginia O'Brien  
Donald O'Connor  
Maureen O'Hara  
Dennis O'Keefe  
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne  
Gregory Peck  
Susan Peters  
Walter Pidgeon  
William Powell  
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty  
Ella Raines  
Martha Raye  
Ronald Reagan  
Walter Reed  
George Reeves  
Ginger Rogers  
Roy Rogers  
Rosalind Russell  
Gail Russell  
Ann Rutherford  
Eddie Ryan  
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan  
Dinah Shore  
Ginny Simms  
Frank Sinatra  
Red Skelton  
Ann Sothern  
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple  
Gene Tierney  
Phyllis Thaxter  
Spencer Tracy  
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# AMERICAN BEAUTY BRUNETTE

*by Alex Ross*

**FAMOUS ARTIST PORTRAYS VELVET-SMOOTH  
SKIN-TONES WHICH CAN BE YOURS WITH  
THIS ORIGINAL\* SHADE OF**

**CASHMERE BOUQUET**  
*face powder*

A triumph of rich, sleek loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet's Rose Brunette is a new "Flower-fresh" powder shade tempting in its smooth, dark glow. A vibrantly youthful shade that goes on sheer as morning mist, yet veils tiny skin blemishes flawlessly . . . that clings hours to bring your complexion fresh loveliness that will take your breath—and *his*. And whatever your type, there's a new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Powder just for you.



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

**FOR LIGHT TYPES**

Natural, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

**FOR MEDIUM TYPES**

Rachel No. 2, \*Rose Brunette

**FOR DARK TYPES**

\*Rose Brunette, Even Tan



## MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove your old make-up—one side with present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene Cleansing Cream. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolened side. See how clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty" creamed side. See the tell-tale smudge . . . from left-on makeup, grease, grime . . .



It's smart, modern, exciting,  
the new

## FLOATING FACIAL\*

\*Literally floats off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime ordinary "beauty" creams may miss . . .

A CREAM must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris . . . dirt, grime, grease, stale, old makeup . . . and particularly, stubborn cake makeup!

### ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

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You see, Albolene is *all-cleansing* . . . no fillers or chemicals . . . and none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture . . . how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh makeup looks.

Thrill to an Albolene *Floating Facial* today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at \$1.00.



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

# best face forward

by  
**carol  
carter,  
beauty  
editor**



Jan smooths on cleansing cream; excess is whipped off with tissue.



Daily care results in a velvety skin like Jan Clayton's of M-G-M.

**f**acing forward, I see by the calendar, means that soon we'll be smack in the middle of winter. But that doesn't worry the Beauty Department. Hollywood wonder girls always look deliciously delectable because, come snow, hail, rain or sleet, they make skin care as definite a part of their routine as boning up on their new scripts. And all of us MODERN SCREEN-ers are going to learn to be as wise—and as pretty—by studying winter-tide glamor.

Our pictured beauty, Jan Clayton, and her actress friends aren't afraid of close-ups because their skin is always radiantly well groomed. How do *you* stack up? Ivory brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Or, tsk, tsk, does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder at sight of a mirror?

If the verdict is negative, modern cosmetics and a bit of native wit will remedy the situation. Preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Set to work with the fine collection of beautifiers that any American girl can star on her dressing table. National brands that brighten counters in your local variety store are probably the very same ones that your movie favorite totes in her makeup box.

(Continued on page 64)



Portrait of a woman  
 who has just had her first  
 Helene Curtis permanent...  
 A Helene Curtis Cold Wave...  
 the whole thing was  
 an astonishing experience  
 in cool comfort.  
 But most exciting of all  
 were the results.  
 Hair silky, lustrous, alive...  
 miraculously natural looking and  
 curled right down to the scalp  
 with spring and softness.  
 But no need to envy  
 the lady at the right.  
 Simply do as she did.  
 Ask for, insist on



PRECIOUS JEWELS—SEAMAN-SCHEPPE

# *Helene Curtis* COLD WAVES

FROM \$10 TO \$50... REMEMBER, HELENE CURTIS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRODUCTS FOR THE BEAUTY SHOP

Make sure a member of the  
 Helene Curtis Guild of Professional Beauticians  
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 Look for this  
 Helene Curtis Guild Emblem





YVONNE DeCARLO, STARRING IN  
UNIVERSAL'S TECHNICOLOR PICTURE, "FRONTIER GAL"



## "Heart Throb" is the word for Yvonne DeCarlo's Hands

**YOU:** *What wouldn't I give for such dear, soft hands!*

**YVONNE DeCARLO:** Have them easily—with Jergens Lotion.

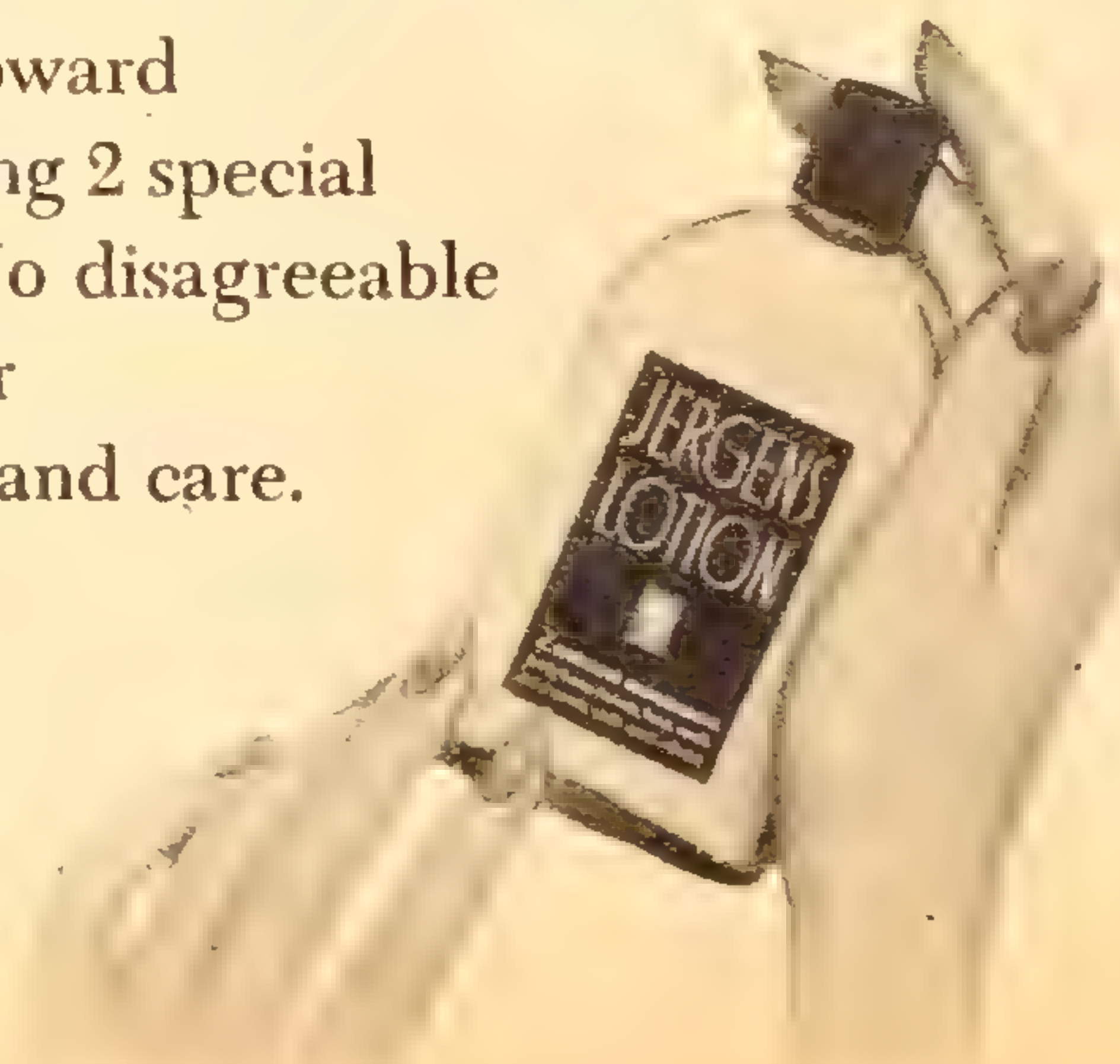
**YOU:** *But what's your hand care, Miss DeCarlo?*

**YVONNE DeCARLO:** Oh, I always use Jergens.

### Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

**Find out why:** Soft-hand protection is so sure, when you use Jergens regularly. Most hand skin needs extra softening moisture, which Jergens Lotion provides. Doctors can tell! Many doctors help coarsened skin toward dearly-desired smoothness by applying 2 special ingredients—both in your Jergens. No disagreeable stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for this lovely, practically professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST,  
ADORABLE HANDS USE  
**JERGENS LOTION**



## BEST FACE FORWARD

(Continued from page 62)

**To the Cleaners.** Ol' debbil Winter, if unchecked, can hang icicles on the finest complexion. Foil him with emollients and lotions and a dash of forethought. But a face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful! The tools for this important job are cleansing cream, soap and water. Pat the cream on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Soil and stale makeup dissolve . . . and whisk off efficiently with soft cleansing tissue. Now lather up snowy clouds of suds with a fine facial soap teamed with complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub gently but thoroughly. Then, with water, rinse, rinse and rinse. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener.

Make with this cleansing business as many times a day as possible. Hollywood darlings, the wise minxes, would almost prefer to clean their faces than sign a new contract. They know makeup is at its best when applied to a clean, healthy skin. And let nothing dissuade you from the complete cream-soap-and-water routine at night. You can't expect to have pleasant dreams with a dirty face . . . and you certainly won't have a pretty complexion!

Be sure that you're well supplied with clean-up fixings. Your bathroom cabinet and dressing table are stocked with creams, soap, lotions and tissue, of course, but how about your kit in the office desk, classroom cubby hole or factory locker? For the skin that rates raves, you must be prepared to take your face to the cleaners wherever you may be. Incidentally, when your seconds are heavily rationed, special cleansing pads do a grand hurry-up job.

**Dry Humor.** A dry joke is generally funnier . . . but with faces, we want them pretty, not funny! If you belong to the dry-skinned sisterhood, let your cleansing cream be the "fatty" lubricating type. The longer it remains on your face, the better. First bind your hair out of the way in a gay bandanna or net. Slather on the cream (with freshly washed hands, of course) and let it remain while you do your nails, take a cat nap, or better still, while you soak comfortably in a scented bath. Steam from the tub, acting on the cream, will leave your skin soft and satiny.

You'll need daily soap-and-water treatments to remove dead, flaky, top-layer skin . . . use a mild super-fatted soap or one with an oil or cold cream base. Follow each washing with an application of soothing lotion or cream to keep your skin soft. An overly-dry skin always holds threat of wrinkles, fine lines and "laugh prints." You can soft pedal these beauty off-notes with a nightly application of special dry-skin, emollient or all-purpose cream. Massage the beauty-making stuff gently around eyes, nose and mouth, and don't neglect throat and forehead. Remove excess cream with tissues, but leave a light film to beautify your skin while you slumber.

**The Other Extreme.** If you're the girl who lists over-active oil glands as her chief beauty woe, you tackle your problem a bit differently than your dry skinned sister does. Realize that your sebaceous glands are working overtime, and that all your efforts should be towards normalizing them.

You should clean your face even more frequently than the average girl because an oily skin succumbs easily to the ills of, blackheads and large pores. Use a liquifying cleansing cream or a liquid



you are a bright girl who wants tresses glamorous à la Andrea, you'll see to it that your locks are sudsed regularly. How frequently your hair needs a bath depends upon its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the basin once a week or oftener; dry hair, at least once every two weeks. Take normal hair to the cleaners every ten days or so.

# your hair

If, perchance, you think correct shampooing is a bit too tricky for the amateur, why don't you trade shampoos with a chum? F'example, a Friday night or a Saturday morning date is fun. Then you gals can help one another to thorough hair polishing jobs.

Knead your scalp energetically to achieve a rich, creamy lather. Work the billowy, clean-making stuff into every

strand of hair. Rinse with clean water and repeat the sudsing process for a complete job. Andrea says that if she's been in soot-laden city air, she often repeats the soaping a third time. She tells me that many film beauties do this.

**Oil for Troubled Waves.** The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Andrea is emphatic about this) but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sun-burned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their

parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here's the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First, thoroughly brush your tangled locks. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To

simplify matters, part your hair in one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Also, rub oil into the ends of hair. Good-bye to dry, split ends!

**Mine's Oily.** If that's your complaint, and if you would instead have curls as silky textured as Andrea's, learn to use your hairbrush energetically, for brushing is grand at normalizing both under- and over-active oil glands. But brushing by itself will not do the trick. Not by a long shot. You should invest in a shampoo that has a quieting effect on over-active oil glands. Wash your hair more frequently than your dry-pated sister . . . both to remove excess oil and to keep your tresses spanking clean, for oily locks have a tendency to dull quickly. While washing, knead with bent fists until your scalp tingles. For your shampoo finale, try a rinse. Rinses do loads to cut the soap film. They add glamor, too! Between shampoos, you'll find that a cleansing lotion with a slightly drying effect is helpful.

(Continued on page 125)



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLINGER-SHOSTAL

## Now try the shampoo made from *Natural Oils*

Bring out the *natural* radiance and luster of your hair by using FITCH'S SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO regularly. This fragrant, liquid shampoo, made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . leaves the hair glossy, soft and easy to manage.

**CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT**—After the rich lather has done its cleansing job, the *patented rinsing agent* contained in the shampoo goes to work with the rinse water to quickly wash away remaining particles . . . leaves the hair film-free, sparkling clean and full of flattering, natural highlights.

### A SHAMPOO FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is mild and gentle, yet efficient . . . so let every member of the family use it. It makes all colors and textures of hair glossy and manageable. Ask for it at drug counters. Professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

**FOR DANDRUFF** . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.

**Fitch's**  
TRADE MARK







1. Al Schmid (J. Garfield) is a gay kid who has Ruth Hartley (E. Parker) "wished" on him as a prospective wife, but the tables turn, and *he* falls!



2. They're engaged, when war is declared. "They thump my chest," says Al, "and bing, I'm a Marine!" Lee (D. Clark) and Johnny (T. Caruso) are Marines, too, on a Guadalcanal gun crew.

3. It's night, the replacements never come. Crazy, Johnny is killed, Lee falls wounded and Al is alone. But it's not till 200 Japs lie dead that the bomb explodes, blinding him.



# Pride of the marines



4. "Tell Ruth I don't love her," dictates Al to Red Cross worker Pfeiffer (R. DeCamp) "Tell her I'll never return, we're quits."



**Story:** Ella Mae said: "You'll like her, Al. I just happened to run into her and I thought—"

"I know what you thought," Al said. "You've been thinking it ever since I've been boarding here—with you and Jim. Look, honey, I love you and I'm crazy about Jim. But don't try to marry me off. Stop picking on it. I just don't go for this marriage business. If you like it, okay. But for me—"

"She's awfully nice, Al," Ella Mae said. "And she's pretty. And—"

"You'll never learn," Al groaned.

"—and her name's Ruth. Ruth Hartley."

Jim Merchant was monkeying with a light switch and Ella Mae was in the kitchen (*Continued on page 106*)

**Production:** Warners sent three units to Philadelphia to shoot background footage of places important to Schmid's story. The cameramen busied themselves getting shots of the Navy Yard, the Broad Street Station, and Schmid's home town street—warily keeping their weather eyes open for any passing cloud or stray raindrops. Finding none, the camera boys were so thrilled with Philadelphia's excellent shooting weather that when they left the City of Brotherly Love they expressed their gratitude by presenting an astonished weatherman with a handsome gift. . . . Columnist Earl Wilson went to Philadelphia to write about the production end of things—found himself in pictures—one of the 1500 extras. . . . While the crew dashed about (*Continued on page 70*)

**There were no heroes on Guadal-  
canal, just ordinary guys like Al Schmid who  
fought and prayed and  
sometimes died as simply as they lived.**



5. Al grows bitter, he's blind isn't he, and therefore useless? When Lee realizes that his pal is determined to renounce his family, he connives with Miss Pfeiffer to have him officially transferred home.

6. Furious at the trick, Al consents to the family dinner (with Ann Doran, Anni Todd) only because it is Xmas. "There's nothing to discuss," he tells Ruth, "take me to the hospital."



7. But she pleads for their love while Al, helpless, gropes for the door, stumbles and falls. "Don't you see, darling," she weeps, "without you my heart will stumble, too?"

**By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler**



Ha! My favorite Builder-Uppers!



**Both cereals rich in added iron -**

Babies are born with a supply of iron built up during the prenatal period. This supply often runs down three, or more, months after birth. So baby must get his iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists have added generous amounts of precious iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both contain added Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>—a further help to baby's well-being.

Serve both cereals turnabout, for variety helps baby eat better. Both are pre-cooked—simply add milk or formula, hot or cold. Be sure to get Gerber's Cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

*Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.*



**Gerber's**  
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.  
*Baby Foods*  
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

*Free sample*

My baby is now ..... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept DE10-5 Fremont, Michigan

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

**"PRIDE OF THE MARINES"**  
PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 69)

busying themselves with their thousand and one duties before the actual shooting could be done, a crowd accumulated. 'Twas lunchtime and before long a swarm of what seemed to be nine million kids from a nearby school swept onto the scene. The kids' youthful enthusiasm at seeing John Garfield and Eleanor Parker was so overwhelming it took a squad of policemen to hold them back. Gang got so engrossed in the proceedings that came the end of lunch hour they gave no evidence of returning to their classrooms. A group of truant officers finally had to come and shoo them back from whence they came . . . Before he so much as set a toe on any of the sets, John Garfield spent some weeks in Philadelphia becoming acquainted with the man whom he was to portray. After that he journeyed with the rest of the crew to the San Diego Naval Hospital to study the characteristics of men blinded in action. In this Southern California spot various members of the hospital staff and many of the patients were photographed and will see themselves on the screen. . . . Though Eleanor Parker had officially finished the picture, she hadn't finished her role as Ruth Hartley, Al Schmid's wife. Eleanor stepped back into Mrs. Schmid's shoes when, on her behalf, she accepted a citation from the American Youth for Democracy. Citation named Mrs. Schmid America's "Mrs. G.I." in recognition of her faith and devotion as a serviceman's wife. . . . One of the technical advisers, Major Louis Aronson, was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. On Bougainville he mounted his company's only tank and led an attack against the outnumbering Japs, losing his leg in the heroic action. . . . "Pride of the Marines" sets took up a total space of twelve studio sound stages. The bowling alley used in some of the sequences had to be carried piece by piece from a bowling center in Hollywood to the studio and put together again in working order. . . . Studio made one of its most intricate sets when it created the Tenaru River locale where Schmid held off the advancing Japs 'til the hand grenade exploded, wounding him. With the help of photographs taken on Guadalcanal, studio workers managed to recreate every detail. Whole thing involved more than 200 workers and took 48,600 working hours—a lot of work in any man's language . . . This one reunites (for the third time) the successful team of Producer Jerry Wald and Director Delmar Daves—the other productions of which they collaborated were "Destination Tokyo" and "The Very Thought of You" . . . Among the men fighting in the mock battles were 93 who had fought in the same locale when the "shooting" was with guns and not cameras.

**NOVEMBER ISSUE**

'Tain't magic; it's tragic, the way there just aren't enough copies of MODERN SCREEN to go around; October 12 is the date to remember if you want to be sure of getting your November MODERN SCREEN . . . with Ingrid Bergman (love that gal?) on the cover!



## SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

girl singers, with Jo Stafford second, and Ginny Simms third.

Singing groups lined up like this:

1. The Andrews Sisters
2. The Ink Spots
3. The Pied Pipers
4. The King Cole Trio
5. The Mills Brothers

Negro artists really made a showing in this division.

**I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT**—David Street (Victor); Harry James (Columbia); Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)—Here's a number from the picture "Nob Hill." The Victor version is David Street's first recording since his return to civilian life. Henry Busse's done it very nicely, too, for Cosmopolitan, and Cosmopolitan's a label to look for.

Dozens of new record companies have erupted into life lately, but Cosmopolitan is the biggest of them all. Its head, Harry Bank, used to be Jimmy Roosevelt's partner in Globe Productions.

And war shortages or no, manpower, machines, materials notwithstanding, this company claims to be starting off with almost a million records a month! Ten years ago, the whole record business didn't do better than that.

Bank has taken over the 19-acre Frank Buck jungle camp, and you might call it a cage-y move. Anyhow, he's turned its eight buildings into a record plant. Cosmopolitan's first releases include records by Joan Edwards (Hit Parade), and Four Chicks and Chuck, from the Kate Smith program.

**I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE**—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)—Phil Moore used to be a staff arranger at M-G-M. He accompanied Lena when she went out to work for that studio. The combination was so terrific that Phil left his job and came to New York with Lena. Once here, he produced "Shoo, Shoo, Baby"—his first hit song, and Lena helped him put it over.

Phil's a big star himself, now, and this "I Want a Little Doggie" is the latest Moore-Horne smash.

**THE MAN I LOVE**—Hazel Scott (Decca)—The first record Hazel Scott has sung on since December, 1939. I remember that date very well. I ought to. Hazel had just been discovered by Cafe Society, and I was getting people together for a record session. I wanted to call it "Sextette of the Rhythm Club of London," and have all the musicians either of British origin, or else having worked extensively in England.

Hazel had never recorded before, but she was born in Trinidad, which made her a British subject. She played piano on all those records, and sang on two.

Later on, she made two albums for Decca, but they didn't let her sing.

On the other side of this new platter is "Fascinating Rhythm," which Hazel plays in "Rhapsody in Blue," the new movie about George Gershwin. Funny sidelight: Hazel is listed as taking the part of herself in the Paris sequence of the movie, but at the time Gershwin visited Paris, in the early 1920's, Hazel was about three years old.

Also, "I Got Rhythm," which is heard in that same sequence, wasn't written until at least six years later!

**CLARINADE**—Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Sgt. Mel Powell, pianist and arranger with the Glenn Miller band (taken over (Continued on page 74)

**PROBLEM:** To See A Good Movie

**ANSWER:** See **MARJORIE REYNOLDS** in Paramount's

Mirth-Making Comedy **"DUFFY'S TAVERN"**



**PROBLEM:** To find extra-closet space for this charming Hollywood room and spice it with color.

**ANSWER:** E-Z-DO's Hollywood Princess Wardrobe—holds up to 25 garments, hats, shoes. Eye-level mirrors.

## See how E-Z-DO SPACEMAKERS help Hollywood Stars keep house spic 'n' span!

It's no problem for Hollywood's bright young stars to keep their homes spic 'n' span, and colorful as all outdoors, too.

E-Z-DO's Hollywood-pattern Spacemakers—those brilliant floral-patterned wardrobes, chests and closet accessories provide a place for everything...glamorize decorating schemes at the same time.

See them yourself for proof.

See the **HOLLYWOOD PRINCESS** that serves as an extra closet, gives you two eye-level mirrors so you can see yourself fore and aft.

See the **HOLLYWOOD VICTORIA**—five-drawer chest that keeps lingerie, hosiery, gloves, and odds and ends handy, makes rooms gayer and brighter.



See the **HOLLYWOOD TUCKAWAYS**...nest of two storage boxes that tuck your linens and blankets out of the way, spark your closet with color.

See them all and note their smooth plastic-coating that you can clean in a jiffy with the swoosh of a damp cloth.

But don't buy E-Z-DOs today unless you really need them. Better, weave them in your dreams for your home of tomorrow.

**And When the War is Won You'll Find Hundreds of Other E-Z-DOs**

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| • Closet Ensembles | • Storage Chests      |
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| • Hosiery Boxes    | • Linen Cabinets      |
| • Luggage Racks    | • Bathroom Hampers    |
| • Record Cabinets  | • Shoeshine Boxes     |
| • Lingerie Cases   | • Hat Stands          |
| • Auto Seat Covers | • Decorative Screens  |
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America's Largest Maker of Wardrobes, Storage Chests and Closet Accessories

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# for 'teen Agers



Flattering as candlelight, this soft, smooth date dress will turn heads wherever you are. There's figure magic in its soft skirt, bow-tied waist, its push-up sleeves.

■ The fashion pages this month are exclusively yours—all you teen-aged angels—and aren't you drooling? Cross our hearts, this heavenly trio of Teen-Timers was designed just for you by Grace Norman. Which means that they're wonderfully young, yet definitely not kid stuff, expertly cut for your cute little figures, beautifully adaptable to your dizzy, busy lives. They're all the magic you need for that miraculous change from scuff-kneed tomboy to well-turned-out smoothie, for that heart-stopping switch from "Hi, Butch" to "Hi, Beautiful." And—just as if your cup's not running over already—they're priced 'specially for your coke-and-movie allowances!

Saturday Night: Anything but the loneliest night in the week for you gals with ideas. Look 'as smart as you are in this soft lined, head-turning date dress. Perfect for dazzling a nice new guy, for dinner-and-Van Johnson with your own cute mom, for dress-up sessions with "the girls." It's flattering as candlelight in warm gold Labtex Tecadet, studded with expensive looking hand painted buttons; slim as a candy stick with its sweet, nipped-in waist, its softly gathered skirt. Featuring those lovely, casual push-up sleeves and a darling pair of bows at the waist, this is strictly look-at-me stuff, but in a subtle way. Price: Under \$9. The wallet Elizabeth is carrying is called a Mighty Midget—and that's just what it is—it's got everything (Continued on page 98)

Switch from "Hi, Butch" to "Hi, Beautiful" in these young, smooth,

school 'n date clothes, modelled for you by Elizabeth Taylor.

by Jean Kinhead and Toussia Pines





This neat but oh-so-feminine honey, with its waist-whittling red belt, will turn that gleam in his eye into an after school coke date.





## Sunny Ends a Perfect Day

"I recommend for lingerie,  
A LINIT rinse," says Sunny,  
"Twill save your dainty clothes  
from wear,  
And therefore save you money."

"Before you go to bed each night  
Just give your clothes a 'quickie'  
In lukewarm water lightly starch  
Each collar, blouse and dickey."

"This LINIT rinse will help your bras  
And slips from getting 'sleazy'.  
And save you time and labor, too,  
For ironing is easy."

"So if you'll do this every night  
(It only takes a minute)  
Your things will look so spick  
and span,  
So crisp and fresh with LINIT."



© Corn Products Sales Co.

AT ALL  
GROCERS

(Continued from page 71)

by Jerry Gray since Captain Miller's disappearance) sent this to Benny from Germany, where he and the fellows were, last time I heard. It's a special clarinet feature number for Benny, and the best thing he's done since "Clarinet à la King."

**SOUTHERN SCANDAL**—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Stan Kenton wrote and arranged this tune, and he plays piano on it. It's an instrumental number starring Freddie Zito on the trombone. Incidentally, Kenton's band was named on the Billboard poll as "most up-and-coming."

On the other side of "Southern Scandal" is "Tampico," with a really gorgeous blonde (it's a shame you can't see her on the record) named June Christy making her vocal debut.

June took Anita O'Day's place in the band. (Anita has rejoined Gene Krupa.) The strange thing is that she sounds a lot like Anita. She's the most sensational new girl singer this year.

"Tampico" is a clever satiric number written by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher, an extremely versatile team. They're also the authors of "Fifteen Years," the subtitle to which is, "And I'm Still Serving Time," and the subject of which is marriage.

### AUTOGRAPHS!

"Here comes the postman, hooray, hooray!" is what you'll sing when he brings you that autograph you crave. Details on Page 60.

Oddly enough, Roberts and Fisher have been known to write some rather corny numbers including "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," and "You Always Hurt the One You Love." They're versatile, all right.

**RHAPSODY IN BLUE**—Oscar Levant (Columbia)—Last month, Columbia Records devoted its entire Masterworks list to George Gershwin. One album had Oscar Levant playing the Rhapsody, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

You probably know that Levant did most of the actual piano playing for the Gershwin picture, although Robert Alda did a swell job of faking.

Funny omission was that nobody in the picture ever mentioned Ferde Grofe, who helped score the Rhapsody, and without whom it might never have been finished. Paul Whiteman always gave Grofe considerable credit.

There are a good many people who don't consider the Rhapsody real blues, and some who don't think it's even jazz.

I'm almost inclined to go along with them myself. I think George Gershwin was a fine, but fairly hybrid musician who should be remembered best for some beautiful popular songs. "Embraceable You," for instance.

As for the real spirit of jazz, Duke Ellington has come much closer. I don't think Gershwin had blues in his bones, but don't get me wrong—I loved "Rhapsody in Blue." (The movie, anyway.)

**KISS GOODNIGHT**—Freddy Slack (Capitol); Woody Herman (Columbia)—A cute number about how one kiss leads to another, and Woody Herman himself does the shouting on it for Columbia. Woody's been telling a story lately that goes like this: He was approached by a magazine salesman about some subscriptions. He bit. And bought.



Then he said merrily, all in the spirit of good clean fun, "Tell me, are you putting yourself through college?" The magazine salesman remained polite. "No sir," he said. "I'm sending my mother to welding school!"

**IN THE MIDDLE**—Georgie Auld (Guild)—What Georgie was "in the middle" of when he made this record was re-organization. He had no band, so he got some guys together to help him out on this. They include Chubby (solid?) Jackson, Woody Herman's bearded bass fiddler, guitarist Mike Bryan who, a couple of years ago was in an army camp with Georgie, pianist Erroll Garner, who was Diana Lynn's rave last month, and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, who was ditto.

**THAT'S THE STUFF YOU GOTTA WATCH**—Buddy Johnson (Decca)—The title of this number has nothing to do with Stuff Smith. It's a current catch phrase that's traveling around, and it's so popular that *two* songs have been written around it, but this is by far the better. It was composed by Buddy Johnson, whose sister Ella sings it very blue, with a fine big band. It's what's called a sleeper hit record, on a 35-cent label.

There are hardly any 35-cent records cut any more—just the number insisted on by the O.P.A. And out of this number every once in a while a record comes up that's as good as any on the dollar labels. And that's the stuff you gotta watch.

## RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather

### BEST POPULAR

- ELEVEN SIXTY P. M.**—Harry James (Columbia)  
**I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT**—David Street (Victor), Harry James (Columbia), Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)  
**I DON'T WANT TO BE LOVED**—Larry Stevens (Victor)  
**I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE**—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)  
**JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER**—Benny Goodman (Columbia)  
**KISS GOODNIGHT**—Freddy Slack (Capitol), Woody Herman (Columbia)  
**THE MAN I LOVE**—Hazel Scott (Decca)  
**QUESTION AND ANSWER**—Kate Smith (Columbia), Jerry Wayne (Cosmopolitan)  
**STORY OF TWO CIGARETTES**—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)  
**TAMPICO**—Stan Kenton (Capitol)

### BEST HOT JAZZ

- GEORGIE AULD**—In the Middle (Guild)  
**COUNT BASIE**—Jimmy's Blues (Columbia)  
**DUKE ELLINGTON**—Everything But You (Victor)  
**BENNY GOODMAN**—Clarinade (Columbia)  
**COLEMAN HAWKINS**—Stuffy (Capitol)  
**EDDIE HEYWOOD**—Blue Lou (Decca)  
**BUDDY JOHNSON**—That's The Stuff You Gotta Watch (Decca)  
**STAN KENTON**—Southern Scandal (Capitol)  
**ARTIE SHAW**—Bedford Drive (Victor)  
**TRUMMY YOUNG**—Seventh Avenue (Continental)

### BEST ALBUMS

- EUGENE GOOSSENS**—Rosenkavalier (Richard Strauss) (Victor)  
**OSCAR LEVANT**—Rhapsody In Blue (Columbia)  
**HERBERT MARSHALL**—The Snow Goose (Decca)  
**FRITZ REINER**—Porgy & Bess (Columbia)  
**ARTUR RODZINSKI**—An American In Paris (Columbia)  
**PHIL SPITALNY**—Favorite Melodies From The House of Charm (Columbia)

THINK OF

Tomorrow's  
Loveliness



Today, **EVERY** day, give your skin special care...the caress of these unique creams—to coax it away from "wayward" periods...to keep it on the bright beam of beauty...

THE MORE glorious your skin and your complexion, the more attention they deserve! Even the loveliest skin at times becomes "wayward"...straying...not all you want it, or all it should be. So think of tomorrow's beauty *today* and trust it to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams—Cleansing Cream for dewy, morning-bright freshness; Skin Cream for night-long beautifying and as a base for smoother make-up. Both provide Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, a friendly, familiar ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream contains softening, smoothing oils, and cholesterol to protect skin moisture. Together, they make skin care a caress!

Phillips'  
MILK OF MAGNESIA  
Creams

SKIN CREAM...CLEANSING CREAM



**Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream**—Use it at night for prolonged beautifying action; by day as a satin-smooth make-up foundation. Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings—helps skin stay supple, soft. 60¢, plus tax.

**Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream**—Luxuriously rich, and tissues off so easily—removing accumulations from openings of outer pores as well as surface dirt and make-up. Your skin feels sparkling-fresh and clean! 60¢, plus tax.





■ Not only are Gloria De Haven and John Payne "expecting," but they also have a five-year-old juvenile visitor in their home—Julie Ann Payne, daughter of John and Anne Shirley.

Julie Ann has been with the newlyweds ever since their marriage and she is very interested in the preparations being made for her "sister." She refuses to entertain the possibility of a "brother." One day Gloria asked her: "Why wouldn't you like a little brother?"

"Because," replied Julie Ann surprisingly, "they get dirty!"

The little girl is crazy about her cute stepmother, but when she first came to visit them she couldn't make up her mind what to call Gloria.

"I think I'll call you 'Buttons,'" she finally decided, "because you are as cute as!"

That floored her father, so now he calls his bride Buttons, too.

\* \* \*

Harry James has written the foreword to Nick Kenny Abner's new book, "All Women Are Wolves." What makes you think so, boys?

\* \* \*

Ladies who think they might indulge in a little "set" flirtation while making a movie with Cornel Wilde, certainly get their noses out of joint in a hurry.

Although Corny and his wife, Pat, have been married seven years, he's the most ardent courtin'



Gail Russell must've heard that Laddie lost 12 pounds while making "Ten Years Before The Mast," for she feeds Alan dunks on "Calcutta" set. Gail was so pounded so hard on door while making "The Unseen" that she broke her hair.

## *louella parsons' good news*

suitor husband in town. He calls her from the sets and makes dinner dates just as though they were in the first stages of their courtship.

Also, he sends flowers and encloses sentimental cards.

He never tires of telling the story of how wonderful she was when they were first married. "Neither one of us had a job," Wilde says, "and we made a pact: Which ever one landed a job first would support the other until we could get going as a team. Well, Pat landed the first job—and sure enough she divided what she earned every week with me."

He has been trying to make it up to her ever since with jewelry and furs and everything else he can give her. Something tells me that this is one marriage that will weather all the Hollywood storms.

\* \* \*

Ever since Jeanne Crain was bitten on the cheek by a dog, she has had nightmares in which she frequently re-lives the dreadful incident. A doctor told her the only way to cure herself was to get a dog—the same breed as the one that bit her—and grow to love it and lose her subconscious fear.

So now she has a Police Dog pup that she calls "Probation."

\* \* \*

If you think summer garden parties are pretty to start with, you should see how they look through a big cellophane tent!

Both the lovely Joan Bennett and gracious



Capt. Reagan calls her his Janie with the light brown hair, but the Wymagal's a wow at warwork: She's led war bond parades and recruited WACs. Swings a mean golfstick, types at 60 m.p.h., loves amethyst jewelry.





...hita Colby's blonde because Clark G. prefers 'em. Cary Grant (at At-  
water Kent shindig) would give all his red points for a chance to act with La  
...rgman in "Notorious." Is Betty Hensel is, or is she ain't, the future Mrs. G.?



...ostman's holiday: The Roy Rogers' at Rodeo. Sombbreroed Dale Evans' dad  
...rdered, "Two things I never want to see you do on the screen: Show your  
...gs and kiss a man." Roy's horse "Trigger" scorns oats, prefers cheesecake!



When Diana Lynn left for New York, Bob Walker gifted her with a going-away  
...resent . . . and then took out Florence Pritchett! (At Mocambo's.) Flo  
...as a lonely lass while Bob vacationed at Salt Lake City with his family.

**Dick Jaeckel's**

**movie-minded again;**

**Jeanne Crain tries**

**pup psychology.**



Are sergeants tough? Sgt. Briggs, home after 18 months overseas,  
...holds fast to Mrs. B. at Ciro's. Ginger's mom (they wear mother-and-  
...daughter outfits) had pic made of all Astaire-Rogers dance sequences.

**Frankie vows**

**skeptical GIs; Van**

**Johnson's "that way"**

**about Bebe Daniels.**



Claudette Colbert hosted parties in their gardens with beautiful flowers and lighting effects, and glamor girls wearing their prettiest gowns and best "jools"—and the whole scene covered by transparent tents making everything look like a scene literally "out of this world."

Joan's party was in honor of the visiting English movie biggie, Arthur Rank. What made the affair particularly different was that there were so many of the clergy present. Rank is a very religious man and Joan, herself, is a devout member of the Episcopal Church.

I am sure the church dignitaries must have been a bit startled—or perhaps amused—by the appearance of Elsa Maxwell, who arrived with her hair just partially permanent-waved. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck had been giving Elsa a home made permanent—but they didn't have time to finish it. So la Maxwell was "frizzed" in front and she covered the back with velvet birds!

\* \* \*

Loretta Young almost had her baby, her second son, Peter, at Claudette's party!

The young man wasn't due to make his appearance for three weeks. When she first arrived, Loretta admitted she didn't feel so well, but as the evening wore on she said she never felt better. She remained until 2 A.M. and the baby was born five hours later at five minutes after seven!

Well, there were five doctors present—all friends of Claudette's doctor husband, Commander Joel Pressman.

The Colbert party was really a Bastille Day celebration. The color scheme was red, white and blue, with both the French tri-color and the American stars and stripes repeated in all the decorations—even the arrangements of the beautiful flowers as the hedges in the garden miraculously bloomed with red, white and blue posies.

Claudette confided that right up until the last minute she didn't know where she was going to get enough points, or food, to take care of the eighty guests. "Maybe you won't suspect it," she laughed, "but this is practically a non-rationed menu." There were beautiful salads of fruits and vegetables and a wonderful chicken dish and everything looked so pretty and tasted so wonderful you didn't miss the hard-to-get-dishes. That's what a clever hostess can do.

The recently reconciled Ray Millands were there—looking like newlyweds and acting the part, too.

Betty Hensel came with Cary Grant who brought her, parked her, and then went on briefly to another party. But he came back later to pick her up. Betty is a very pretty blond with enormous eyes and she is quite tall. Yes, I think Cary is in love with her—but until Barbara Hutton's divorce is final I doubt if he will come right out in the open about his feelings. There is one conservative gent, let me tell you.

Rita Hayworth looked like a vision in a strapless, off-the-shoulder gown. She is so tanned she looks like a native. And just to make you mad—Rita seems able to keep that

finger without having to diet a mouthful.

\* \* \*

June Allyson looks like an artist running around with enormous sketch books under her arm. She's turned interior decorator like mad and is ever on the search for ideas for the home she and Dick Powell will furnish.

"We are doing it all ourselves," cute little Junie told me, looking around the home where we happened to be guests at a cocktail party. "Whenever I see something I like, I try to sketch it—or I'll jot down unusual color combinations."

She particularly liked a combination of blue-green walls and a large divan and matching chair of soft tomato red. "That's pretty," she winked, "but I bet Dick wouldn't go for it. Too chi chi."

They have agreed on one point, however. They both like Scotch plaid for the playroom. "It's gay—and practical."

June would like her own room in three shades of blue, merging from slate blue to almost electric blue in the carpeting. She says she is tired of wallpaper and likes the painted walls. Ah, ain't it wonderful to be young, in love, and planning a first home?

\* \* \*

Van Johnson is the biggest "fan" in Hollywood. He was so flustered when he was introduced to Bebe Daniels that he actually stuttered. A little later he started sending her notes and wrote: "Do you know I've seen you in every picture you've ever made? You are my dream girl."

Bebe laughed and said, "Wait until

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A "Honey" of  
a candy bar

5¢



take these notes home to my daughter." (Barbara Bebe is thirteen years old.) "I guess my stock will go up!"

\* \* \*

There was a time when young Dick Jaeckel was bored with a movie career and told his mother that he didn't want to be an actor. But those days are over.

As soon as he gets out of the Merchant Marine, he's hot-footing it back to 20th Century-Fox and the cameras. "The trouble with me is that I just got everything too easy," Dick confided to a pal in a letter. "Now I know how much time and patience and money goes into developing a greenhorn like me. As for the adventurous life—brother, I've had enough *real* adventures to last me the rest of my life. From here on in I'll take my excitement in movie form!"

\* \* \*

Vignette on Maria Montez! She's beautiful—and she thinks so, too. . . . She thinks that everything that happens to her is for the best. "Even a bad cold makes my voice deeper!" she admits proudly. . . . Her favorite color is pink and she loves pink and white candy stripes in hats, gloves or scarfs. . . . She sleeps in long trailing night gowns that look like formal evening gowns. . . . She thinks a woman should discover one particular perfume becoming to her personality and stick to it so that "every time a man smells it on some other woman he thinks of you." . . . Some people think she puts on the best act in Hollywood. . . . But it isn't an act that she wants very much to have a baby (and who's to say that Maria won't be a momma in the near future?) . . . She has a little habit of losing her temper at parties but on her these minor rages look cute and nobody pays any attention. . . . Even her Mrs. Malaprop command of English is amusing. She once told me, "I do not eat very much at meal time. But I love to go to the ice box and nimble and nimble!"

\* \* \*

It is certainly nice to have a mother who is a psychiatrist, as Esther Williams knows. Esther's mother specializes in trying to keep broken marriages together—but she also is handy in such things as auto accidents.

The pretty swimming glamor girl, herself, told me this story: "I was driving mother to the Brown Derby where she was to celebrate her thirty-seventh wedding anniversary. I was all done up in a big picture hat and a brand new dress—looking very fetching, I thought. But, unfortunately, I turned a corner too sharply and dented the fender of the car in front of me.

"Mother looked out and saw that the 'victim' was a man. 'Turn on the charm, honey,' she told me. So I got out and told the man it was my mother's anniversary and how sorry I was about his fender and pleaded and begged forgiveness and turned on all the glamor I could. But he remained as cold as an ice cube.

"Go and try it again," mother said. So behaving as much like a movie star as I could, I turned it on again! No soap. Just then he looked into our car, saw my mother and said, 'Why, Mrs. Williams! Don't you remember me? You straightened out my married life and set my children right. If that



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*Eleanor Holm*

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is YOUR car that bumped into me—it's a PLEASURE!"

\* \* \*

Gingers Rogers has been going around with her chin all taped up. A combination of sunburn and makeup poisoning broke her out in a rash.

\* \* \*

Frank Sinatra may have incurred a bit of wrath when he came back from overseas and said the boys did not like certain types of shows that had been put on for them. But you've got to take off your hat to that guy. He calls 'em as he sees 'em. Maybe he isn't tactful—but he speaks what he actually believes to be true.

I think what Frankie meant to say is that the boys do not like shows with smut and insinuating "lines" and songs.

I wish you could read some of the letters that have come to my desk about his own show. Corporal T. Treman writes:

"Sinatra had two strikes on him with my gang before he ever landed here. We were up to HERE with stories about this swoon king who had the girls back home fainting and getting first aid in theaters. First aid! You know how that made us feel?

"Then this skinny guy shows up—a young man who wasn't any too good looking, a very casual sort of a gent who reminded us all of the one and only Crosby and his nonchalance. He sang a couple of numbers—then Phil Silvers came out and made with the jokes—Sinatra sang again and made with some jokes himself. And suddenly we were all laughing and having the time of our lives enjoying the best show that has come overseas.

"And let me tell you—the swell thing is that it was all clean. There wasn't a suggestive line about women or dolls or dames! What a relief after some of the stuff that has been thrown at us!"

That, I think, is what Frankie was trying to explain to us folks back home.

\* \* \*

I came darn near breaking up the Alan Ladd's happy home—if such a thing is possible. And it was all over hats!

Sue and Alan dropped over to my house and Susie was almost wistfully admiring the very extreme hats some of the other gals were wearing. "I almost bought a nutty hat, myself, the other day," she admitted. "But I know how Alan hates them. It was transparent with brilliants all over the high crown and looked like an inverted beehive."

"Why didn't you buy it and wear it today?" I said. "Never consult a man about the hats you wear, Susie. Men never know what they like."

Alan said, "If she ever starts out with one of those goofy affairs on her head, she can go to a party by herself."

"You going to let him get away with that?" I prodded. The first thing you know we were hot and heavy in an argument about whether women should dress to please men or to please themselves and make other women envious.

It was getting kinda hot for awhile—but I'll bet you this: Those two are so much in love that it's dollars to doughnuts Sue will never appear in a hat that doesn't meet Alan's approval—no matter what she says.



## "MY DAUGHTER"

(Continued from page 51)

and no one could see the long, slim hands clenched at her sides; hardly anyone noticed that just before she walked into the theater she stopped a second and looked up, like a navigator taking a fix. And always the wish was the same. "Please God, let me be a good actress."

a natural mimic . . .

As far back as Betty can remember, there was no other wish but that. It's been said that I started the whole thing by sending her to dancing school when she was three, but that's not quite true. At fourteen months, the die was cast. No expression crossed my face that she couldn't duplicate, and as soon as she learned to talk, she learned to mimic. My own sort of husky voice, her Granny's picturesque Rumanian accent. She was so good at it, it was scary. "I'm coming, mother," I would call in answer to a plaintive "Nat-a-lie," from the living room. From the other end of the apartment, Granny would say,

"What, child? What is it?" And of course, then I'd realize that the call had just been Betty up to her old tricks. Her memory was fantastic.

Granny would take "Bettylein" on her knee and sing her an old German lullaby, and that very evening, Betty would put her various babies to sleep with a verbatim rendition.

"She has a great gift, your little one," Granny would tell me, and I would smile and wonder if it was true or whether all grandmothers and mothers imagined great qualities in the children they loved.

Granny and Betty were extremely devoted to each other, and it was a tremendous sorrow to Betty that she died just a little while before "To Have and Have Not" was finished. There was some secret bond between them. A quiet understanding. They could laugh for whole minutes over something no one else would think funny at all, and they could weep together unashamedly over some small bit of poignance. A too-thin kitten wailing in an alley. A lonely, wide-eyed little boy in ragged clothes. Granny, who spoke seven languages and had read hundreds of fine books in all those tongues, loved Shakespeare almost above everyone, and she would read to Betty by the hour from his plays. As other youngsters absorb fairy tales, Betty absorbed "Romeo and Juliet" and "King Lear." Not understanding all she heard, of course, but loving the sound of the words.

It seems to me that she was an exceptionally reasonable little girl, although no doubt time has mellowed many things in my memory. There was actually never a time when I had to spank her. When she did anything naughty, I only had to show her *why* it was naughty and it was never repeated. In case that sounds doting mama-ish (which I pride myself on not being), let me tell you one really devilish thing that Betty did. It was naptime, and as a great treat I was letting her nap in my room. She curled up on one bed, and I lay down on the other and instantly fell asleep. The next thing I knew, she was screeching her little yellow head off. I jumped up, and there she was up on her father's chifferobe, blood all over her face. "I was just being Daddy," she wailed. "I was only just being Daddy, and look—" She'd been running her father's straight razor across her cheeks, and she'd given herself one good jab. The scar is still there, and while it may be "interesting"

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at this point, it was almost the end of mama Bacall seventeen years ago.

In 1932, when Betty was six, my husband and I separated. I went back to work as a secretary in a food firm, and Betty went off to Highland Manor, a boarding school in Tarrytown. She was crazy about it. She liked the lovely grounds, the nice teachers, even the lessons. Above all, she loved her roommate, Gloria Hofpaür, who was almost as addicted to make-believe as she was. In the evenings in their room when their lessons were done—and often, I suspect, when their lessons *weren't* done—Betty would turn to Gloria. "Let's give a play," she'd say. And Gloria's eyes would shine, and she'd say, "Oh, let's."

So the dolls and dogs and teddy bears that swarmed over their beds would be lined up in neat rows to make an audience, and the kids would begin. Invariably it would be "Romeo and Juliet," and Betty would be Juliet, and Gloria would be the Nurse. They'd go through scene after scene, Betty directing Gloria from memory, and when at last it was bedtime, they'd collapse on their beds, utterly at peace with the world.

When school was out in June, Betty would go to Highland Nature, the camp in Maine which was affiliated with Highland Manor. She was mad about the outdoors. Everything about it exhilarated her; the sounds, the smells. And it was at camp that she fell in love with the water.

After she learned to swim well, they used to tell me that her endurance was a thing to marvel at. She loved to dive, and at the time she was at camp, she was the only one ever to do a back dive off the high board. She was a streak on the basketball court, and pretty fair at tennis and hockey. All of which is probably responsible for the poise and gracefulness which add up to what Howard Hawks, her director, calls an athlete's balance.

She kept up her swimming, and week ends, we'd go over to the St. George pool in Brooklyn where she'd do dozens of lengths, and then execute a variety of dives to the mingled terror and pride of her mom.

Betty is definitely not a softie in any obvious sense, but she was always kind of a sucker for the underdog. Underprivileged kids, unattractive people, the very old—all these touched her ostensibly tough little girl heart. At school she was always plugging for the shy ones, the unpopular ones. At camp, it was the awkward, inept child that she singled out and secretly coached. I remember very well one afternoon we spent at the pool. There was a little old lady in charge of the locker room, and she was extremely cranky. "When people get older," I explained to Betty, "their dispositions sometimes change. They get sort of crabby." "She's not crabby," Betty said hotly. "I like her." She could take criticism of herself much more gracefully than criticism of one of her protégés. Growing old was never a terrifying thing to her as it is to some children. She would say dreamily, "When I am old I will be beautiful like Granny and May Robson."

cousins like brothers . . .

We were a clannish sort of family, and so—although she was an only child—Betty had dozens of cousins to play with during her vacations. Of these, perhaps Dickie and Marvin were her pets. Marvin, who is now a cadet at West Point, (a kay-det, as he calls himself) was a dynamo of energy. Dickie was the lazy bones. When they played house, he'd be the father, a retired business man. When they played war, he'd be the wounded soldier stretched out on the couch.

He used to say to Betty, "When you're

a big girl, make piles and piles of money, and I'll come live off you." "Sure, Dickie," Betty would say, putting another pillow in back of his head. "I'll take care of you." He had all sorts of charm, that kid, and he still has it. He's in the Army now, and when "To Have and Have Not" broke, and Lauren Bacall became overnight a household word, he wrote her from Germany, "Move over, big shot. Dickie's California-bound."

Both boys are so proud of her they could die, but they show it in entirely different ways. Dickie shouts for pin-ups and more pin-ups. Marvin, a man of dignity, is above all that, but he sat through her first movie half a dozen times.

When Betty was twelve, she was ready for high school. We were living in the Louis Morris apartments on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx then, and she went to Julia Richman High School. English was her best subject, and Latin spectacularly, her worst. She wasn't a brilliant student, but she was average, and when she was fifteen she graduated 459th in a class of 884—just about in the middle. That she ever passed an exam was a constant source of amazement to me because she studied through an absolute barrag of noise from the radio. The Lux Theater Screen Guild, Arch Oboler—she'd have them on one after the other. She and her best friend Betty Kalb (who is now married to actor Gene Barry and has just had a baby) used to sit in Betty's room doing algebra, and apparently with no effort at all they'd get every word that was broadcast.

"Did you get an answer, Bett?" I'd hear my Betty ask.

"Uh-uh. Almost though. You?"

"Yeah. 2x plus 3 over b square. There'd be silence for a minute, the

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

My son was fourteen years old, and like most boys his age, very air-minded. He belonged to a group of six boys who met every Sunday to discuss planes and see how many they could correctly spot and identify. The boy who excelled at this game was chosen captain of the club, and my son won this honor and held it for the duration of the club, which was disbanded after his death. Pat O'Brien's picture "Bombardier" was being filmed in our city, and the boys could hardly wait to attend the premiere there. That week, however, my son suffered a severe swimming accident, and we learned that he would never recover. His days were numbered. Each day he spoke of missing the picture and Pat O'Brien in person, so we mentioned our plight to Mr. O'Brien's manager. Before we knew it, Pat was out to the hospital visiting my son, chatting with him, cheering him up, and autographing pictures for him. He made my boy promise to get well, and said he'd be sure and visit him on his next trip to our city. A week later my son died, and I have always been thankful that Pat managed to make his last days such merry ones, full of jokes and pride in his famous "friend." When I later wrote to Mr. O'Brien, telling him what had happened, I received a most sympathetic letter from him which I shall always treasure.

Mrs. Julia Brooks  
Oklahoma City, Okla.



Betty Kalb would lift streaming eyes to Betty Bacall.

"Me, too," she'd say. "Jeepers, isn't Davis terrific tonight?"

Bette Davis was their idol. She was the only one Betty ever cut school to see. Goodman, James . . . A snap of the fingers for them. But Bette! Ah! "Hey, Bett—will you cut with me this afternoon? There's a re-issue of 'Of Human Bondage' down-town." "Will I? Gee, yes!" What the advent of big league baseball in the spring does to teen-aged boys' attendance records, Davis did to the two Bettys.

I remember one time when Bette Davis was in New York. My Betty was just about beside herself. She telephoned Robin Byron, a mutual friend of Bette's and my brother Jacques', and asked if she and Betty Kalb could possibly be introduced to Miss Davis. Robin, knowing what a colossal good egg Bette is, said sure, come down to the Gotham Hotel tomorrow sometime.

#### Two bettys and bette . . .

The kids went down at dawn, and Bette hadn't yet checked in. They sat in the lobby all day, too excited to think about lunch, and about five, people started running vacuums all over the place, and they thought, "This is surely it." But it was only cleaning time, and Bette didn't appear for another couple of hours. They saw her go up to the desk, followed by Robin, and then she stepped into the elevator, a little girl with long blond hair and a wonderful laugh. They just sat transfixed for a long minute. Then they scrambled to their feet, shrugged into their new skunk coats, found out her room number and went up. Betty Kalb sat down quickly at one end of the room, and Bett stood a minute, uneasy, not quite daring to sit next to Miss Davis, but wanting to so much. Bette patted the other half of the couch. "Here, Betty, sit right here," she said, and Betty did. They talked about New York, about the movies, about dogs—talking easily as one does with old friends, and after a while, the photographers came and the kids left. Out in the hall, Betty B. turned to her pal to say, "Wasn't she terrific?" And Betty Kalb, who was a very emotional child, was lying on the floor, out like a light. The incident was in the papers next day, and that is item number one in Betty's scrapbook. Her first brush with fame. She and Bette have since had a huge laugh over it.

#### Things to come . . .

This next part of Betty's story has been told and retold so many times, that I'll go into it very briefly. It's funny, I always find myself hurrying at this point, because I'm so anxious to get to the part about Bogey. Now *there* is a guy. But first, let's see. At fifteen, Betty graduated from Julia Richman, and next to her picture in the year book were these words:

"Popular ways that win,  
May your dreams of becoming an  
actress  
Overflow the brim."

A little incoherent, but it pleased Betty immensely. By this time, her heart was set on Broadway. The Theater, that was the thing.

She studied a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and was considered "promising" by its teachers. There wasn't enough money to send her back, so she got a job modelling clothes in a Seventh Avenue wholesale house, hounding producers unsuccessfully during her lunch hours. She gave this up for an \$8-a-week ushering job at the St. James Theater, selling Actors' Cues in front of Sardi's in her spare time.

-the girl he can't  
forget

-the girl with a  
Solitair-lovely complexion

Once again, his beloved face pressed close  
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YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

One day, Paul Lukas came out of the restaurant, and Betty chased him down the street. "Mr. Lukas—"

"Yes?" He saw the Actors' Cues and dug down for a nickel. Then he started on his way again. She followed him.

"Oh, Mr. Lukas—"

"Yes?" He is so wonderfully polite. It's not in a man like Mr. Lukas to ignore someone who speaks to him.

"I'm terribly interested in the theater. If you could possibly give me any advice—" Maybe it was because she was young and so awfully sincere. Maybe he was in a hurry and this was a way to cut short the conversation. Anyway, he made an appointment with her for the next day. "You will read for me," he said. "I will tell you honestly if you have something." She read for him, and he was pleased. He introduced her to some people he knew, and eventually there were tiny parts. There was a walk-on in "Johnny Two By Four," and a speaking part in "Franklin Street," a George Kaufman play which folded on the road.

Following the latter fiasco, Betty made up her mind to go back to modelling until she'd saved enough money to try for the theater again.

She withdrew her picture from John Powers' file where it had been since she was eleven, because he had found so little for her to do, and proceeded without his aid to get herself a job modelling for Harper's Bazaar. Photographer Louise Dahl Wolfe found her incredibly photogenic, and Harper's fashion editor once said, "You can't get a bad picture of Bacall." After a while, she was averaging \$300 a week. In March, 1945, Betty's picture was on the cover of Harper's Bazaar, and two things happened. Columbia saw it and wanted her for "Miss Harper's Bazaar" in "Cover Girl," and Mrs. Howard Hawks saw it and persuaded her husband to screen test her. Betty was in Mexico at the time, being photographed in summer clothes, so my brother and I made the decision by ourselves. The bird-in-the-hand aspect of "Cover girl" was tempting, but it was almost certain to be a one-shot, whereas the possibilities of the Hawks' offer were limitless. When Betty came home we told her what we thought, and although she was less thrilled than you'd think—Hollywood not being The Theater—she hopped on a train, and everyone knows what happened then.

It's a wonderful story, isn't it, but the best part of it is still to come. The boy-meets-girl part. It started so very casually with Betty and Bogey, and they've kept it that way. No slush. Just a way of looking at each other. A sense of incompleteness when the other isn't there.

"Hey, Charlie, look at this." That's Bogey with a copy of the "New Yorker." Betty's in the kitchen for a minute, out of his sight. "Hey, Chuck!" There's that lost look in his eyes again. He turns to me accusingly. "Where is she?"

diamonds 'n' dungarees . . .

Love for them is ridiculous as well as sublime. A weird, whimsical sense of humor miraculously shared. "Say, Bogey—know who's in the hospital?" "No, who, sweet?" "Sick people." Then they guffaw. "How much does a Grecian urn?" "Aw, baby, that's just nonsensical." But he laughs anyhow.

There's that wonderful humility each feels before the other. "Mom, could there be a guy like that? How could any girl be good enough for him?" And Bogey, coming to me one evening to ask if he could marry Betty. Earnest, awkward. "She loves me, Nat. Imagine the luck of that! That magnificent little kid . . ."

There is no pretense between those two. No laying on the synthetic glamor. You

## FACT or FICTION?

**D**ID THEY actually live or were they legendary personalities? Were they characters out of your history book or did they pop out of a script writer's hangover? WE know, but do YOU? And after you decide whether they really lived or not, tell us in what movie they appeared! They're tough, but then you're MODERN SCREEN readers . . . (Five minutes is all the time you get, page 148 is where you find the answers.)

- |                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Emperor Jones      | 11. "El Cobar"      |
| 2. Diamond Jim Brady  | 12. Captain Bligh   |
| 3. Baron Rothschild   | 13. Annie Oakley    |
| 4. Nora Bayes         | 14. Queen Christina |
| 5. Dr. Ehrlich        | 15. "California"    |
| 6. Tarzan             | 16. Rhett Butler    |
| 7. Dorothy of Oz      | 17. Simon Templar   |
| 8. Steve Brody        | 18. Lady Hamilton   |
| 9. Emperor Maximilian | 19. Marco Polo      |
| 10. Edna Gladney      | 20. Hippolyta       |

should see them on the boat! Bogey in an old sweat shirt and dungarees, Betty wearing pigtails, a sweater and slacks. They still look good to each other.

Bogey's changed Betty's mind about a lot of things. She used to dislike diamonds. Then he gave her a diamond bracelet, inscribed, "If you want anything, just whistle," and now she thinks some diamonds are fine. She used to hate to cook, but now she's gotten herself several cookbooks and she says she's learning. The other day she told me proudly, "I got Bogey's breakfast today."

I said, "What did he have?"

"Oh, coffee," she said, still looking terribly pleased with herself. I snorted slightly, and Bogey turned on me.

"Darn good coffee," he said. So now she's Oscar of the Waldorf.

She used to have eyes only for cocker spaniels. In Betty's mind, no other dog even existed. She worshipped her aged "Droopy," and adored his daughter, "Puddle." Bogey likes boxers, and now Betty does, too. She used to be a cynic about marriage. Once she said she thought eighty was the ideal age to marry, because then you could be sure it would last. Now she thinks twenty is a good age.

You know, Bogey loves nicknames. He calls most men "Junior." People he doesn't like he calls "Creep." Gals are "Baby." Betty and he are a little irked that people have fastened on to that "Baby" stuff so enthusiastically. He doesn't call her that any more frequently than he does Joe or Butch or Charlie. Mostly he calls her Betty. Or Darling.

"Why do they harp on this Bogey and Baby business?" Betty's said to me. "It makes our marriage sound cute. It's not cute. It's—it's good."

She's a slim, serene-eyed young woman standing on the porch of her lovely house in the Hollywood hills, one arm linked easily through her husband's. "Look, Bogey—Star light, Star bright—" And the old wish is still there, but there's a new one too. "Please God, let me be a good wife. The best wife anyone has ever been."

"What did you wish for, Charlie?"

"Oh-hh, a five pound steak broiled over charcoal—"

Silly child. But you know, I sort of like her.





## *Brand New Minutes*

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At last. *The letter!* "...see you in 30 days. Love. Bill." All those plans you're dusting off. All those dreams you've kept alive. There'll be crowded moments as you make them come true! Count on U. S. Time to help you make the most of every happy moment. U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timepieces...in beauty, in accuracy.

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*in Walter Wanger's  
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*A Universal Picture*

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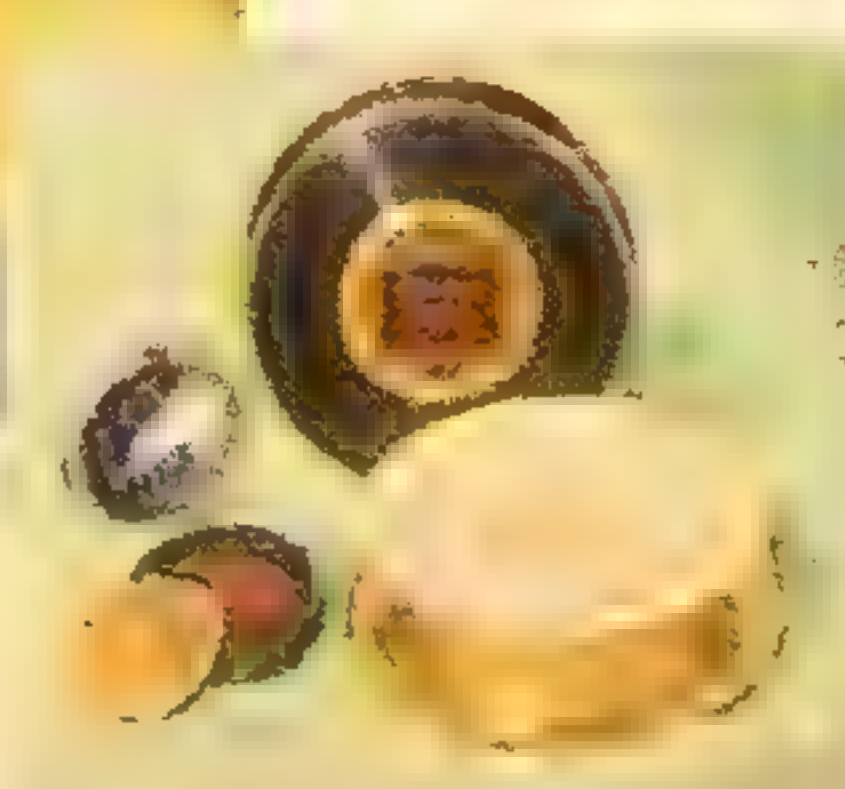
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IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH  
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD  
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE**



## "THE HOUSE I LIVE IN"

(Continued from page 39)

orning prayers for the building was a synagogue, a Jewish house of worship. The old men gathered in a knot on the sidewalk looking with angry, incredulous eyes at the face of the building. Ugly scars of red paint, still hardly dry, washed across the bricks. One curling line ran over the stone tablets set above the door on which was written the Ten Commandments. Like a pointing finger the crack slashed through the Fourth Commandment.

*Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy.*

It was Sunday morning.

can happen here . . .

Fiction? Something out of the nightmare history of Europe yesterday before the liberating armies of the Allies broke down the walls? No. This particular story didn't happen in Europe. It happened in America.

It happened in Brooklyn.

The principal of the public school in the neighborhood knew who was behind it when he heard the story. There had been a steady trickle of similar stories crossing his desk for some months; stores slashed with red paint, a Negro boy attacked just outside the school yard, a girl student with a foreign accent—she was Austrian and Catholic and a refugee in America—had been chased and insulted down the street and had come home weeping with fright and shame.

It didn't add up to a pretty picture. It was a picture of petty tyranny and growing violence. Behind all the incidents there always seemed to be the same set of boys—a neighborhood club called The Ramblers. The principal knew something about clubs and how they worked. The leaders always set the tone. And so he looked up the leaders of The Ramblers. Let's call them Johnny and Vincent. He asked them to drop by for a chat.

He knew from the start that it wouldn't do any good. And it didn't. He thought about it for a week before he did anything more. He found out all he could about Johnny and Vincent. They were average Italian-American boys: They liked sports, both played baseball; they liked music and bands and one of them, Vincent, sometimes sang at school dances. The principal turned it over in his mind. They liked bands and singers and popular music . . .

Johnny generally answered the phone in his house when it rang. It rang one Sunday afternoon and Johnny got on the wire.

"Hello," a voice said, "is Johnny home?"

"That's me," Johnny said. "Talking."

"This is George Evans."

"George Evans? I don't know any George Evans."

"Maybe you know a fellow named Frank Sinatra?"

"Sinatra? Frank Sinatra? Who you trying to kid?"

"I'm talking for him."

"Cut it out," Johnny said. "What's the gag?"

"It's no gag."

"Wait a minute. You ain't the George Evans that's Sinatra's manager—"

"That's right. Look, Johnny, listen a minute. Frank would like to see you. Why don't you drop around after his show tomorrow? Come down after school. Bring Vincent with you."

"Vinnie? Wait a minute. Are you sure this isn't a rib? What does Sinatra want with Vinnie and me?"

"Why don't you drop down and find out? About six-thirty. Backstage. Just ask for Frank Sinatra."

"Six-thirty? Sinatra? Me and Vinnie? Okay. Only if this is a gag—"

They were waiting for Frank in his dressing room when he finished his show the next night. Johnny was wearing his best bow tie; Vinnie's hair was carefully slicked down—except for a small pompadour. They both wore the startled look of a kid on Christmas morning. Frank washed and changed from his stage clothes, talking to them.

"Like Italian food, fellas?"

"Sure," Vinnie said.

"I know a place down the street. Want to grab a bite with me?"

"Gee—"

"Best spaghetti you ever tasted," Frank said.

In the little spaghetti place over the red and white checked tablecloth, they dug into the huge, fragrant plates of steaming spaghetti. Frank talked baseball to them; baseball, bands, music, singing. Then when they were almost through, he said:

"You fellows are from Brooklyn, aren't you?"

"That's right, Frank," Johnny said.

"Some pretty tough spots down there, eh?"

"Boy, you don't know half."

"Maybe. Maybe I do, though. I came from Hoboken myself. We weren't so soft down there, either. There's nothing you guys do that we didn't do—and do it tougher. The whole works."

"Yeah?" Vinnie said. "You, Frank?"

"Sure. We had a gang. And we pulled some pretty raw stuff. I know how it goes. Of course, it's kid stuff. Only sometimes some guys keep right on doing it—"

Johnny and Vinnie looked at each other swiftly.

"—and they're the ones," Frank said, "grow up to be the punks and the yeggs. Tough guys. Only they're not tough. They're the soft ones. The real guts comes in breaking away. In learning to do something besides pushing people around—"

Johnny gulped his spaghetti.

"I'll give it to you straight," Frank went on. "You fellows think you're pretty tough don't you? Got the whole neighborhood there right in the palm of your hand. Everybody's scared of you."

"They're just punks, Frank," Vinnie said.

good, clean fun . . .

"Punks? The other kids? The people who live around you? What makes you think they're punks? What makes you think you're so hot?"

"You ought to see them jump," Johnny said.

"Sure. Sure they jump. That makes you feel pretty good, doesn't it?"

"Well—" Vinnie said.

"All right. Keep it up. Next time you'll have to pull something bigger to make them jump. A can of paint isn't going to do it anymore. It'll be something bigger. Maybe a stick-up. And then? You figure it out. You're not dumb. You know where you'll end up. There's plenty of room behind that eight ball."

"We don't have any kind of stuff like that in mind," Vinnie said. "Just having fun, that's all."

"Fun? Pushing people around? Blasting them because you don't like the way they



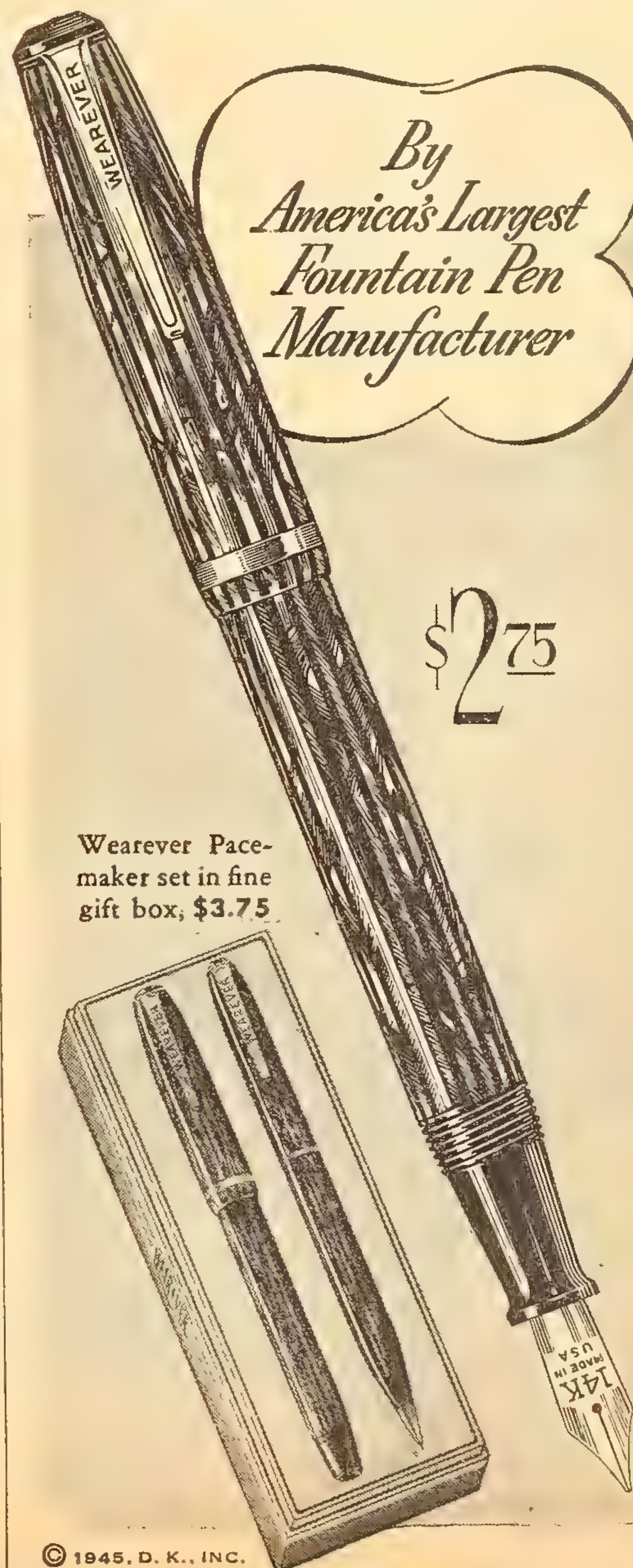
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look...or the way they dress...calling them 'micks' and 'niggers' and 'sheenies' and 'wops.' That's it, isn't it? That's what we used to call them over in Hoboken."

"Yeah," Vinnie said. "Only I don't like anybody calling me a 'wop.'"

"Neither did I," Frank said. "Neither does anybody else. And that means the 'micks' don't like it either."

Johnny said slowly: "I never thought of it that way, Frank..."

"You never stopped to think at all. That's the trouble. All right, take a minute now. What do you get out of all this pushing around? You guys are in the United States. You're part of it. It's guys like you and me and the rest of us who are the United States. Ever stop to think what that means? It means we all start from scratch together and everybody gets an even break. And that means everybody. You kids go to church, don't you?"

"Sure, Frank," Vinnie said. "Every—well, almost every Sunday."

"How would you like it if some gang came along and tore up your church?"

"Like it? Why, I'd—"

"You'd what?" Frank said. "That's what you two guys did, wasn't it? The red paint gag? What would you have to kick about if some other guys pulled the same gag on you? Why don't you get wise to yourselves? Here's a couple of fellows like you. You're tops where you come from. And what are you doing about it? More red paint? More pushing around?"

Johnny said slowly: "We never thought about it like that, Frank. Honest, we never did."

"All right," Frank said. "Then I'm only asking you to try one thing. Start thinking now. And if you've got half the stuff I think you have, I know what you'll do."

It was getting late. The night shadows were blacking the streets of the city. Outside, the taxis honked as they raced toward Broadway. Frank looked over at Johnny and Vincent.

"Meanwhile," he said. "Go on. Finish up that spaghetti—"

That's one story behind the work Frank's been doing lately. It's something pretty close to his heart and he doesn't like to talk about it. But Frank knows what it means to grow up in a tough neighborhood. In Hoboken when he was a kid, he ran around with a gang and he's seen what's happened to some of them: The kids who never did find the right road, the kids who kept right on being tough.

It's nothing new with Frank, either. He's always been that way: Out for a square deal for everyone. Long before he ever got to be a star he was making this same fight for equality and tolerance.

He was singing with a band in his early days, and late one night he and the arranger went out to grab a cup of coffee. They'd been working on a song and they wanted a five minute break before they went back to it. They headed for the first place they could find open and climbed up on stools before the counter. The waiter swabbed the counter before Frank and took his order. And then turned away.

"You missed my friend," Frank said. "He's going to have something, too."

The waiter just stared; then he said insolently: "We don't serve 'niggers' here."

Frank was halfway across the counter in a minute. Before he knew what he was doing his fist had cracked against the waiter's jaw. Then he swung off the stool angrily, linked arms with the arranger who happened to be a Negro and Frank's friend.

"If this place isn't good enough for my friends, it's not good enough for me."

Color, race, creed never made any difference to Frank. He picked his friends because of their talents or because he liked them. He never asked a man what

church he went to and it never entered his mind to look down at any man because of the color of his skin.

They tell another story about Frank. He was a star then and in the big money—in money big enough to let him have suite of rooms at the Waldorf. There were some people up one night and in the way it often happens when a fellow becomes a star, Frank didn't know them all. One stranger was well dressed, obviously rich, obviously somebody. Frank was introduced to him, said hello pleasantly enough and then didn't pay much more attention to the man.

Suddenly in a lull in the talk the man's voice came clear and sharp: "... and dirty kike." Frank whirled. He swung and faced the man squarely.

In a tight, tense voice, he said: "I don't know you very well. And I can see you don't know me. In my house, mister, nobody can talk that way—and stay. Go on—get lost!"

The man didn't make any move to go. He had the blank, incredulous look of a man who never took an order in his life. But he didn't know Frank. Before he knew what was happening there was a hand on his collar and he felt himself being pushed to the door. Frank's hand stayed on his collar right up to the elevator. And as the elevator doors shut, he heard Frank's voice.

"And stay lost!"

In a one-armed diner or at the Waldorf, Frank has stuck by his principles. Lately, he's been doing even more. He's been making speeches before school assemblies, clubs, parents' groups. He knows it's the youth of America who will make the new world everyone is talking about. He's doing what he can to help. He doesn't lecture them, he doesn't throw big words around. But it always adds up to: *Let's give everybody in America an even break.*

In New York, before the World Youth Rally, Frank made a speech. He told them then: "Isn't it a dumb thing if people choose their associates by the color of their skin? Just stop to think about that for a minute. Imagine a guy with dark hair like me not talking to blondes. Well, it's the same thing to rule out somebody because of the color of his skin... and it's just as stupid."

Before a student and parent group in school assembly, Frank said: "Now this is our job... your job and my job and the job of the generations growing up. Stamp out the prejudices that can separate one group of United States citizens from another. This country's been built by many people, many creeds, many nationalities and races in such a way that it can never be divided... unless we fail down on our job. But if we all work

(Continued on page 90)

## ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES?

Of course you're planning to cook all kinds of delicious delicacies for your serviceman when he comes home. But are you sure they're good for him? Don't forget that he's accustomed to meals planned by nutrition experts, who see that he gets his daily quota of vitamins and minerals. If you want to keep him healthy, you'll be interested in taking the Nutrition Course offered by your local RED CROSS CHAPTER. Teaches you how much (and what) to feed your fella or your family, and transforms you from chief cook and bottle washer to chef, dietician and vitamin watcher.



MARTHA O'DRISCOLL, APPEARING IN UNIVERSAL'S "SHADY LADY"

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Martha O'Driscoll

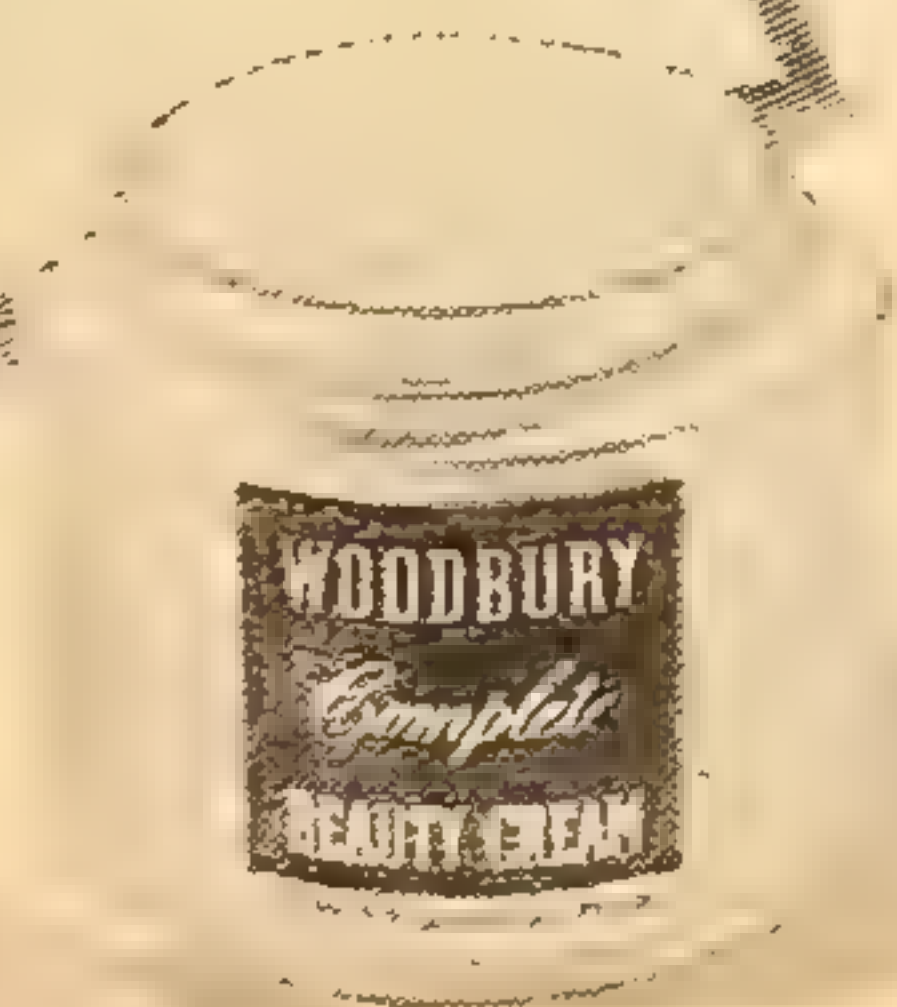
Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha... of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that *cleanses, softens, smooths*... that doubles as a *night cream* guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines... that serves as your protective *powder base*, too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

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# Princess DIMITRI ROMANOVSKY

This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.



## Subtle Charm...

"In international circles, charm, good manners and perfect grooming go hand in hand," says Princess Romanovsky. "And nothing adds so much to the subtle charm of a woman as the fragrance she uses. I use Djer-Kiss perfume because it is so young, so enchantingly lovely, and in such exquisite taste"



Pronounced  
"DEAR KISS"

## DER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By **Kerkoff**

together it will always remain the United States, one nation, with liberty and justice for everyone."

It's because of these speeches and talks that the principal in Brooklyn knew where to send Johnny and Vincent. He knew they'd listen to Frank because he speaks their language, because he once went through the same tough mill.

Up in Boston, two policemen who look after Frank when he comes to town brought a kid named Tommy to him. Tommy wasn't a bad kid... yet. But unless something happened he was headed straight for a stretch in the State Reformatory. The kid came in tough and hard faced.

"How's it going, Tommy?" Frank asked.

"All right."

"How you doing in school?"

"Not so hot."

"Think you're smart enough?"

"I don't have to be any smarter."

"Funny. That's what I used to think. Until I got wised up—"

And then for an hour Frank talked to Tommy. They matched Boston against Hoboken. The kid thawed out. He knew Frank was on his side. And after an hour he was willing to listen. Frank got Tommy to agree to try it his way for a while, just to see how it would work: To play it straight, to stop pushing his weight around, to stop trying to be a wise guy. He offered Tommy a ten dollar loan to buy an after-school paper route—on condition that Tommy wrote to him once a month. They worked out a special code number for Tommy's letters so that they'd be sure to get through to Frank personally.

Frank's been getting those letters regularly every month for a year now. And the first ten enclosed a dollar each to repay the loan. The last time Frank was in Boston, the two policemen told him that Tommy was doing fine all along the line. All he'd really needed was to have someone he trusted talk to him sympathetically.

Frank Sinatra knows it's a big job. And he knows he's just one guy. But he figures that if everyone cleans up the patch nearest him, a big job gets done faster. So he doesn't stop trying or working at it. He wants a better America for himself and for Nancy and for his kids... and for all kids everywhere.

He keeps at it, too, because he knows it works. He knows that if you can get to them, talk to them, give them the facts in their own language—nine times out of ten the youth of America will listen and do something about it.

There's Johnny and Vinnie, for instance: They turned up the last time Frank was in New York. Frank was glad to see them but he didn't say anything about the can of red paint. He was waiting for them to tell him. Finally, just before they were ready to leave, Vinnie said:

"We cut out all that funny stuff after we talked to you, Frank. All right, we still ain't angels. But Johnny's working in his old man's store after school now. And me? Funny thing happened. You know I got a kid brother. Well, he used to go up to an old Jewish family lives down the block and turn the lights on for them every Friday night. You know they can't do that like we can't eat meat on Friday. Well, when I first found out about it I bawled the kid out and made him stop. Told him we weren't going to play butler for any bunch of 'sheenies.' After I talked to you I got to thinking about it. You know what I did, Frank? I went up there that Friday night and I turned the lights on for them. I been doing it ever since. You know they're nice old people. And you know, I feel pretty good about it..."

It makes Frank feel pretty good, too.

## INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

*I can't help singing 'bout the wonderful bunch of info that I dug up for you this month. Such as what? Well—*

Such as that was Johnny Coy as the dancer, Benny, and Billy Daniel as Marjorie Reynolds' dancing partner in "Bring on The Girls" and they both can be reached at Para... and the boy you loved as the king in "Nothing But Trouble," was 13-year-old David Leland of M-G-M, and Gordon McDonald left M-G-M, and is now devoting his time to B'way... 26-year-old Danny Norton of Universal was Bugs Kelly in "Crime, Inc." and Rudy Weissler was Stan in "Tomorrow The World."

*Of course I've much more of the same stuff in that special info box I store in back of my head—so won't you send your questions and A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.? That's what I'm here for.*

Your ever lovin'

Bev.

Eileen Boland, New York: ... May I HAVE STATISTICS ON SCOTT McKAY AND KURT KREUGER?

Scott was born Peter McKay Gose in Pleasantville, Iowa, May 28, 1915. Is married to Meg Power, is 6' 1", weighs 175 lbs., has blond hair and blue eyes, and will next be seen in Selznick's super deluxe pic—"Duel in the Sun"—with Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, and Joe Cotten. Kurt was born in St. Moritz, Switzerland, July 23, 1916. Blue eyes, blond hair, 5' 11½", 168 lbs., and unmarried. Just signed with Fox... latest is "Paris Underground."

Alice Matarese, B'klyn, N.Y.C.: ... MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESSES OF CLUBS FOR THE FOLLOWING?:

ALLYSON: G. Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne, L. A., Calif. (Dues \$1.00).

GEORGE REEVES; Calif.: Arlene Meisler, 1250 College Ave., Bronx.

JOHN DALL: Mary Murnaghan, 795 E. 182nd St., Bronx.

HURD HATFIELD: Shirley Wolfe, 1148 Boynton Ave., Bronx.

McCALLISTER: Discontinued for the duration.

VAN JOHNSON AND CORNEL WILDE: None.

Gloria Reilly, New York: ... I'D LIKE THE NAMES OF THE CHILDREN IN "ROUGHLY SPEAKING" DURING ALL THREE AGES—AS KIDS, ADOLESCENTS AND GROWN-UPS... IN THAT ORDER.

JOHN BARBARA RODNEY  
Micky Kuhn Ann Lawrence John Calkins  
Johnny Treul Mona Freeman Dick Wimer  
Bob Hutton Andrea King John Sheridan

LOUISE  
Jo Marlow  
Patsy Parsons  
Jean Sullivan

FRANKIE  
Greg. Muradian  
John Sheffield  
Robert Arthur





**Safest n' Surest!** Harry's dad is going to be *mighty* glad to get the V-Mail letter his boy wrote tonight. And Harry never forgets what daddy told him: "V-Mail's faster, son, and V-Mail's *safer*."

Happily, young Harry drifts off to a restful sleep—relaxed on the cushioned luxury of Beautyrest, the *dream* mattress. Made by Simmons, it has 837 individually pocketed coils which give you that marvelous "all over" relaxed feeling. Guard your Beautyrest well, for we're still engaged in war work, and cannot tell at this moment exactly when

we will be making this great mattress again. Meantime, your dealer may have other mattresses bearing the Simmons label. Anyone is well worth the money.

**P. S.** Also available, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs at \$39.50 each.

**BEAUTYREST**—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

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**MEN OVERSEAS** ask you to *speed* your letters to them safely by *always* using V-MAIL! V-MAIL is fast . . . sure. It is the only mail that *always* flies. Use it!





**JUNE LANG**, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

## Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

### The 'life secret' of all color is glow

The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on glow. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—*imparts it*.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—an undertone and overtone).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be*.

### The right way to Rouge

Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.



## And lips to match!

You'll love the smoothness of the new Princess Pat "Color-Stay" Lipstick. One application stays, stays, STAYS! And the shades are just heavenly. Complete your make-up with the new Princess Pat light-as-air Face Powder.

Wherever good cosmetics are sold Princess Pat Duotone Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder are on display. Discover today your own Princess Pat color harmony shades.

# Princess Pat

## JUNIOR DREAM MAN

(Continued from page 49)

Gregory. "We aren't going to have the baby today. We're expecting it in three or four weeks, but we want to know in advance exactly what we have to do when we reach the hospital."

An invisible drawstring pulled the smile out of the corners of the nurse's mouth. "Well, first you report here and we fill out some forms. Then you go upstairs..." she outlined a fairly complicated routine.

"... but at least we know now what to expect," said Gregory, "when the time comes."

Flushed with triumph, they left the hospital and went to call on friends. Somewhat later they attended a movie. Then they came home and settled down for the night. At 4 A.M. Mrs. Peck awakened Mr. Peck. At 4:01, they were on their way to the hospital, scorching down the course established by the red pencil in a calmer moment. His teeth chattering a little, Gregory said once or twice, "It's a good thing we made that test run... are you all right, honey? I'm sure glad I made that map... is everything okay, honey?"

As they entered the hospital, the same nurse who had greeted them on Sunday at 2 P.M. smiled up at them on Monday at 4:22 A.M. (She had been off 8 hours, was starting a new shift.) Brightly she said, "Still practicing?"

But she pulled out the admittance sheets and began to ask bookkeeping questions. "We'll have to skip that," said the perspiring near-pop, "and go on with the other things you mentioned."

All of which is by way of introducing Mr. Jonathan Peck, born July 20, 1944, and now looking forward to the second Christmas of his life.

While Jonny and his mother were in the hospital, Pop Peck arrived with a watch for Mom, and as soon as she left the hospital with her slim new P.B. (post baby) figure there was a mink coat waiting for her. When the Pecks had discovered that Jonny was on the way, Gregory had told his wife, "Okay, Greta, you start a family for me and I'll produce a mink for you." He hadn't cared whether the newcomer was a girl or a boy, although all of his friends tried to talk him into wanting a boy first. He told Greta, "If Jonathan had been Jonatha instead, I would have been just as happy as I am now, but I think it would have broken the hearts of our best friends."

The first thing Gregory did, as soon as he established his son in the new nursery, was to start a photographic record of Jonny's development. Using 16 mm. colored film, Gregory snapped some footage of the young clown trying to stuff his fist, then his foot into his mouth. He took several reels each month, and as Jonny grew more interesting and began to develop a personality, he increased the number of frames used to record the progress of his son and heir.

Someone asked Gregory one day, "What will you do with that film?"

Gregory assumed a reminiscent air. "There will come a day—Looking back on my own adolescence..."

Back in those uniformed, self-important days when Gregory was a student at St. John's Military Academy, Gregory's stepfather took the cadet and Mrs. Peck out to Westlake Park in Los Angeles. (It is now called MacArthur Park.) There, Gregory's proud stepfather took movies of Gregory saluting his mother, walking forward several stiff paces to embrace her, wearing a wooden Indian smile, then stepping back, saluting again, wheeling and marching out of camera shot. At the

time Gregory was about ten, tall for his age, horribly conscious of his military training, and inclined to walk like a colt dodging lightning.

At 16 he was even taller for his age, but he had achieved an even greater dignity than a guy gets from brass buttons. He was shaving and he had a girl.

One night his mother and stepfather invited Gregory's girl and some of his friends over for dinner; after dinner it was suggested that some recently taken movies be shown. Gregory's father showed the new footage first, then without making any announcements, began to project that ancient scene when Gregory was ten. Our flabbergasted hero shriveled within a suit that had abruptly become four sizes too large; glistening beads of perspiration formed on his forehead, the back of his neck and in the palms of his hands.

"When the lights go on again," he whispered to his guardian angel, "just let me have evaporated without trace."

He thought, "From now on it's all over between me and my girl. What woman in her right mind could stand to be dated by a goon like that pasteboard boy scout on the screen... eeeeeek." The lights were flashed on—rather an unnecessary act since Gregory's bright blush was equivalent to the aurora borealis—and the girl friend said, making with doe eyes, "Oh, Gregory, what a CUTE kid you were!"

So, nowadays, Father Peck grins and says, "I'll give my son a little of the same trouble one day." And probably achieve the same result.

One day shortly before Christmas last year, Gregory bounded into the front hall and shuffled through the mail left for him. The address on one of the letters brought him up short. "Mr. Jonathan Peck," it said. Bursting all rules of polite behavior at the seams, Gregory opened his son's mail. It was a Christmas card signed, "Your loving nurse." That went into the baby book.

At Valentine's season, on St. Patrick's Day, and on Easter, Jonathan also received cards.

Because Jonny's nurse is so competent and so devoted, Gregory has never 1) bathed his son, 2) changed his pin-up slacks, 3) tipped the bottle for the hungry man, nor 4) burped the gentleman afterward. Neither has Gregory ever rested his cheek against that of the baby; Gregory heard all about germs during his pre-med course at California, so he restrains his affection in the juvenile presence. This doesn't mean that Master Jonny doesn't get regular paternal workouts, however. Gregory tosses the junior acrobat in the air, rides him piggy back and bubbles the back of Jonny's neck until he yells with delight.

There is a contest between father and son that is pretty hectic now, but is doomed to oblivion as soon as Jonny matures a little more; currently, Jonny is fascinated by light switches, floor plug variety. The instant he is set free of someone's lap or his play pen, he makes a beeline for the nearest floorplug, one chubby finger extended as he propels himself forward on the other three limbs.

He has never connected, but he has scored several near misses. Someone always grabs him just short of the target. He is a philosophical little cuss; doesn't cry at this interception of a scientific excursion, simply puffs out his lower lip in an expression that announces, "Okay, bub. But I'll make it next time."

One afternoon, proving that he appre-



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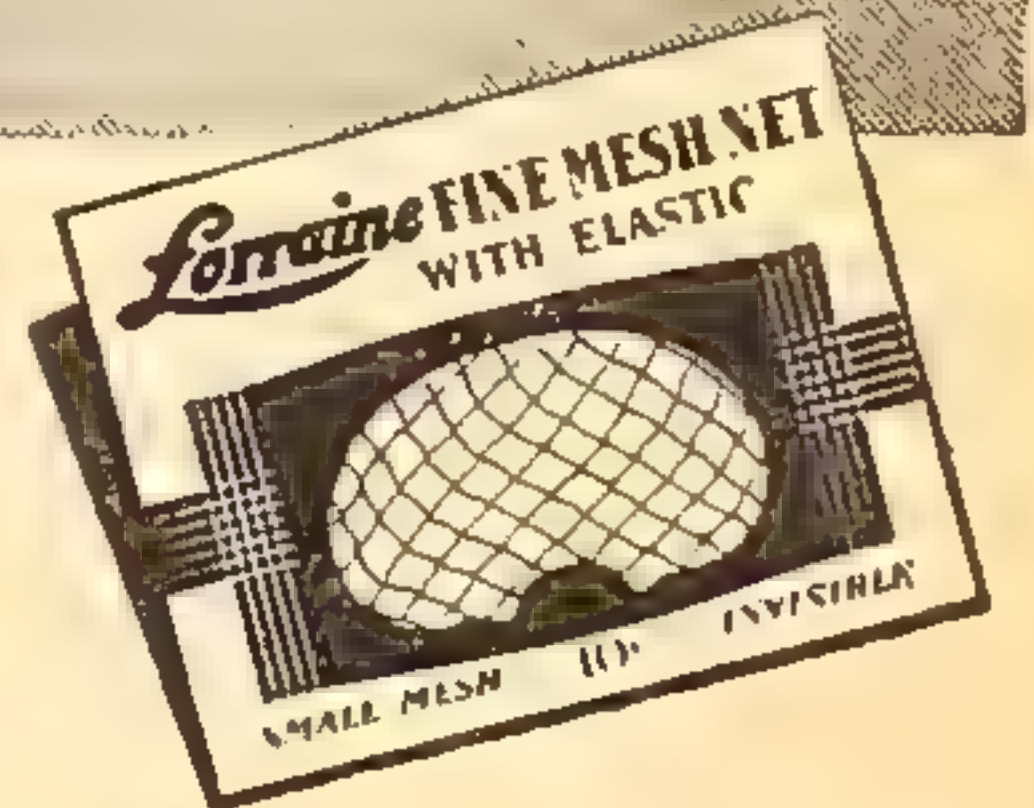
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### Dries nail polish quick as a wink

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Apply Cutex Oily Quick Dry directly over Cutex Polish or Overcoat. Polish is dry in a jiffy—there's no loss in lovely lustre... fine ingredients protect that 10-karat sparkle.

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Get ready for shining nail surfaces—minus mars and scars. Cutex Oily Quick Dry helps keep fingertips flawless—prolongs the life of your manicure.

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ciates dramatic values, Jonny suddenly arose to his feet from a sitting stance and staggered about six steps to the rail of his play pen where he clung uncertainly for a moment, then lowered himself to the floor. He chose to do this when his mother, his father, and his pop-eyed nurse were all gathered in the room.

Naturally, the proud Pecks mentioned Jonny's new trick to several of their friends, but Jonny hasn't repeated the performance. Best subsequent effort to date has consisted of clinging to his father's reliable fingers and placing one dubious foot after another for a few paces. The Pecks are keeping very quiet about the whole thing, but they are maintaining the camera at the ready—just in case.

Incidentally, Jonny's favorite toy is a badly battered yellow duck almost as big as he is. When Gregory was selecting Greta's Easter plant—a giant azalea—he noticed a nearby stuffed quack. "Put that in the package, too," he said.

From the moment Jonny spied it in his mother's gift, there was no doubt in his mind as to its function or its ownership. He claimed it, takes it to bed every night, and would probably go on a hunger strike if someone snatched the Donald away even long enough to give it a dry cleaning.

Jonny is growing up in a family where the Head Man has some specific ideas about children, the care, instruction, and guidance of same. For one thing, Gregory certainly doesn't want Jonny to be an only child. Talking about this problem to friends one evening, Gregory said, "The life of an only child is too vacant. I know, because I was one. I used to envy kids who had brothers and sisters; they had so much to talk about. And their holidays were wonderful—so much doing, so many gifts, such excitement. On the other hand, I think a continual marathon is bad for a child. No matter how big the family, it seems to me that—if it is at all possible—each child should have some place in which he can be private. He should have some nook, preferably his own room, that is completely his own, where he can have his beetle collection and his marbles, his books, his radio, his stamps or whatever interests

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



One fine day I was walking along Michigan Blvd. in Chicago when I saw a crowd of people. Curious, I walked over, and found a man lying on the sidewalk with his head bleeding. He was unconscious.

Everyone was just looking; nobody was doing anything constructive. This was the first chance I had to use my first aid training. I loosened his collar, wiped his head, and went to take his pulse. But I had no watch with me. Without looking up, I asked, "Has someone got a watch with a second hand?" One was handed to me, and I took his pulse, which was very weak. I then directed the man who had given me the watch to call a doctor, which he did at once. After he came back from telephoning for the doctor, he asked for his watch. I looked up for the first time, and gazed into a very handsome and familiar face. The man who had been so helpful and cooperative was Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor!

Betty Burbach,  
Chicago, Ill.



him. Kids need a place in which they can think things out for themselves. Most kids turn out fine if they're given tactful guidance, and if they're allowed to develop naturally, after figuring out all the angles."

One bit of tactful guidance that Gregory intends to offer his son is Gregory's own belief that anything worth getting or worth keeping requires a lot of hard work, whether the item is something as intangible as a happy marriage, or something as concrete as the ability to play a ukulele. Gregory is convinced that the valuable things in life aren't acquired easily.

Not even, for instance, the ability to swim. He is going to see that Jonny isn't coached in the Spartan school, as he was, however. Gregory was six, living in La Jolla (a resort town not from San Diego) when his much older cousin and a group of the cousin's friends, tossed Gregory off an alligator rock. The water in that spot was about 40 feet deep. If Gregory, who had never been in the ocean over his knees before, had shown an inclination to sputter, get hysterical and drown, the boys would have leaped in, of course. Probably they could have saved him. There is always a chance on the other side of the ledger, too.

"Tenny rate, Jonny is going to get swimming lessons as soon as he is big enough to go into a pool.

When Gregory was nine, he was allowed to ride in a department store delivery truck with his cousin, who had taken a summer time job. While the cousin was making a delivery, G. Peck decided to see whether he could drive the truck. As the vehicle was parked on a rather steep hill, the problem of take-off was simple: Gregory released the hand brake. The gear was in neutral, the engine was turning over, so a bug-eyed Greg, almost invisible behind the huge wheel, guided it down the hill. Luckily, the highway was banked on the turn, so the apprentice jockey's hard pull to the left did not upset the heavily loaded truck; instead, the wheels slowed almost to a stop on the straight-away, so Gregory delved deeper into his remembered driving technique (learned from watching his cousin), put the gear into low and—by sliding forward—pressed on the accelerator. The truck responded with a volcanic rumble and shot down the street, made another turn, climbed a hill, made the third turn, and shook down the street to stop at a gate before which stood a chalk-faced and trembling cousin.

Next scene omitted. Very painful.

Mr. Jonathan Peck is not to be allowed such a jaunt. He is to be taught that, as soon as his legs are long enough and his judgment reliable enough, he will be taught to drive by his pop and will be given his own jalopy when he is legally old enough.

Jonny will reach this legal age in a family which regards the attaining of laughs as an important occupation. Gregory and Greta kid one another continually. Greta has her frugal side, a fact that was a Peck family lifesaver at one time, but now persists to cause some merriment.

Usually it is the man of a household who cherishes some item of clothing until forty happy generations of moths have reared their young. In the Peck household, it is Greta who can't endure the thought of throwing out some of Gregory's old suits. Not long ago he went through his closet and selected three suits of a vintage that justified calling an antique dealer or calling the Salvation Army. "Call someone up and explain that these suits aren't much, but that someone might get some good out of them for a few weeks," he instructed.

A week later the suits were still in the closet; ditto two weeks; ditto three. "What's the big idea?" queried the man of the house. "Why haven't these been



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## Lovely Hands ARE BACK!

The smart wife or wife-to-be does not forget that soft, caressing feminine hands attract and hold men—that red, raspy hands are rough on romance. She guards her hands night and day from the coarsening effects of work, weather and hot, soapy water. And if she's doubly wise, she guards them with Frostilla Hand Lotion.



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## Frostilla

FOR LOVELY HANDS

tossed out?"

"Well . . . you can never tell," said Greta. "They might come in handy some time for the beach, or a hunting trip . . ."

"The next thing I know," moaned Gregory in simulated pain, "you'll be making suits for Jonny of them."

"It's an idea," said his wife.

Gregory gets kidded because he tosses his good clothing around. After having worked in the yard all morning on his day off, he is likely to advance upon a cold shower by dropping a sneaker here, a sock there and a shirt somewhere else.

"But you used to be so tidy in our New York apartment," protested Greta one day. "There was a place for everything, and everything in its place—always."

Said Gregory above the roar of the shower, "In that apartment, if a guy left a pair of shoes anywhere but in the closet or under the bed, he was likely to stumble over them and break his neck. If I had left shirts around, I wouldn't have had anything to wear the next day, and if I'd hung trousers over a chair, I couldn't have sat in the chair. I'm just enjoying the spaciousness of our home, Greta."

Along the line of utter relaxation, Gregory has also passed a house rule that Sunday is the day he does not shave—not even if guests are dropping in during the day. On the Sabbath, he rests his face.

Observed Greta, regarding his cocoa-mat chin, "Doesn't that feel awful?"

"It feels WONDERFUL," purred her rugged spouse.

One day Greta came home, bearing a gag gift for Gregory. "This is to wear with your week end beard," she kidded.

When he opened the parcel, instead of uttering a yell of derision, the unpredictable Mr. Peck assumed an expression of delight. "A plaid wool shirt!" he rejoiced. "Oh boy, this is for me all right, all right." He tried it on—exactly the proper size. And from that moment he wore that shirt every week end regularly, moaning when it was being cleaned.

When the Joe Cottens and the Pecks were in Arizona on location for "Duel In The Sun," Greta slipped downtown one morning and purchased a firehouse red wool shirt to replace the plaid garment; when Gregory got a glimpse of his new finery there was no dissuading him from wearing it. He and Greta had been invited to the Cottens' quarters for a quick conference before dinner, and Gregory couldn't resist donning the meteoric mantle. "I'll blind that guy, Cotten," he grinned. "I'll dazzle him to pieces."

Greta preceded him into the room, then Gregory arrived with a flourish. And, chest out, face wreathed in triumphant smiles, there stood Mr. Cotten—also resplendently clad in an incendiary shirt. Mrs. Cotten had purchased a duplicate for Joe.

Whereupon the two fugitives from the Royal Northwest Mounted marched upon Mr. Selznick, who simply clapped his hand to his forehead and quickly offered liquid refreshments to calm the visual fire.

By the time you read this, the Pecks will have celebrated their third wedding anniversary—on October 2, 1945. Last year Gregory gave Greta a ruby ring and she gave him a gold pen and pencil set with his name engraved thereon. Consulting experts on the proper symbol of the third anniversary, they discovered that there is a difference of opinion; one authority says the third is the linen anniversary, one insists that the item of celebration should be candy, and yet another thinks leather is proper. Gregory is trying to work it out this way; Greta should be remembered with candy, but he should be remembered with some nice matched luggage.

Over this, as over almost every incident in the household, they are having—as usual—a Peck of fun.

Believe you me...I'm holding out for the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver



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## CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

simultaneously, you're not really in love with either. Instead of trying to decide between them, explain to both that you're not yet ready to tie yourself down. There's a possibility that when these lads come home, one of them will have developed into your soul-mate, but until that time comes—no promises, baby.

My mother is old fashioned! At seventeen, I'm still the dateless wonder of our town because she won't allow me to go out. How can I get it across that I'm a big girl now? D. S., Front Royal, Virginia.

Your mother must dream of your eventual marriage to some nice young man. So let this be the premise on which you base your discussion. Explain to her that if you have no opportunity to know boys now, you'll have no basis for comparison later. Let her see that she is paving the way for you to become either terribly boy-shy or completely boy-crazy. Then tell her that you are willing to co-operate with her. That you'll have every date come to the house to call for you so that she'll have a chance to meet him. Agree on a curfew hour. Offer to double date during a specified probation period. If you present your side of the thing intelligently, she'll have to see that you're right. Then it's up to you to see that none of her fears are realized.

The boy I love is from what my family refers to as the wrong side of the tracks. Financially, that's true, but as a person he couldn't be finer. How can I open their eyes? E. R., Pierre, South Dakota.

The thing to do is to persuade your family to get to know him. Ask him to dinner, let your parents play bridge with you two. Play him up. Make him shine. A reasonable period of this, and his charm should have gotten through to them. Or could be you may have changed your mind.

I'm so weary of house dates, so coke-broke I could scream. Is there any nice way of making the next evening on him? G. M., Campbell, Ohio.

Sure, for him. Next time he calls, say, "Gosh, I'd love it, only mom's having the bridge club that night." He'll be looking up a good movie in zero minutes. The following week have a different tale. They're plastering the living room, or the electricity is temporarily off. He'll catch on.

Kids, we love your letters, especially the ones that say, "I did what you said and it worked!" They make us feel wonderful. Bring us all the dithers you've got, and please know that we care. Honest. Honest. Whether it's a guy, a mom, a foul job; talking it over with us will help, and we promise to dig deep and come up with the best advice we've got. Don't stew, write to Jean Kinhead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

### AUTOGRAPHS!

No frettin', just gettin', when you stack up those signatures the MODERN SCREEN way! Page 60 tells how you may be sure of getting star-replied as well as starry-eyed!

## How ye can have a neater-r-r kitchen

### SHELF-CONSCIOUS?

Get yerself some of that fancy-edged shelf paper and hold it down with quick-stickin' "Scotch" Cellulose Tape. (Fer linen closet, too . . . and kitchen drawers.)



### RECIPE FOR RECIPES

Clip 'em out of the paper and stick 'em in a scrapbook or on cards with crystal-clear "Scotch" Brand Tape. (Mend torn pages in yer cookin' book, too.)

### CANNY HUNCH FER LUNCH

Junior's school lunch takes a rare beating even before he eats it. "Scotch" Tape seals it tight . . . helps keep his sandwiches nice and fresh. (G-r-rand fer sealin' icebox leftovers, too.)

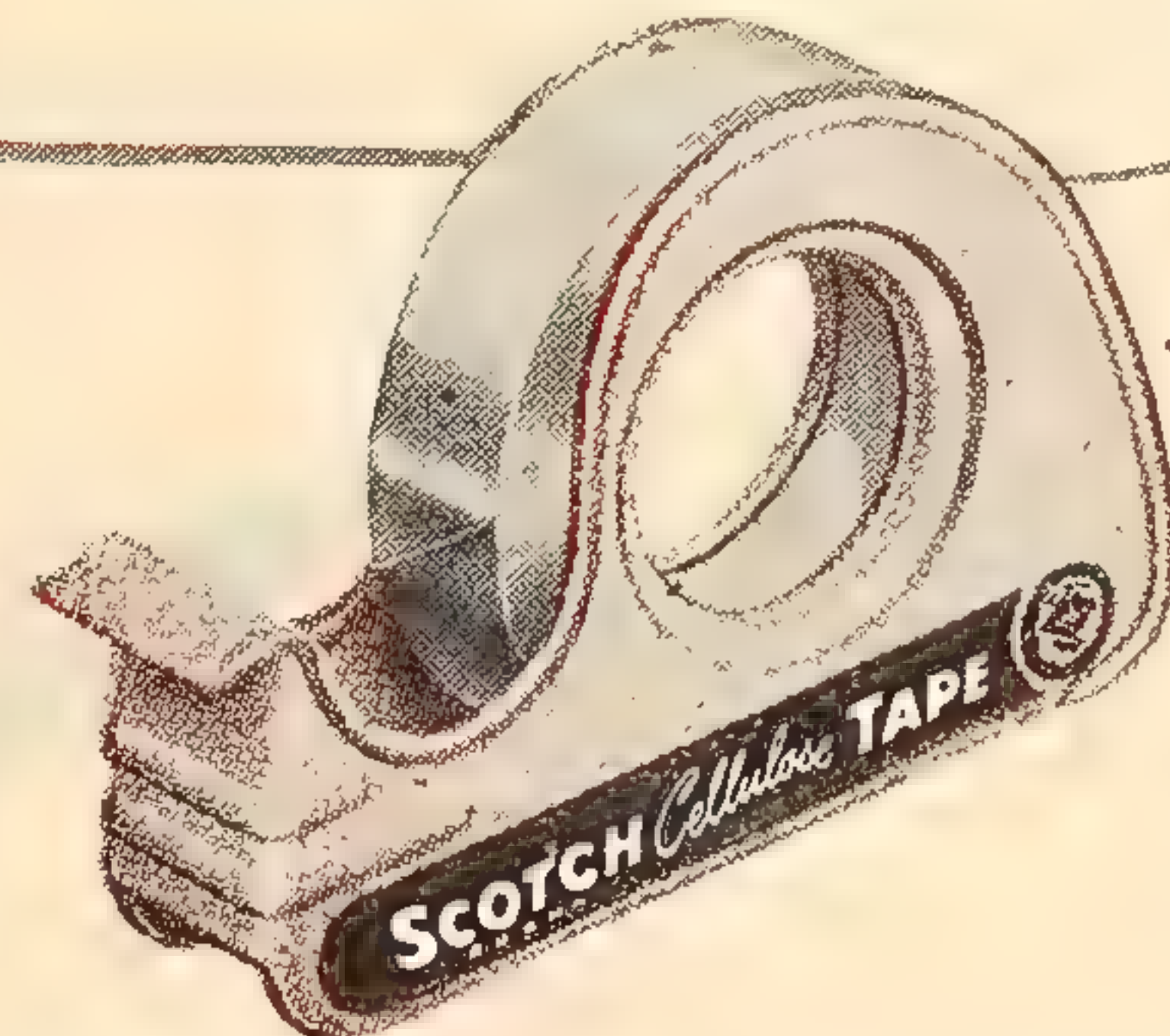


### DON'T CRAB—

when it's crab-apple instead of raspberry. Stick jam and jelly labels on with firm-holdin' "Scotch" Tape. They'll never fall off and leave you guessing. (Try it on spice boxes, too.)

I could go on and on . . . nobody's ever listed all of "Scotch" Tape's uses. You'll discover new ones every day. Too bad you can't get "Scotch" Tape right now, but it'll be back in your favorite store soon . . . ready once again to help you have a happier, neater home.

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## FOR 'TEEN AGERS

(Continued from page 72)

—purse, snapshot space, key ring and a real honest-to-goodness four leaf clover in a medallion. Its price is midget too—only \$2.25—plus 20% Federal Tax.

Most Likely to Succeed is a dress as merry as Dane Clark, as exciting as Greg Peck, and as versatile as the two of them put together. You'll wear it when it's your turn to give a book report, when your big sister tosses you your first blind date, when the gang rocks the bleachers at the season's crucial football game. You'll love the precious grey waistcoat jacket and the clear true red of the skirt, and your trained eye will know in a flash that the twin patch pockets with their bent-down corners are Something! Wear the skirt and blouse separately in endless combinations. Wear it as a suit with a sweater or blouse. In the same sturdy twill as the foregoing date-dress, this one—in spite of the chase you will lead it—will wear magnificently. Sorry—no pic—but honest—it's terrific. Under \$9.

Double Check: A wardrobe without a classic is like a record library without "Stardust." Which is why this black-and-white checked job is a must. It's the sort of dress the guys adore because it combines the little-girl look (for which they go) with just enough sophistication (for which they go). A crisp white collar, guileless as a choir boy's smile, melts them every time, and well-placed color accents bewitch them, viz. the handsome red leather belt accentuating your slimness, the good-looking metal-on-plastic buttons marching down your front. For church, school, dates, town—for all the high-spots of all your days, this is unquestionably it. Beautifully tailored of a rayon that looks and feels like sheer wool, it's a dress to cherish, a dress to be cherished in. Under \$9.

There they are, our three beloved discoveries, and confidentially we feel slightly on the Christopher Columbus side. If you love these clothes the way we do, you'll want to know where to find them, what colors they come in and all sorts of other things. We'll be right here waiting for your queries, thrilled to death to be putting you on the road to becoming the chic-est chicks around.

Thanks for all the lovely letters. Do it again, won't you? In case you've forgotten, this is us: Fashion Adviser, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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# THOSE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES!

(Continued from page 31)

chitchat. It's an old Victorian custom, rapidly waning in these days of equality between the sexes. But our more formal hostesses out-British the British. On this particular evening, Norma rose and the other women followed suit. All but Betsy—she sat. Norma smiled sweetly, made a slight beckoning gesture. Little red-headed Betsy smiled sweetly back. "That's a barbaric custom," she said, "for women who didn't have the brains to meet men on their own terms. I'm staying here—"

## fun with Flynn . . .

Grab! Errol Flynn's party for his aunt. We all laughed our heads off. Fancy Errol with an aunt! We couldn't wait to see what he'd pull this time. The guesses ranged from Marjorie Main to a horse in aunt's clothing. So we got there, and who should be standing beside Errol to greet us but a charming, gray haired woman? And who should she be but the true-life aunt of the unpredictable Flynn? Of course Hopper couldn't keep her mouth shut—

"We thought it was a gag—"

"Well," grinned the model nephew, "isn't it?"

The party where Tallulah Bankhead, who can get away with more murder than any other ten, told Clifton Webb he served the lousiest food in town.

"Do I, Hedda?" he asked plaintively.

"Why, of course not," I soothed him.

"Since when do they call baked beans food?"

The different kind of surprise party at Ann Rutherford's. After dinner, she took the guests upstairs, opened the door, and presto! a nursery complete with adopted baby. You've got to hand it to Ann and David May. Six months little Gloria'd been in the house and nobody'd smelled her out—not even me.

Now they come swarming—big parties and small, elegant and cosy, prestige parties, and parties you give for your friends. There's the kind I hate—where a \$5000 executive can't sit next to the schnuckle who makes a paltry thousand. And the kind I love—where the old-timers get off in a room by themselves with Fannie Brice in the middle, drink champagne, swap stories and weep over the dear dead days beyond recall. I know of at least one party—I voss not dere, Sharlie—where the guests divided into "We-Like-Hoppers" and "We-Don't." I think it came out about 60-40, which for me isn't bad.

One thing I've noticed. You can always tell, by the way you're shown into a house, how the help feel about their employers. I'm not sticking my neck out far enough to name names, but I will say this. When you get a stiff, unsmiling, resentful maid or butler, nine times out of ten, you're at a big producer's. Lots of people won't even go to the bigshots for interviews, no matter how plush the pay, and I don't blame them. The boss gets all his ideas from the movies. If you're rich in the movies, you have ten servants and treat them like robots. That makes you Napoleon . . .

The Goldwyns are a notable exception. I was first to arrive at one of their small dinner parties and found Sam looking very unhappy. "You'll have to excuse Frances. She's upstairs, punishing Sammy."

Presently Frances appeared, cool and lovely as ever.

"Fine time you picked to discipline your child," I said.

"Sorry, Hedda. He was rude to one of



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the maids, and that's the unforgivable sin with me—"

Parties in Hollywood are as varied as the people who give them. Dine with Colbert or Crawford or the Gary Coopers—the big racketeers who have projection rooms—and you can pretty well count on a picture after dinner. At Lana Turner's you drop in around four of a Sunday, eat a buffet supper and dance. Turhan Bey always used to be there before Uncle Sam took him, and Cheryl always came in to say hello. She's a beautiful, pink cheeked youngster with Lana's features, but dark hair and eyes like Steve Crane's. Her manners are perfect and though Lana adores her with her eyes, she doesn't, thank heaven, try to get the kid to show off.

At Lauritz Melchior's you swim—or, if you're like me, lounge around the pool in a deckchair—and listen to "Pagliacci" on Capehart records. Kleinchien—which means little one, but is Mrs. Melchior's real name—always has plenty of meat in the freezer because Lauritz does his own hunting. Then there's target shooting for them as likes it, with bets on the side and the money going to Danish Relief.

At George Murphy's you listen to the world being taken apart and put together again. How times have changed! In the old carefree days, Cagney'd go into a corny vaudeville routine with Billie, his wife—Pat O'Brien would sing Irish songs till the dawn and his voice cracked together. No more. Now you listen with bated breath to what Bob Montgomery saw from his ship on D-Day, or the stories Cagney brought home from his overseas trip. Makes you want to go out and fight. So you go and buy another bond.

Ida Lupino gives the most uninhibited parties. Words can't describe what goes on at Lupino's house—it's like "You Can't Take It With You." Half the guests she doesn't even know—just takes it for granted she met them somewhere and calls them all "ducky darling" regardless. No one's ever greeted, told goodbye or introduced. You do as you please. Feet are tapping in one corner and a typewriter in another, a couple of girls are practising ballet steps and another group recording a song, which'll find its way eventually to David Niven or somebody else in the service. Everyone's expressing himself except Helmut Dantine. He sits in a trance, seeing but not believing . . .

### claudette remembers helmut . . .

And that reminds me of a charming tale, strictly confidential, in which Helmut played the lead opposite Claudette Colbert. It began several years ago in the Tyrol. Dantine, with some other university students, was spending the holidays skiing. They were enchanted to discover that, among the guests at the inn were the American movie star, Miss Claudette Colbert, and her husband.

There was dancing after dinner. One of his pals nudged Helmut. "I dare you to ask her for a dance—"

That was a challenge no good Austrian could ignore. Shaking in his shoes, Helmut approached divinity, who smiled and said she'd be glad to dance with him. But he never got more than two whirls in succession. Once he'd done the spadework, his false friends kept cutting in . . .

Curtain. The years pass. The Gary Coopers give a party, attended among others by Claudette and that handsome young devil who played the Nazi in "Mrs. Miniver." After dinner there's dancing. As the music breaks into ¾ time, the H. Y. D. goes up to Miss Colbert and bows from the waist. "Could we finish the waltz we started in the Tyrol?"

Then it all came back—Austria before the war, a starlit night in the mountains and a boy who asked her to dance. No



wonder her face looked wistful as Helmut's arm went round her. That other night she'd been with her husband. Now he was somewhere in the South Pacific . . .

The nicest parties are given by the kids who don't know from caste distinctions, and just invite the people they like. Or maybe I should say the people who fit in. Because they know and like Gable—who doesn't—yet they'd never think of asking him to a party. He's out of their world. Then what am I doing there? Well, it's like this. Their favorite meeting place is Keenan Wynn's, and I knew Keenan's parents before he was born. That seems to make a difference. Besides, there's no aura round me as there is around Clark. I don't make them self-conscious. It's just good old Hedda breezing in—

Evie's a marvelous hostess. No strain, no chichi. Just makes you feel that the house is yours. Supper's buffet, with spaghetti or chow mein from the Farmer's Market. Nothing's planned or set. It starts like any shindig in your home town when a bunch of healthy young Americans gets together. The only difference is that the room's packed with more talent than home towns offer. So when the music gets going, it won't be long before Lucille Ball busts out singing with Desi, or Van Johnson catches up a table cloth and starts a hula no Hawaiian would ever recognize.

But it's Keenan and Danny Kaye who bring down the house. The minute those two get started, you fall on your face. There's nothing forced about either of them—they'll ad lib a routine as they go along—

"People on busses are funny," says Danny, and that's all they need. Right away they're two guys on a bus, shaking with the motion, Danny reading a paper, Keenan craning to see it over his shoulder—well, there's no sense trying to describe it, but it winds up with Keenan eating the paper and the rest of us on the floor . . .

Talking of kids brings up a Colman story. You'll see the connection in a minute, just hold your horses. It seems Ronnie and Benita dropped in on a friend who was throwing a party for the younger glamor set—Van Johnson and Esther Williams, Lana Turner, Bob Walker, Peter Lawford, Gloria DeHaven and John Payne, and June Allyson, who brought Dick Powell along.

When Ronnie saw what he'd walked into, he wanted to turn tail and flee, but it was too late. Well, in about ten minutes the Messrs. Johnson, Payne, Walker, etc. were entertaining each other, while the girls formed an adoring knot around Colman, hanging on each polished word that fell from his lips.

The girl who told me about it said: "He seemed a little shy, but I think he liked it. Because I heard him telling the hostess goodbye and he said: 'Thank you for letting me drink at the fountain of youth.'"

**bachelors' dilemma . . .**

I remember another time when the boys got left. This happened at the Jack Benny's last New Year's Eve. Mary'd asked all her unattached guests to come alone. She must have figured on pairing them up, but something slipped somewhere, and the men out-numbered the girls.

Well, you know how it is on New Year's Eve—you want someone special to say Happy New Year to. Just before midnight, people started looking sentimental. Husbands stuck to their wives, girls to their boy friends. The lights went out, the music broke softly into "Auld Lang Syne," you could hear the sound of kisses . . .

Then the lights went on. Lined up at the bar stood Van Johnson, Helmut Dantine, Errol Flynn and Freddie De Cordova, the young Warner director who—take my



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word for it girls,—has as much on the ball as the other three. There they stood, four lone wolves, looking terribly sorry for themselves, and the crowd whooped.

Flynn turned gravely to the others. "Gentlemen," he said, "let this be a lesson to you. Too many women may be bad, but not enough is worse—"

There are no more parties like the ones Joan Crawford used to throw. They weren't large, but, with her flair for the dramatic, Joan could make a production number of tea for two. She'd have gowns flown from Hattie Carnegie's, and spend two or three hours on her "toilette." When all the guests were assembled, you'd hear her voice at the head of the stairs cooing to the dachshunds, and down she'd float—

"Oh, are you all here?—do please forgive me—*darling*, how marvelous you look— This? Oh, do you like it?"—as if it were a little thing she'd stitched up just before dinner.

#### old-time glamor . . .

I always enjoyed those evenings. Joan knows what people expect of a movie star and gives it to them. In the public eye she's never been less than glamorous. And as Mrs. Phil Terry, she does her job equally well—gets down on her knees and scrubs when she can't find help.

Nowadays, big parties follow a kind of pattern. Because of rationing and the servant problem, very few are given and only for special occasions. To save wear and tear on the household, the food is catered. But the eats can be perfect, the guests congenial, and you're still likely to have a flop on your hands unless there's a good pianist in the crowd. Because sooner or later everybody wants to sing.

A pianist, for instance, might have saved Minna Wallis embarrassment. At least, Tallulah's voice wouldn't have sounded so loud. It was kind of a mixed crowd—Louis B. Mayer, the David Selznicks, Cary Grant, and Van Johnson, who usually sticks with the younger fry. Incidentally, there was an illuminating encounter between Van and Cary, and what it proves you can figure out for yourselves.

Van's house-conscious. As soon as he can, he wants to buy or build.

"Gee, I envy you," he told Cary. "The one thing I want is a well-oiled home that runs itself—so all I have to say is, 'There'll be eight for dinner tonight—'"

Cary's jaw dropped. "Are you kiddin'?" Here I am with a big place in Belair, social debts up to my ears, and no help or food. I'd give my soul for a little place to live in, where I wouldn't have to envy anyone in my life as I envy you—"

That's by the way. The party was wearing itself out around 9:45 when in walks Taloo, in a short print dress. Everyone else was gussied up to the nines, but did that bother our dreamgirl? You don't have to answer.

Minna hauled her in. "Oh, I'm glad you've come, I think you know everyone."

Tallulah stopped, looked around, then that gentle voice of hers rang out. "I don't know a blankety soul in the place—"

Minna tried to cover up, but she should have known better. The more you cover up for Tallulah, the sharper her thrusts. She spent the rest of the evening sitting three feet from Louis B. and making horrible cracks about M-G-M, who had her out here ten years ago and ruined her with a couple of stinking pictures.

Ann Sothorn gave her first party in years for the baby's christening. Mal Milland was godmother, Walter Lang godfather. From the church you went straight to the house. Tables were set in the garden under a cellophane canopy, but halfway through the meal a wind came up and ripped the cellophane. Hair and food started blowing around.



Yes . . . and dainty, too, with

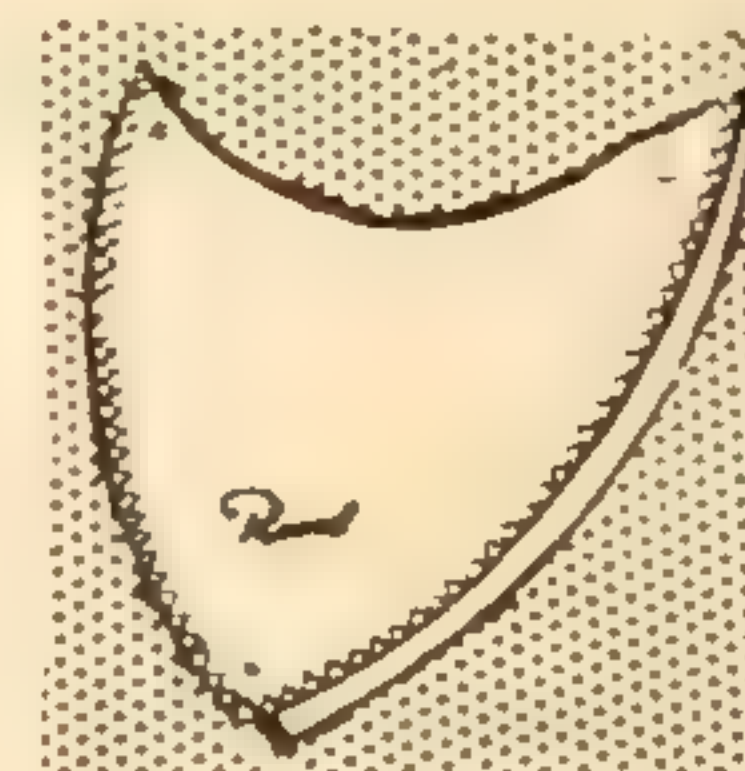
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"I'll get some Scotch tape," yelled Bob Sterling.

"It's no use, Bob," Hedy Lamarr yelled back. "I know these things. When they're gone, they're gone—" So you grabbed your food and ran indoors, and sat on the floor if you couldn't find a chair.

The place was lousy with actors. You'd think they'd get tired of performing, but no, they all wanted to be in the act. Ann Blythebugged with Cesar Romero, who was home on leave. Dolores Hope, Bob's wife, sang "More Than You Know." She's got a low kind of torchy voice and sings it divinely. Originally, Warners planned to dub her voice in for Bacall's but finally decided the Babe's own pipes would do. The only ones who didn't perform were Tom and Chris Drake. They'd just been married and sat starry-eyed in a corner, holding hands. You felt you ought to walk around them on tiptoe . . .

Finally Roger Edens took over—he's the miracle man who arranges Judy Garland's songs. Where Roger is, there's a million dollars worth of entertainment. Everyone crowded round for community singing. Curiously enough, it's not the Hit Parade tunes they clamor for, but the old-time favorites.

**Lawford to the rescue . . .**

In the midst of all this, there was a sound on the stairs. Heads turned, and suddenly you could have heard a pin drop. There stood the nurse, with Patricia asleep in her arms, a tiny crown on her head. "Who's the queen of the evening, anyway?" asked the nurse.

Young Peter Lawford, quick on the uptake, dropped to one knee. "Long live the queen," he said softly, and everyone murmured, "Long live the queen." It was very sweet, and I'll bet there wasn't a pair of dry eyes in the place.

Of course any hostess who has Bob Hope at a party can guarantee her guests a hell of a time. Maybe he's late, maybe he's been going all day, maybe he's had five benefits, it makes no difference. Your

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was visiting my aunt, who works in a tea room in California which is visited by many movie stars. My aunt asked me to run across the street and get a dish cloth for her, so I dashed out the door with my head

down, and bumped right into a very handsome man. In a hurry, I muttered, "Excuse me," and kept right on going. When I came back to the tea room, some movie stars were sitting down at one of the tables, and my aunt said I might wait on them, which was very exciting for me. When I served them, I realized the star was Alan Ladd, and blurted out my apologies . . . for he was the man whom I had bumped into a few minutes before! In answer to my apologies, he smiled and said that as punishment, I had to stay and mind Alana, his little girl, while he and his wife danced for awhile. I was so thrilled to tell the kids back home that I had minded Alan Ladd's baby . . . and been paid with a picture, autographed personally to me!

Billie Followell,  
Parsons, Kansas



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party can be dying on its feet. Let Bob walk in, and it springs to life. . .

The Millands have a Christmas party every year. We in Hollywood are delighted that those two grand people are together again—that there'll be more Christmas parties for Mal and Ray and little Danny and their hosts of friends. Year after year the same guests are invited—names you know and names you never heard of—all of them people who knew the Millands when. You're supposed to help trim the tree before midnight supper. But Fred MacMurray's the only one who works. The others tack a toy here or tie a ball there and go off to more amusing matters. Fred sticks at it religiously. When he fixes the star on top, you know it's done.

Carolers come to the door. You hear them squealing as Ray goes out to thank them. But their excitement was nothing, compared to his own last Christmas. He'd bought Mal a diamond bracelet, her first. She wasn't to get it till Christmas morning, but he kept sneaking people upstairs to take a look. "Fine thing," she sniffed, "everyone gets a preview but the wife—"

After a while you'll hear weird sounds from the piano. For reasons best known to himself, Ray's got to play "I'll See You In My Dreams" on Christmas Eve. Only he can't play. Someone who can sits down, and Ray moves over. "Play 'I'll See You in My Dreams.'" If the guy doesn't know it, Ray gets terribly hurt.

Dolores Hope was there but Bob, who'd been doing shows, came very late. Five minutes, and he had the crowd in hysterics. "Come on," said Dolores. "You've been going all day and the kids'll have you up at six—"

But there's always another story Bob wants to tell. Dolores went up for her coat. Coming down, her heel caught on the last step and she went sprawling, just as Bob was about to make his point. Naturally, everyone rushed to help her—everyone but Bob.

"She'll do anything for a laugh," he observed, deadpan, and went on with his story.

Jane and Ronnie Reagan had a Christmas party too. Frank Sinatra came—Nancy was in New York. Van Johnson brought Mary Benny, because Jack was overseas. There was Clark Gable with Kay Williams, Fieldsie and Walter Lang, Ann Sheridan—oh well, it would be simpler to say who wasn't there.

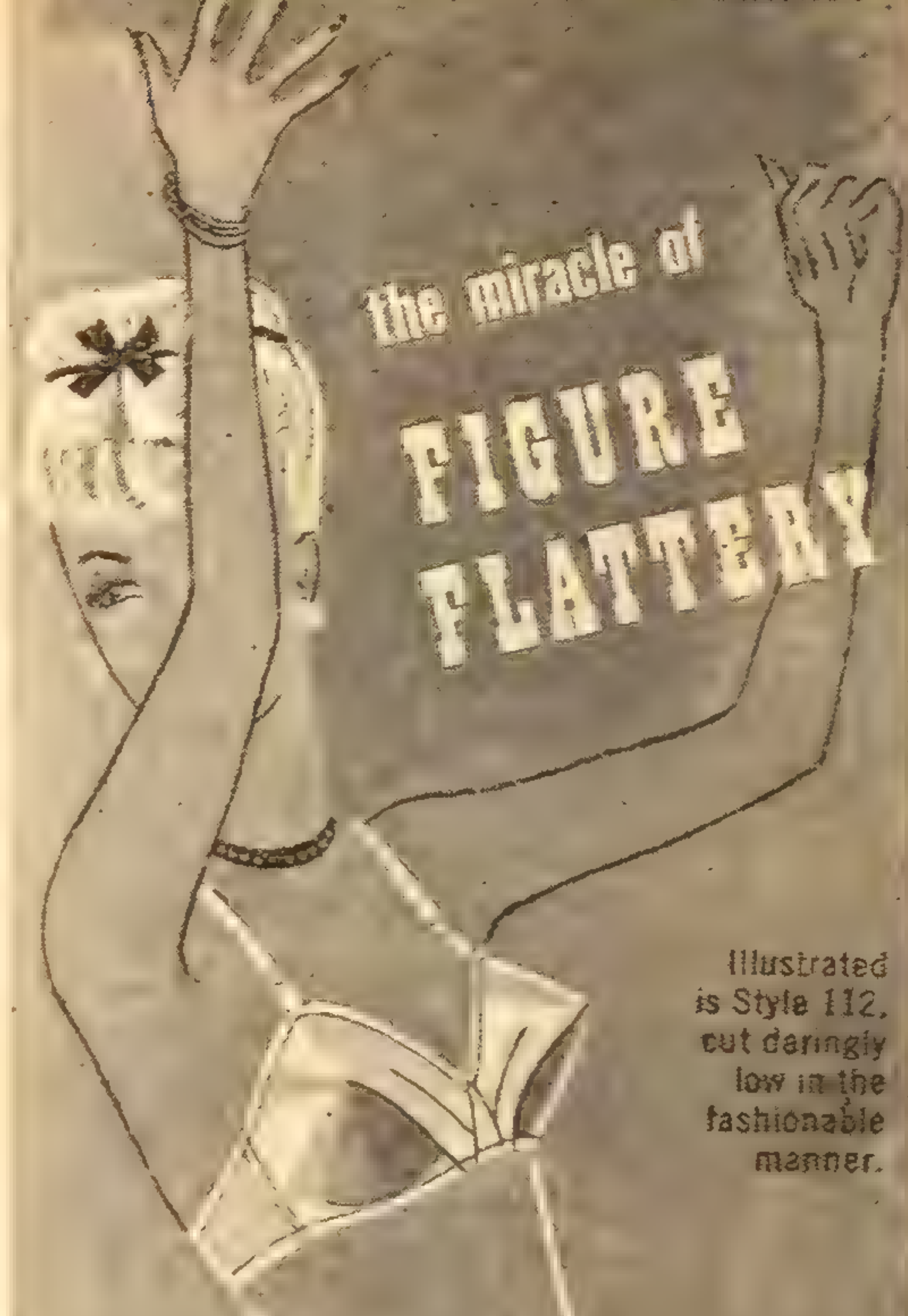
Two things you can be sure of at the Reagans. Ronnie'll wind up in a corner with George Murphy, fighting the war—and at some point Jane'll be on top of the piano. She adores Helen Morgan, owns all the original arrangements of Morgan's songs, and is wild to do Morgan's life in pictures. She'd be darn good too—

The unshyest person I know at a party is Loretta Young. Ann Sheridan's the shyest. She's the best audience in the world, but hasn't an exhibitionistic bone in her body. However, Sam Brown, the marvelous colored pianist who accompanies Jane, started playing cowboy songs, and cowboy songs are what Texas Annie can't resist. Gradually she worked her way to the piano. And when Sam went into "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," no one but Annie knew the words.

First thing you know, Gable was working his way over to Annie. "What was that first line?"

Then they were singing it together. Annie'd take one line and Clark the next. They batted it back and forth, adlibbing and kidding, having a swell time. Walter Lang—you know he's married to Fieldsie, Carole's best friend. No one's any closer to Clark than those two, or wishes him better. Well, Walter was watching all this with a kind of intent look. Then, al-

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most as if the words were dragged out of him, he said: "Why hasn't anyone thought of Ann for Clark? She's like Carole. She loves to laugh—"

Meantime Frankie'd been sitting quietly on the floor, listening to Sam play. His feeling about good music amounts to reverence, and you could tell he thought Sam one of the best. Of course everyone was dying for him to sing, but Jane had warned people not to ask. He was her guest, and she didn't want him exploited.

Finally, though—and I don't remember who it was—someone *did* ask him. Your Swoonboy, kids, couldn't have been nicer about it. He wasn't eager, yet he didn't wait to be coaxed. "If you want me to sing," he said simply, "I'll be glad to—"

Most of the gals were Sinatra fans, a few were skeptics. They got that amused, detached look in their eyes, that business of "I-dare-you-to-do-it-to-me—" Well, he did. "I've got a woman crazy for me," he sang—very soft, very quiet. And before he'd finished twelve bars, the damndest thing happened. Every woman in that room was sitting up, taking notice, growing conscious of herself as a woman. How he does it I have no idea. It's as though he were singing straight to you—an intimate, forlorn quality that leaves you helpless. Me? Oh, at my age, I'm immune, but I can still understand it.

There was just one sour note and it wasn't Frankie's doing. Mary Benny's sister Babe leaned over and whispered to her neighbor. And a guy who'd come with Frank—with more candor than sense—told her she was being rude.

Well, Babe's no character to tangle with. She managed to keep the lid on till Frankie'd finished, then this voice cut like knives through the applause: "Say, whom do you think you're telling off, anyway? I knew Sinatra when he didn't have a record to his name—"

But the boner to end all boners happened at a very different kind of a party. It kills me that I can't tell you who pulled it, and I have no interest in protecting the girl. But the guy who brought her—though he certainly should have known better—is too good an egg for me to embarrass.

In Hollywood there's an organization called the Players Club. Its members are oldtime theater folk who revere great acting and the tradition of the stage. One of the youngest is Harry Davenport, which gives you an idea. Their memories would make a rich and exciting record, and they get together in their big old-fashioned clubhouse to keep those memories alive.

The year's gala event is Ladies Night. This year it was dedicated to the memory of Edwin Booth. The ceremonies are stately—even a little longwinded—but infinitely touching to anyone with a love for the theater. You might now and then be quietly amused, but never disrespectful. Speeches are made and the climax comes when, at a given signal, you all rise together and lift your wineglass in a silent toast to the portrait of Booth.

**dumb dora . . .**

The man who brought this girl must have gone slightly haywire. Among all the conservative evening gowns, her backless formal stood out like a red light. Among all the life-lined faces, her blank young beauty struck an incongruous note. I felt sorry for her too, she looked so bewildered. Who the hell was Edwin Booth, and what was she doing here when she could have been dancing at the Mocambo—?

At the signal, we rose and lifted our glasses. The little starlet turned to her companion. Her voice had more carrying power than she realized. "'Jever see so many squares in your life?" she asked.

That's all, girls. Here's where I draw the curtain on Hollywood parties.

# New!...

## the "Embracelet" that says.

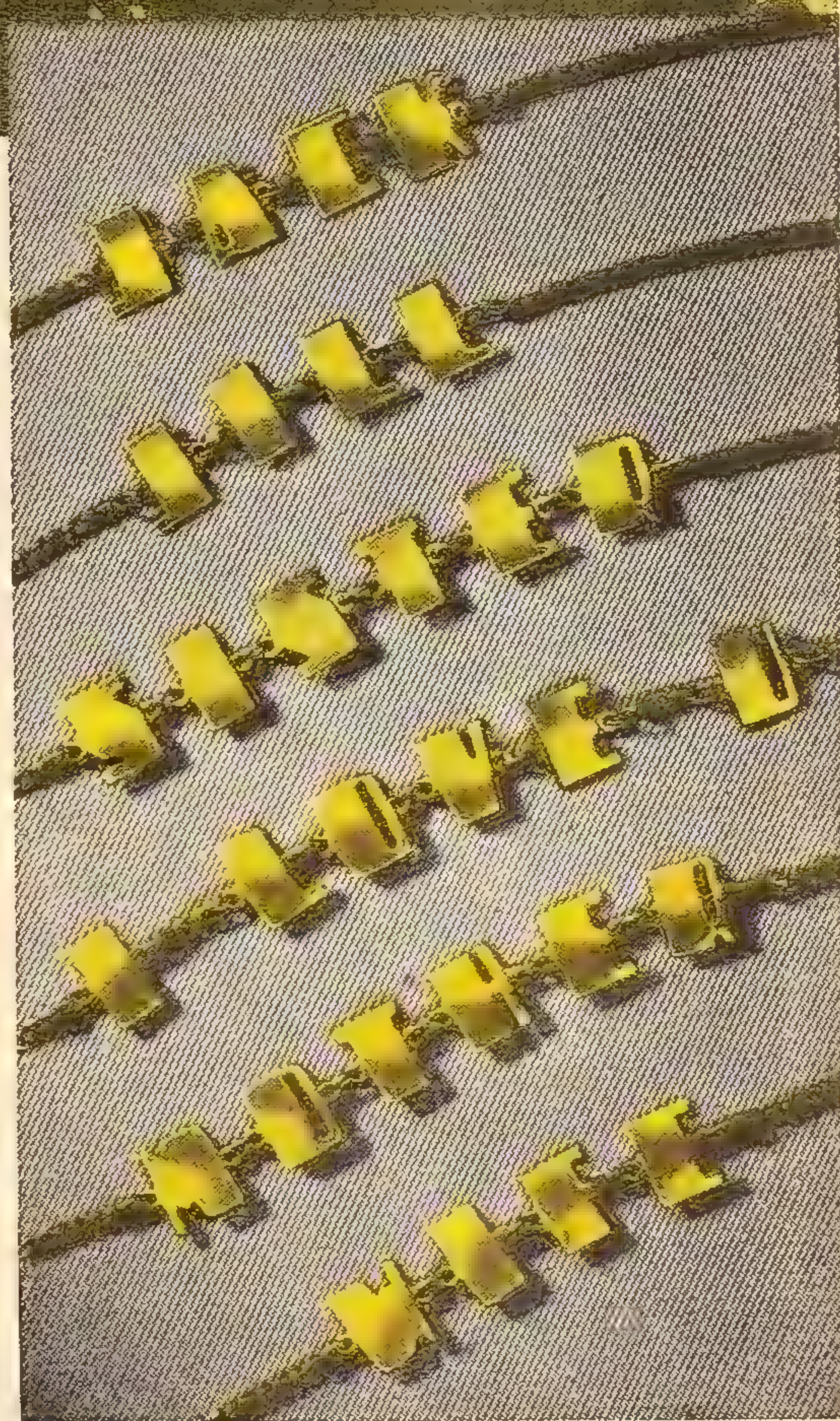
*"I love you!"*



Instead of tying a string around her finger so she'll remember you, tie an "Embracelet" around her wrist—a stunning, stylish URISCRAFT bracelet that carries *your* name in ten Karat gold letters on a ten Karat gold chain! Or thrill her by selecting an "Embracelet" with *her* name on it. Either way, you're sure it spells LOVE! And either way, be sure it's a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"—hand-finished by New York artisans—priced to give Cupid a helping hand—and so new it's actually making fashion news!

*You can't mail an Embrace — so mail her a URISCRAFT "Embracelet"!*

30 feminine and 30 masculine names in stock. Others made without extra cost. Three letter names \$10.50 — each additional letter 75c. Add Federal tax. Sold at Jewelry and Dept. Stores, Px's and Ship Service Stores everywhere.



"Embracelets" can be furnished with Army Eagle, \$2.25, or Propeller and Wings, \$1.10 . . . Navy Anchor, \$1.50, Cap Shield, \$2.25, or Wings, \$1.10 . . . Marine Corps Emblem, \$1.50.

# URISCRAFT

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Almost incredibly beautiful is Geraldine Spreckels, of the prominent West Coast family. Her features are flawless . . . her coloring combines gold hair with dark eyes and creamy skin. She is thrilled with the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . calls it "a real beauty find!"



**1-Minute Mask**

pays quick beauty returns!

**Lovely Geraldine Spreckels**  
says: "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin looking so fresh . . . feeling so soft!"

## "Re-style" your complexion—in one short minute!

Here is the freshening, 60-second beauty "pick-up" that glamorous Geraldine Spreckels finds so effective:

Spread generous fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream in a mask over your entire face—except your eyes.

Leave on one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves scaly dead skin cells and imbedded dirt! Now tissue off.

Right away your skin looks clearer . . . lighter! Feels smoother! Takes make-up with soft flattery!

### Superb powder base . . .

Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal powder base. Stroke on a light film of Cream and leave it on. Ungreasy . . . long-lasting!



## "PRIDE OF THE MARINES"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 69)

getting her last licks in at the roast. Little Lucy, the Merchant kid, was fussing around, helping her mother set the table. Al was just climbing into his jacket after a shower and a shave. The bell rang.

The lights went off!

"Jim!" Ella Mae called from the kitchen.

"The lights—"

"I know," Jim said. "The fuse blew."

"Papa—" Lucy called.

"Stay where you are," Jim yelled back.

"I'll have it fixed in a minute."

wanna wife? . . .

Al groped through the darkness to the front door and opened it. There was a girl out there. She looked a little scared and she was holding her finger.

"I pushed the buzzer and sparks flew out," she said.

"Well, well," Al said. "You're Ruth, aren't you? Come on in. I'm Al Schmid."

"Oh," the girl said. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No," Al said grimly, looking at the girl. "Ella Mae did."

The dinner wasn't much of a success. Al kept making pointed remarks and the girl didn't quite know what to make of it. And Ella Mae kept right on with her blithe matchmaking: Ruth is a wonderful bowler, she whispered to Al, she bowls five hundred—Al nodded grimly and didn't tell her that three hundred was a perfect score. So they went bowling.

Ruth bowled a neat forty-five.

Ella Mae was keeping score. Jim leaned over to her as Al got up to pick up his ball. "Honey, it's murder," he said. "Al's just picking on that poor kid to get even with you."

"Oh, no," Ella Mae said. "He really likes her."

"Ella—" Jim said helplessly.

"You'll see."

"What do you say we knock off after this game, Al?" Jim called brightly. "Let's go sop some beers."

Al turned.

"Why, Ruthie hasn't hit her stride yet," he said.

"Cut it, Al," Jim said almost angrily.

"Don't you want to bowl some more, Ruthie?" Al said innocently.

Her eyes narrowed and there was a thoughtful pucker to her lips: "I'd love to," she said.

"See," Ella Mae whispered triumphantly to Jim, "they want to be alone."

So the Merchants left and Al and Ruth were alone in the bowling alley. It was then Ruth asked Al to show her how to bowl. She was very sweet about it: Al was such a wonderful bowler, wouldn't he please, please, give her some pointers. Was she holding the ball right? And how many steps did you take before you let it go? And where do you aim, the alley or the pins? Now if he'd just show her once more? He had such wonderful form. Three steps and then that little step . . . was that it . . .

"Just three steps," Al said.

"But you took three and then that cute little step—"

"Look," Al said. "The step there was a mistake. I was a little off balance going in and—"

"You made a mistake," the girl said, "the great Al Schmid, the best bowler in Philadelphia?"

Al's eyes narrowed: "What is this?" he said. "A gag? Are you trying to rib me?"

"It's not very hard," Ruth said. "You're



not awfully bright—"

"Well, of all—"

"Now maybe you know how I've been feeling all evening," Ruth said angrily. "You and your smart cracks. Just who do you think you are?"

"Me? Me?" Al yelled. "You cook it up with Ella Mae to hook yourself a husband. And then you yell when the fish wriggles. What do you think I am anyway?"

"I never even spoke to Ella Mae about you. I didn't even know you were going to be there. As for what I think you are—in one word—I think you're a drip!"

And she was gone.

So they fell in love.

And in a way it wasn't strange, for Ruth was everything Al ever wanted in a girl: bright, pretty, lively, sweet. It wasn't hard to fall in love with Ruth. It wasn't hard at all. You saw her a couple of times, you took in a couple of movies together, a few rides out to the quieter parts of town and the next thing you knew you just didn't even think of giving another girl a tumble. You even took her hunting—

It was late Fall then, cool, crisp weather, just a touch of frost in the air; the leaves were turning and the whole world looked like the crazy quilt of a rainbow. They built a fire by a little stream they found, set up the grill and got the steaks out and the coffee boiling.

Al leaned over.

"You know what," he said. "I like you, baby."

"Really?" Ruth said. "Sure it's not the coffee?"

"Ain't you even curious what I like about you?"

"The million dollars I haven't got?"

Al touched her cheek: "I like the way you look out in the wind and sun. I like the way you don't chatter all the time. I like the way we both laugh at the same gags. I like—"

She was turned toward him and suddenly his face was very close to hers and there was one minute when their eyes met and it was like a spark jumping out of the fire they'd built. He didn't say anything. He only moved forward a little. And then he kissed her.

Ruth said softly: "You ought to blow a horn or a whistle or something when you're ready to do that. Give a girl a chance—"

"You don't need any warnings, Ruth—"

"You might ask a girl," she said.

"Hello, Ruth," he said.

And kissed her again.

date with her heart . . .

Still it was funny about Al. Sure, he was crazy about her; sure, she was the only girl in the world for him. But—well, marriage was like tying an anchor around a guy's neck. Some guys went for it and some guys just weren't built that way.

There was the Sunday Ella Mae had a fancy roast basting in the kitchen. Al and Ruth were sprawled on the living room floor sharing the Sunday comics and Jim was tinkering with the radio.

"You know," Jim said, squinting into the innards of the radio, "I wouldn't mind two weeks up in Canada right now . . . huntin' and fishin'—"

"Come on," Al said. "Let's pack and go."

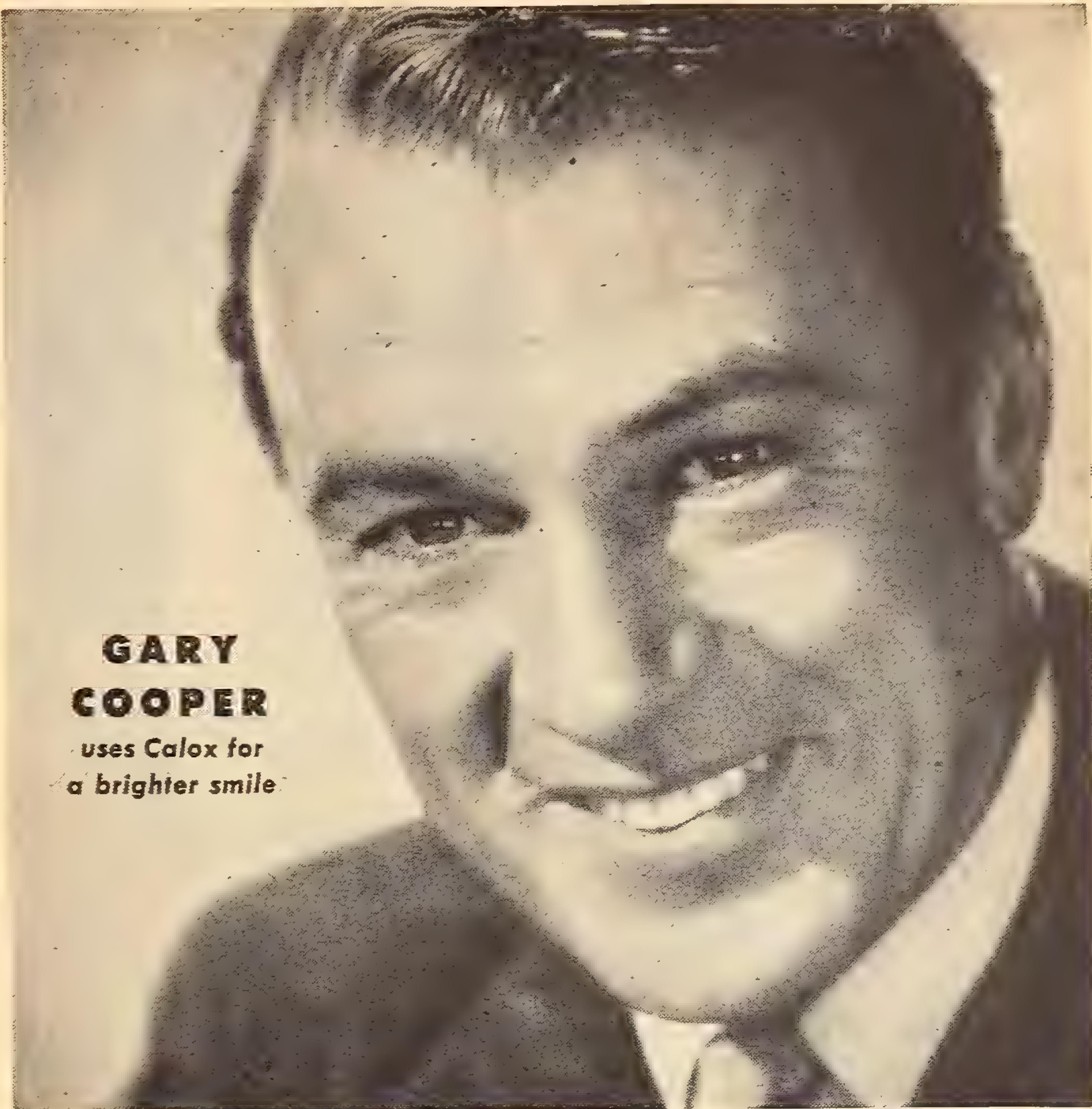
"Yeah, sure," Jim said. "And what do I do with the wife and kid?"

Al grinned. "You're the guy who wanted to get married, remember?"

From the kitchen Ella Mae called that the roast was almost ready. Ruth looked up from the comics, but she didn't look toward Ella Mae. She looked at Al.

Al rolled over on his back. "Hey, did I tell you about New Year's Eve, Ruth?" he

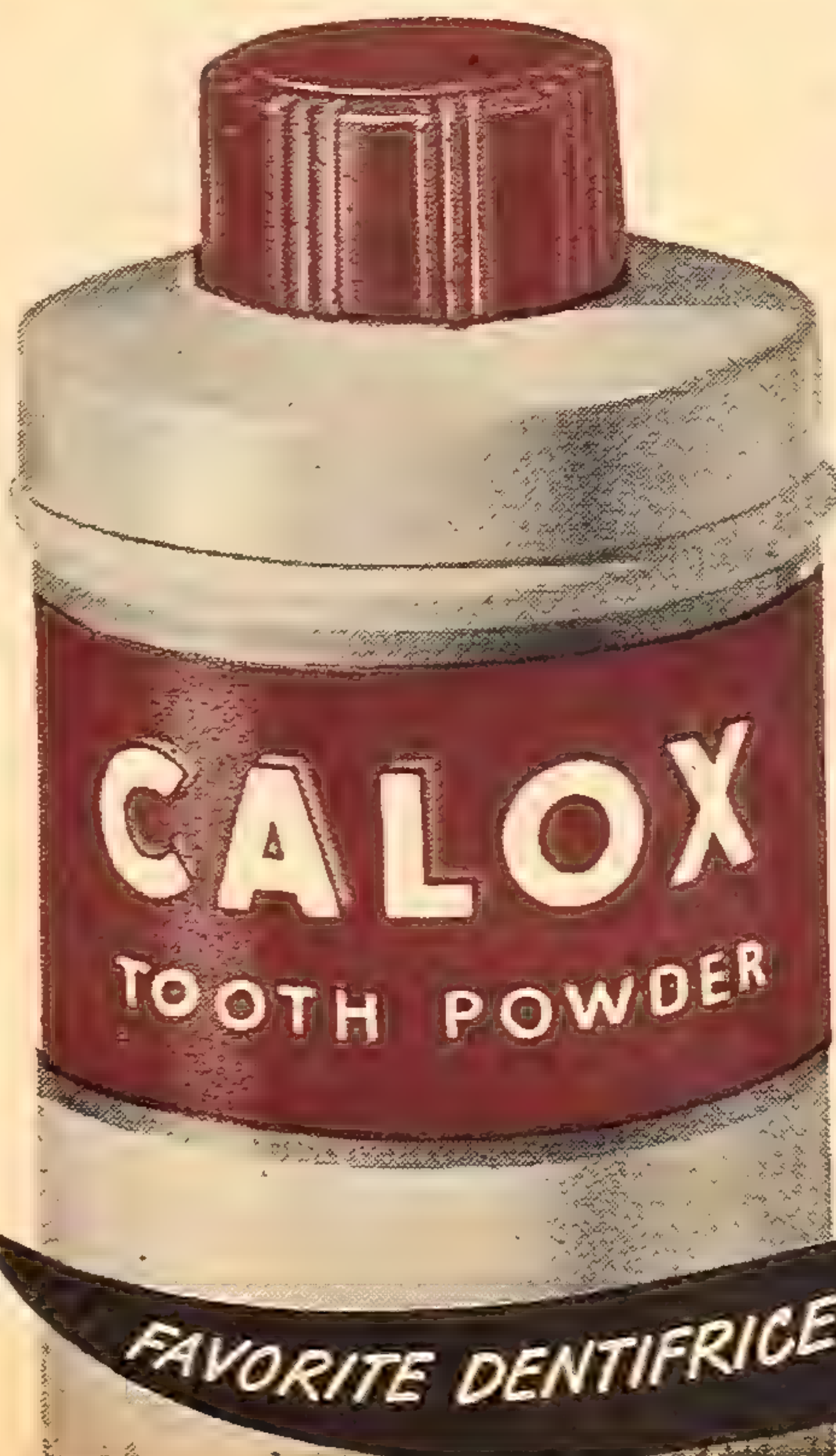
Producer-Star of "ALONG CAME JONES" (An International Picture)



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COOPER**

uses Calox for  
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*"Alluring!"*

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Yes, Mrs. Marshall, and I think you'll agree that the smart new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are not only lovely to look at...*they're wonderful to wear!* They don't run or smear. They stay on for many extra hours. And Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish assures lips not too dry—not too moist...vivid lips with a satin-like smoothness that makes them doubly inviting...In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural!



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and one of America's fore-  
most authorities on beauty  
and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

*and see how beautiful you can be*

said. "Jim and Ella made a reservation for us over at this chop suey joint they go to every year. Okay? Or do I have to look up another gal in my address book?"

"I don't even have an address book any more," Ruth said.

"What's wrong with me?" Al said.

"Nothing, Al. You're a great guy."

But it was there in her eyes and Al knew what she was thinking and he got up restlessly and walked over to Jim at the radio. He watched Jim splice two wires together. Then he turned back to Ruth.

"I never kidded you, Ruth," he said. "You always knew I was a rolling stone. It's just the way I am. I can't help it—"

"Soup's on," Ella Mae called from the dining room.

And just then, too, the radio blasted into music. Jim smiled triumphantly. Ruth climbed to her feet slowly. There was a moment of dead silence from the radio and then an announcer's voice cut through: "News has just come in that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. At present we have no further information. Stay tuned to this station."

"You hear that?" Al said.

"Yeáh," Jim said. "Pearl Harbor. Where's that?"

Ella Mae swung open the door between the living room and the small dining room. She was carrying the roast. "Take a look at that," she said. "Look and sniff. And let's get at it."

"Fellow on the radio said the Japs just bombed Pearl Harbor," Jim said.

"Did they?" Ella Mae said. "Let's eat now."

The Chinese restaurant was full that New Year's Eve. There were streamers dangling from the ceiling and there was one fat guy kept throwing confetti every chance he got. Jim and Ella, Al and Ruth had a booth over in one corner of the place. They were all wearing funny paper hats and Al had his pushed back all the way on his head.

"So they banged me a couple of times on the chest," Al said. "And I coughed twice. And they took a squint at my ears. And, bingo! I'm a Marine. A U. S. Marine! Just like that—"

"Fast," Jim said.

"Four hours altogether."

"And now they're holding up the war until you get there," Jim said and laughed.

"Sure," Al said. "Schmid lands! The war's over!"

"When do you have to report?"

"Seven in the morning. Got to catch a train down to the base."

"Going down to see the one man army off?" Jim said to Ruth.

"What for?" Al said quickly. "We got a deal not to go softhearted the last minute. Right, Ruth?"

"Right," Ruth said softly.

**this has to last me . . .**

So he was on the station alone in the gray misty morning, waiting for the train, remembering last night. The platform was full of people. There were even a couple of Marines. One of them was wrapped up in a girl. Al lit a cigarette and looked away. Funny, he had a feeling something was missing, something wasn't right . . .

The loudspeaker in the station blasted into sound: "Sunland Limited arriving. Track seven. Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, points South—"

Al hitched his shoulders slightly and picked up the small duffel bag he was carrying. Well, this was it. He began to walk down the platform.

It was the feather on her hat he saw first. He always thought that feather was funny. And then suddenly there she was.



And it was like the last piece of a jig-saw puzzle falling into place.

"You crazy kid," he said. "You crazy kid . . ."

She was crying, her face against his shoulder. And he cupped her chin and lifted her face and kissed her. He wiped the tears away with his finger.

"You're not sore I came, Al," she whispered.

"I could bat your brains out," Al said softly.

"Don't be sore, Al—"

"Listen," he said. "There isn't much time. So listen fast. You love me? Me, too. Ruth, I love you, honey. I can't kid myself about it anymore. And that stuff we talked about. You going out with other guys. Forget that. You're for me, baby."

"I wouldn't have gone out anyway, Al—"

"All right. Now just hold still. Let me look at that funny face of yours. It's got to last me a long time. Stay that way, Ruth. You hear me? That's what I want to come back to—"

The train was in the station then. And there were only a few moments more. He moved very close to her and for a minute the station, the train, the crowds were all blotted out and it was as if they were back there over a fire in the hunting country in the Fall.

"Hello, baby," Al said.

"Hello, Al—" she said.

get the gun, al

It was an island named Guadalcanal; and there was a field named Henderson Field. And there was the Japanese army, flushed with victories, sated with the sweep of conquest, that was rolling on like an enormous tide down the whole vast stretch of the Pacific.

And there was a handful of Marines.

There was a Marine named Al Schmid who was part of a machine gun crew: Three men—Al Schmid, Johnny Rivers, Lee Diamond. A kid from Philadelphia, a Jewish boy from New York and an ex-prize-fighter who was part Indian, part white and part Negro. There were these three men of a machine gun crew on the outskirts of Henderson Field and a few others like them, Marines, kids from anywhere in America. And across the Tenaru River was a Japanese Army.

They came over one night, hordes of them, like a terrible, rolling wave: So many of them that it seemed incredible that a handful of men and a few machine guns could keep them off. But they did. All through those terrible, damp, Pacific nights. That was the miracle of Guadalcanal.

They kept them off because the machine gun crews like Al Schmid's kept firing, kept going, never stopped, never turned back. They didn't stop when Johnny Rivers grunted and slowly slumped to the bottom of the emplacement and they could see the blood oozing out of the neat, small hole in his head. And Al Schmid didn't stop when a skibbie belt of bullets caught Lee Diamond's shoulder and half spun him around until he fell over the gun, yelling: "Push me away, Al. Push me away. Get on the gun, Al. Get on the gun."

So it was Al Schmid all alone in the dark watching a thin line of river where the Japs came and rose and charged . . . and fell. Until there were more than two hundred piled before the machine gun emplacement. If he weren't so tired, so close to the end of his rope, he might have seen the wounded Jap who inched closer and closer, holding the grenade in his hand. But even that Jap, the one who got through, was too late, because by that time the attack had been beaten back. But



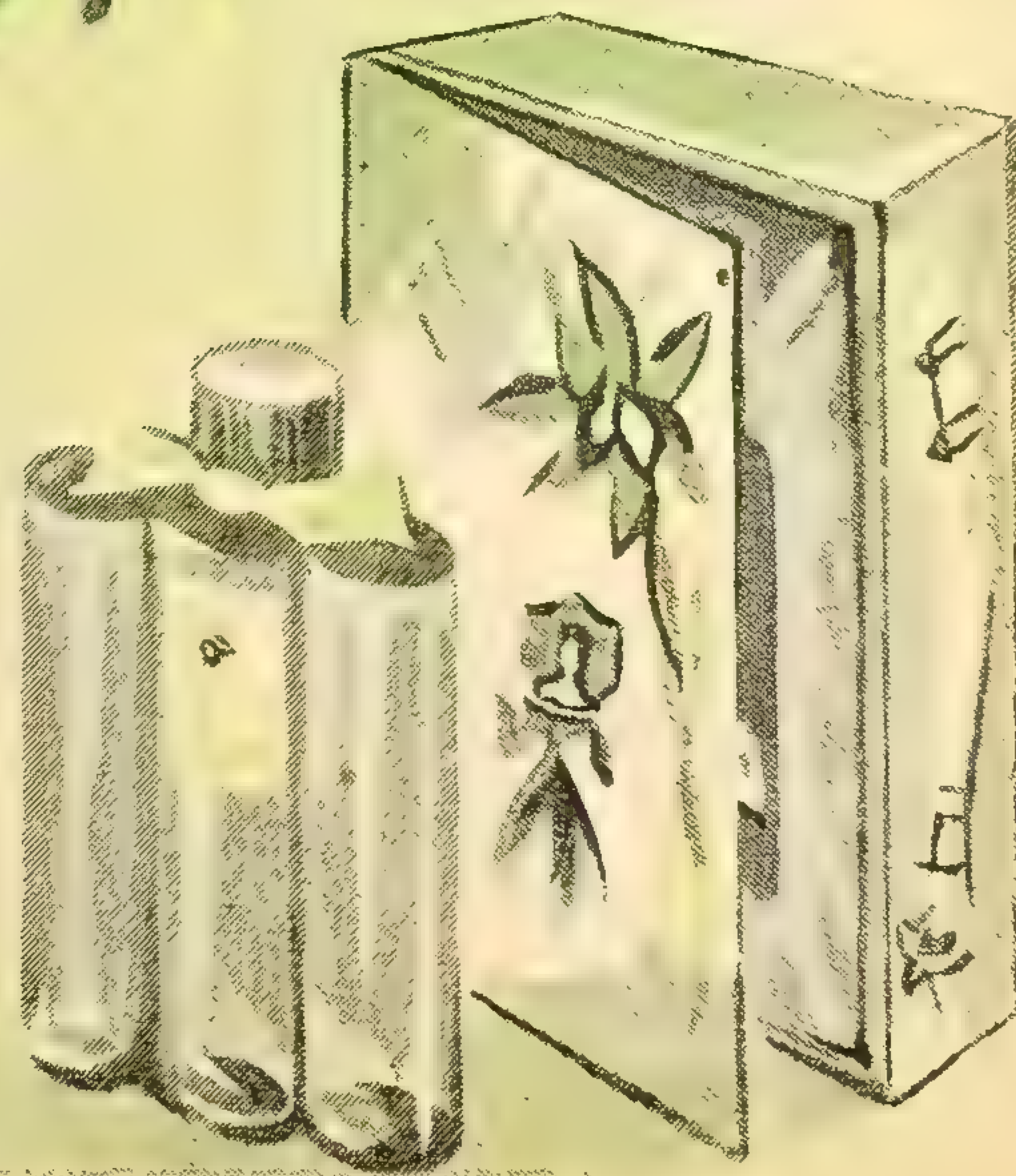
McCallough

# April Showers

*The Fragrance of Youth*

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(Plus tax)





he kept inching up to the dirt barricade and then in one convulsive movement the grenade arched into the hole and exploded in a twisting spiral like a huge and horrible night flower in bloom . . .

The Doctor pulled the shades down so you couldn't see the sun over San Diego anymore. When the room was dark he walked toward the man in the chair.

"Ready, Schmid?" he said.

"Come on, doc. Let's get going. Take the bandages off."

"Look, Schmid. Don't expect too much. It can take a long time for those eye muscles to heal. This operation doesn't always work—"

"Take the bandages off, Doc. Please."

The Doctor unwrapped the bandages. He worked swiftly with quick, kind hands. And when the last roll was off he dropped it all to the floor and stood looking at Al.

Al said tensely: "You got the shades down, Doc?"

"Yes."

"That's why I don't see anything, eh? I know I can't expect my eyes to be perfect. After all, with the shades down it gets pretty dark. And you said the key was a flashlight test—"

dark, dark . . .

"I've got the flashlight out, Schmid," the doctor said. "I'm going to put it behind my back, light it, and then slowly bring it around up to your eyes. As soon as you see anything, yell—"

The little blob of light flashed with sudden, startling brilliance in the dark room. It moved slowly toward the strained face of the Marine in the chair. Closer . . . closer . . .

"See anything, Schmid?"

"Not much yet, Doc. Bring it closer. Like

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*I am a nurse at Hollywood Hospital, and after eleven o'clock the elevator service is a "Drive It Yourself." One night, late and hurrying on duty I stepped into the elevator to find a young man in a bright red jacket, running the elevator absent-mindedly. I wondered where such a handsome blond young man came from, and why he didn't have on a white hospital coat. Very politely, he asked what floor I wanted, and gallantly opened both doors for me when we reached my floor. Turning to thank him, I came out of a daze and recognized him to be—Van Johnson, who was staying all night to be near his friend Keenan Wynn, who had had a serious accident, and didn't know his friend was standing guard outside his room all night long.*

*Mrs. Grace Hulst, R.N.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.*

the headlight of a train far away in a fog—"

"Schmid—"

"Bring it closer, Doc!"

"Schmid," the Doctor said softly. "I brought it right in front of your eyes. You should have seen it if—"

"I can't be blind," Al said. "Doc, tell me I can't be blind!"

"Son," the Doctor said, "this is only

the first chance we've had to treat your eyes. Sometimes after treatment and rest—say in another year—we can take another crack at it—"

"Another year!"

"Schmid. Listen to me. You mustn't feel that way about it. I know a fellow, went through medical school with me. Blind. He does everything I can do. Some things better. All right, he can't hunt and there are some things he can't do but he lives a full life. Are you listening to me, Al?"

"Why don't God strike me dead!" Al Schmid said.

He wrote a letter to Ruth Hartley that week. And his face was tight and hard as stone as he dictated; he kept knitting his hands together until they were gathered into fists. The Red Cross girl took it down.

"Why don't you wait before you write this letter?" she said.

"Look, Virginia," he said. "I got my mind made up."

"How about giving Ruth a chance to decide for herself, too? You've never even told her you're blind, Al—"

"And I'm never going to. All right, you ready, Virginia? Come on, take it."

"All right, Al," she said. "You're the boss."

"Dear Ruth—" he began.

"Dear Ruth:

I'm not coming back to Philly. You might as well know. As for getting married . . . you always knew I was a rolling stone. So get yourself another guy. I wish you all the best . . ."

And in Philadelphia a girl named Ruth Hartley read the letter through eyes that were suddenly flooded with tears. And after the first shock passed she went to the phone. She put the call through for the San Diego Hospital, for a Marine named

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Al Schmid. But it was a woman's voice that answered her.

"Ruth? This is Virginia Pfeiffer. I'm the girl who's been writing Al's letters for him. Yes, I wrote the last one, too. Listen to me, Ruth. You've got a shock coming. Al didn't write that letter because he doesn't love you any more . . . he wrote it because he's blind . . . and because he's afraid he'll be a burden on you for the rest of your life . . . it's something you'll have to decide, Ruth. Do you want him . . . even as he is . . . do you love him enough? Because I think we can work it out, the two of us. First me out here, then you in Philadelphia . . . if you love him enough . . ."

And the girl in Philadelphia said: "Love him? Love him? I'd take him any way . . . any way he is . . . any way at all . . . as long as it's Al . . ."

But it wasn't as easy as all that. Al wouldn't listen. To no one. Not to Virginia and not to Lee Diamond nor to any of the boys who had been with him on Guadalcanal. He lived in a tight, brooding world of darkness and dark thoughts. He wouldn't even admit he was blind. "I don't see so good yet," he'd sav. And if they tried to tell him about the jobs a blind man could do, he wouldn't listen. There was a bleak, stony look on his face. And he never mentioned Ruth's name at all . . .

The Red Cross girl, Virginia, spoke to the Commander about it. They never told Al, of course. But one day he was called down to the office and the Captain's voice was innocent and cheerful. Lee Diamond was there, too.

"Schmid," the Captain said, "I've good news for you. You're getting the Navy Cross. You and Diamond. For what you did back there on Guadalcanal. What's more the Navy's doing something else. They've decided that you and Diamond will get your Navy Crosses in your own home towns. Be quite a Christmas, eh, Schmid? A Navy Cross. Home. Philadelphia is your home town, isn't it?"

Al said slowly: "I never been so proud before in my life . . . about the Navy Cross, I mean . . . but I don't want to go back to Philadelphia, sir."

**brave man's fear . . .**

"Why, Schmid? You've got your family—"

"I got no family, sir."

"Your friends, then."

"I got reasons for not wanting to go back, sir."

"Afraid, Schmid?" The Captain said. "Afraid, you? Afraid of their pity? They're your friends, Schmid. They'll understand. You've got to face it sometime."

"I'd rather not go back, sir."

"It's orders, Schmid," the Captain said. "I'm afraid you'll have to go. Goodbye. Good luck. You won't regret it."

Lee Diamond took him back on the train and they stayed up almost the whole way, drinking beers, talking. Al was stiff, tense. But he didn't say anything until they were almost to Philadelphia.

"Lee, you got to promise me something," he said.

"Sure, Al."

"If there's anyone to meet me down there at the station, you got to keep them away. Anyone, Lee. I don't care who it is. I want to go straight to the hospital."

"Al—"

"Promise me, Lee."

Lee said slowly: "All right, Al, if that's what you want."

He couldn't see Philadelphia but he could smell it, that vague familiar and haunting aroma of home. He stood on the platform while Lee got the luggage piled before them. And suddenly he was re-

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**BESTFORM**  
*means "best form"*



remembering another time when he stood on this same platform and a girl named Ruth Hartley was crushed in his arms while a train puffed and whistled on the tracks.

"Come on, Lee," he said harshly. "Let's get out of here."

He never knew that Ruth was there on the station and he didn't see her when she waved to Lee. He heard Lee say something about clearing an okay with the conductor and then Lee was gone. When he came back, Lee took his arm.

"Chum," Lee said, "you're in luck. The Navy sent a special car down for you. Wave and all. From here on in you're on your own."

So he never knew that the "Navy" car was an old battered heap he had once driven himself in the days before the war; and he never knew that the girl at the wheel was Ruth Hartley. He never knew until she led him up the stairs of the house. Then suddenly all the old memories flooded back: There was a familiar feel to the bannister, a familiar creak to the stairs. And he stopped abruptly, reaching for her arm.

"You're Ruth," he said in a tight voice. "You're Ruth."

"Yes, Al," she said.

"Why did you do it? What good is it going to be?"

"Al, it's Christmas. The least you can do is come home and spend Christmas with your . . . friends. That isn't much to ask."

"It's no good, Ruth."

"Just this one night, Al. Ella Mae and Jim and Lucy have been looking forward to it for so long."

"You'll take me back to the hospital afterward?"

"I'll take you anywhere you want to go, Al."

So he stayed for Christmas dinner. It was like old times, the gang of them around the table, with Lucy bright and sharp and talky as ever. And Ella Mae bragging about her cooking. And Jim telling him how things were down at the plant. It was like old times—almost. Because no matter what you did or said there was still a difference.

peace on earth . . .

He was blind, wasn't he?

Somehow, he never really knew how—he found himself alone with Ruth, sitting on the old sofa with the bent spring in the living room. He could smell the needles of the Christmas tree in the corner. He shook out a cigarette and lit it the way a blind man does, feeling for the tip.

"I want you to take me back to the hospital now, Ruth," he said.

"Al—"

"Take me back."

"Al you've got to listen to me."

"There's nothing to hear. I been through it all."

"You haven't even given me a chance."

"A chance for what? A chance to be a Seeing Eye dog to a blind man. No, Ruth. That's not for me—"

"Al, you still love me—?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Do you still love me, Al?"

He stood up: "Get me back to the hospital, Ruth."

"You've got to answer."

"If you won't take me, I'll go myself—"

And he started for the door. He knew the house, he'd never forgotten that. He knew just how to get around. But he'd forgotten the Christmas tree. Before Ruth could move he walked straight into it. And after the sickening crash, he was on his knees on the floor, sobbing like a heartbroken boy. She bent by his side.

"Al—Al—"

"Don't touch me. Don't help me."



"Al, you've got to listen. You just stumbled now and all because your eyes . . . aren't so good. I'll be stumbling all the time if you don't help me, Al—because my heart won't be so good . . ."

"Ruth—"

"I need you, Al," she whispered. "Don't go away from me. Don't go away—"

"Ruth," he said. "I never was very much. Just an ordinary guy. And now I can't even see. How can I even ask you to—"

"An ordinary guy?" Ruth said. "You? Al Schmid? Do you really think there ever were any ordinary guys out there on Guadalcanal? Do you really think ordinary guys could have done what you did? Ordinary? You never were ordinary, Al. Not before—and not now. You're Al Schmid, Marine. You don't know what that is—"

"Ruth," he said. "Ruth, darling . . ."

They gave him the Navy Cross one windy day in Philadelphia. And after it was all over there was a girl named Ruth Hartley waiting for him. They walked past the sentry together—a guy in a Marine's uniform and a girl who looked like Spring sunshine.

"How about taking that cab, honey?" Al said.

"What cab?"

"That red one there."

Only then she suddenly realized what he had said and she turned to him and her hand was like a vise on his arm: "Al, you saw it. You saw the cab!"

"Well, kind of blurry," he said.

And then suddenly they were both laughing and the cabby turned around and looked at the couple in the back seat, not knowing quite what to make of it. He'd never heard people laugh like that before.

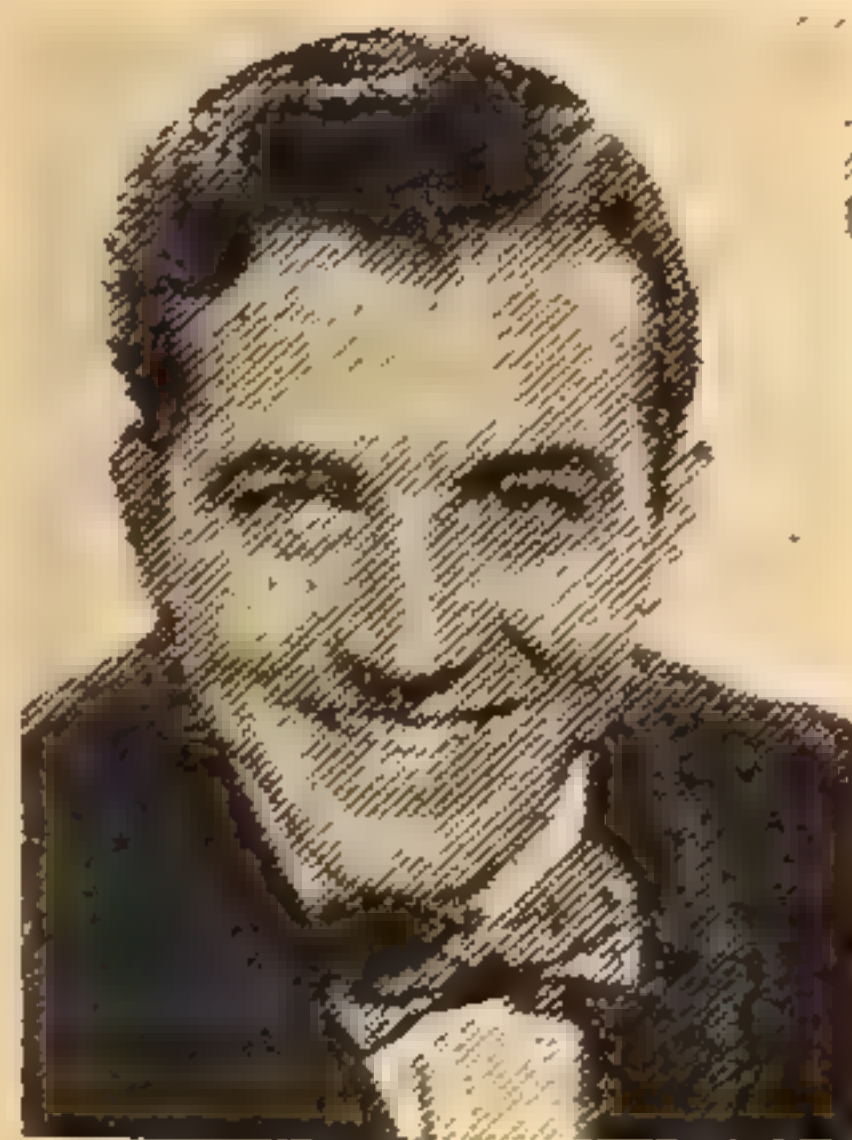
"Where to?" he said.

"I'm going home," Al Schmid said. "I'm going home."

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Garfield.....Al Schmid  
Eleanor Parker.....Ruth Hartley  
Dane Clark.....Lee Diamond  
John Ridgely.....Jim Merchant  
Rosemary DeCamp....Virginia Pfeiffer  
Ann Doran.....Ella Merchant  
Ann Todd.....Loretta Merchant

#### I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was in a cold, smoke-filled barracks at Kearns Field, Utah, during my basic training days. We had just come in after a day-long tough detail, "we" being the boys in my outfit, among them John Payne. We were

exhausted, and hit the sack immediately. Then a dark, curly haired boy with an unmistakable Brooklyn accent rushed into the barracks, shouting, "Where's John Payne? Where's Payne?" Nobody answered at first; we thought Johnny wouldn't want to be bothered, but then he spoke up himself with, "Here I am, fella! What can I do for you?" Well, the kid talked for an hour or so to his idol, and to cap the climax, Johnny wrote a post card to the kid's mother, telling her her boy was okay. This incident sort of speaks for itself, doesn't it?

Bob Meyers,  
Burlingame, Calif.

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## TOM DRAKE

(Continued from page 45)

hire you if you're any good—"

"Gee, thanks, pal. Meantime I'll take a little op on the side—"

Bud and Claire decided they wanted their place modern. Aided by willing hands, they painted the walls white and the wood work a royal blue. With the Oriental rugs and mahogany they yanked out of storage, it looked horrible, but they liked it. About eight of the kids would come over and eat there. Chris and Claire weren't bad cooks, and one fellow knew how to broil a terrific steak. They worked out a financial technique: On the first of the month, being flush, they'd order twenty-five dollars worth of groceries and pay spot cash. Or wave a hundred dollar bill around and ask for change, thus establishing credit. At the end of the month, they'd eat oatmeal.

### casting casanova . . .

Through one of the boys who was hep, they learned about Cliff's Self (short for Self Service). From a hole in the wall over the Gaiety Building, Cliff's Self distributed a paper essential to budding thespians who didn't know an agent from a groundhog in February. For two dollars down and twenty-five cents a week, Cliff's Self kept you informed on forthcoming chorus calls, and which producer was looking for what. They all subscribed. Every noon they'd gather at Walgreen's for lunch, swap tips and experiences. Pretty soon they were bandying agents' names around—

You never could tell about agents. At Lyons and Lyons, for instance, you went to Bob Kennedy or Margaret Lindley. Margaret was always swell to Bud, but with Kennedy he couldn't get to first base. He'd watch for the guy to go out to lunch, then slip in and see Margaret—

One noon he was down at Walgreen's with Claire and a crowd, when Kennedy walked in, nodded, and sat down at the counter. On his way out he nodded again, with a side look at Claire.

"Gettin' sociable," growled Bud.

"Who is he?"

"Fellow at Lyons I told you about. Won't cooperate—"

"Kind of nice looking, don't you think?"

"If you care for the type—"

That disposed of Mr. Kennedy—for the time being.

April rolled around before anyone got a job. Bud, however, wasn't wasting his time. Flip on the surface, he was dead earnest about being an actor, and started coaching regularly with Alice B. Young. "If I'm any good," he says today, "chalk it up to Alice."

It was Margaret Lindley who sent him to read a part in "June Night." He left the theater slightly delirious—a working actor with a contract and script. Chris was there when he got home, and if he hadn't been so steamed up, he'd have noticed something funny about the girls as he broke his news. Chris must have given Claire the high sign. So, reporting for rehearsal next day, he fell flat on his face, because who should be bouncing around the stage but Chris! She had a part, too . . .

The play was scheduled to open in New Haven, which pleased Bud no end. The New Rochelle folks had promised to turn out in force and were bound to be impressed—especially his cousin, who'd tried to lure him into an office at Bethlehem Steel. Things didn't work out to specifications. When they came round to see him after the final curtain, the cousin's wife

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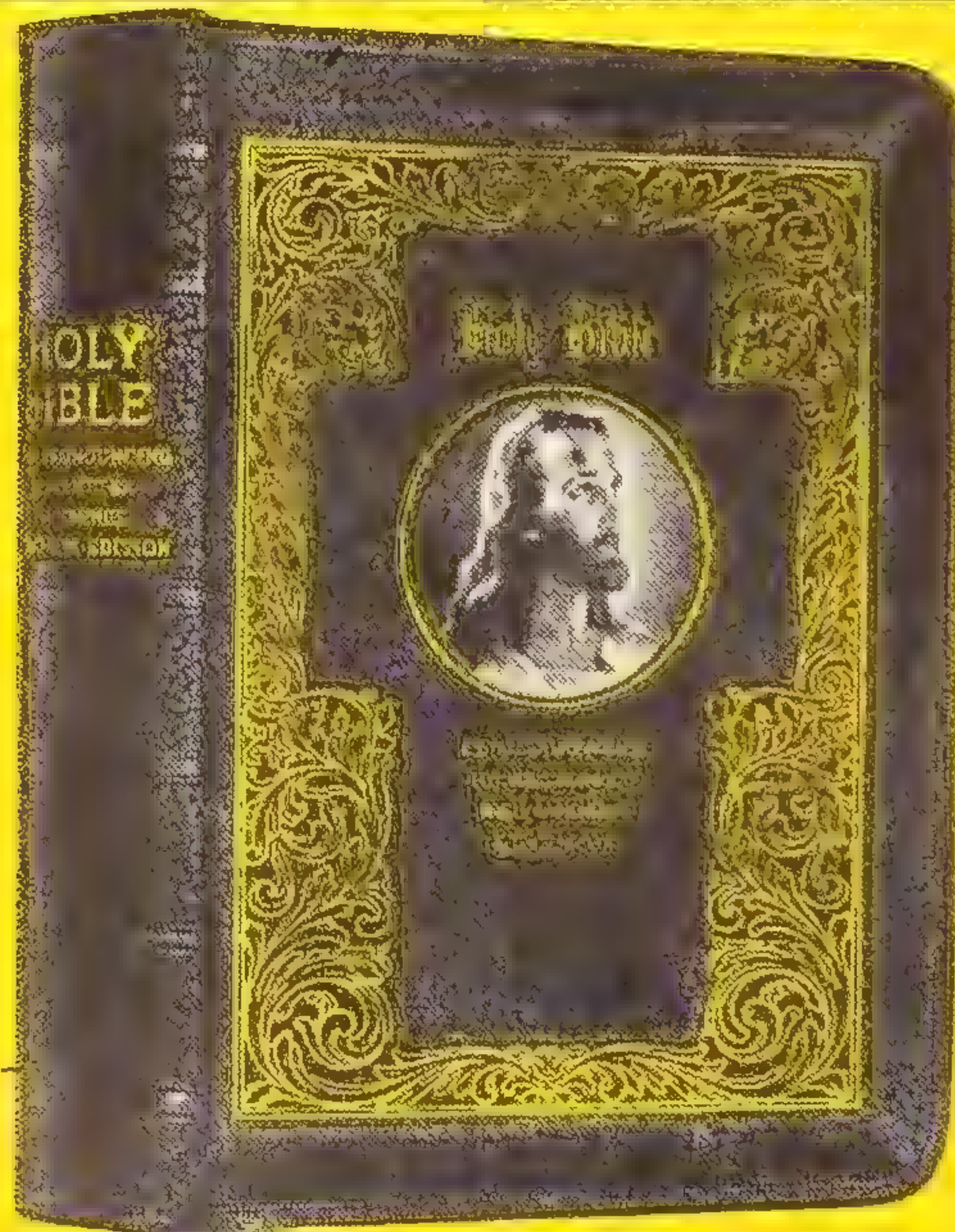
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looked kind of sorry for him. The cousin asked, "When are you coming to work at Bethlehem?" The producer said: "We'll close for the summer—do some revamping and maybe open in the fall."

They couldn't even get jobs in summer stock. So a bunch of them piled into Bud's car and drove up to Reginald Goode's, where their egos were soothed by the new kids to whom they were gods because they'd been in a play.

"How do you go about getting a job?" asked the kids reverently.

"Why, my deahs, you simply go to an agent," said Claire, who hadn't been near an agent. They scared her.

Bud advised them all to coach with Alice B. Young. Come fall, and she had to enlarge her quarters.

The next three years didn't do much for his career. The agents got to know him and even Bob Kennedy grew helpful—especially after wangling an introduction to Claire. But Bud seemed to have a talent for landing in flops. Besides, they said he wasn't the picture type. And when it comes to a choice between two juveniles, the agent'll push the one who's the picture type, hoping to sell him to the movies later.

Whenever they had nothing else to do, he and Claire would move. Back yards being scarce in New York, Wrinkle became a problem. Much as they hated to part with her, they finally married her off to a Great Dane in New Rochelle, whose owner didn't believe in lonely heart dogs.

Lured by a fireplace and a white rug, they moved to 47th and Park, and bought a Persian cat to keep themselves from getting another dog. It was a one-room apartment, but the bathroom was so tremendous that Bud moved his bed in—to the horror of their mother's old friends who'd drop by to see how the children were getting along. That was their swank year. Big shots from radio started asking them to dinner. The mystery of this sudden popularity was solved by Chris. "I told them you were dripping with trust funds and had coupons for breakfast every morning—"

"Why don't you shut up for a change?" Bud suggested.

When funds dropped to the vanishing point, they'd take any job that offered. Claire and Chris slung hash in a beanery, and Bud would have lunch there for the pleasure of hearing them bawl: "Draw one!" At the Powers Agency, where he'd gone to lend a friend moral support, someone yelled, "Hey, want a job?" This startled a yes out of him and they made him afternoon office boy at six bucks a week. When they raised him to eight, he felt he'd achieved the pinnacle, and quit. . . .

Chris was on her own now.

**crazy kids . . .**

"You've had your year," said Josie, as Chris calls her mother. "Now you can go to college, as per agreement, or stay where you are and earn your own living."

You couldn't have pried her loose from New York with a derrick. New York was life and laughter and adventure. She got a part in Eddie Dowling's "The Little Dog Laughed." It didn't run, but oh! what a beautiful show. She was meeting more boys and having loads of fun. Claire was her best friend—one of the few who still called her Izzy, her original name having been Isabel. Bud? She wasn't quite sure now how she felt about Bud.

Nobody was better company, nobody got the same kind of wacky ideas. Bound for the movies one evening, they couldn't raise more than sixty cents between them.

"You go home," said Bud. "Take off your lipstick and eyebrows, let your hair

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down and put on low-heeled shoes."

Back at the window, he asked for two tickets. "One regular, one half—for my little sister."

"How old is your little sister?"

"Jutht eleven," he lisped.

Every once in a while they'd call Josie and say, "We're going to get married." It was part gag, part experiment. If she'd ever said, "Fine!" they might have gone ahead and done it. But she only laughed, so they laughed with her, a little relieved not to be taken seriously. Privately, they knew they were too young for marriage. Nor were they quite sure that what they felt for each other was love.

Sometimes at two in the morning, they'd take it into their heads to go see Josie. Stroudsburg was 80 miles away. At six she'd be roused by three famished young creatures, who demanded breakfast, entertained her all day with their idiotic Broadway lingo, ate her out of house and home and departed unceremoniously as they'd come. Josie was crazy about Bud and Claire. She treated them like children of her own. Maybe that was another reason why Chris began to feel more like a sister to Bud.

Suddenly things reached a minor climax. Bud and Claire were living in Tudor City. So was Bob Kennedy—in a different building. Claire had always been a model housekeeper. Now her brother'd come home, find the place looking sloppy and a note on the hall table. "Come on over to Bob's. We're having dinner there."

Bob's apartment was spotless. After dinner, Claire washed the dishes. Well, you didn't have to hit Bud with the side of a house. Romance had set in. "This is it," he told himself.

They were married on his birthday, and that was fine with him. Bob reminded Bud of his father—a rock for his family to lean on—the kind of solid guy he'd always wanted Claire to marry. Still, his sidekick was gone and he felt a little lost. Chris had gotten herself a job in George White's "Scandals," seemed to be having a wonderful time. They were seeing less of each other these days. Maybe that had been kid stuff between them. He'd always have a special feeling for Chris, but somehow life crowded in.

Besides, he'd had another lousy professional break. No sooner had he signed to play summer stock with Elissa Landi, than Oscar Serlin introduced him to Howard Lindsay, who offered him the swell part of the oldest redhead in "Life With Father." Because of the earlier commitment, he had to turn it down. So what happens? So in two weeks the Landi company folds, and he's left in the soup. Fed up with New York, his thoughts sailed to California. Suppose he wasn't the picture type, who said he couldn't take a look at the place? Armed with five movie magazines, he climbed a plane. . . .

swimming pool actor . . .

Hollywood teemed with people he'd known in the east. He got bids to plenty of swimming pools but no studios. Finally he met up with an acquaintance in a big agency and worked out a typical Buddy routine. He'd invite the guy to lunch, then suggest calling on some casting director. Pretty soon his phone calls became synonymous with food.

"They're casting at Twentieth. How about lunch?"

"Ah, lunch! Let's go."

The system paid off. Frank Lloyd hired him to play Cary Grant's son in "Howards of Virginia." Bud got busy designing a swimming pool for himself—fur lined—with ermine yet. Before starting the picture, he made a flying trip to New York where Claire was expecting a baby. Having seen



his niece safely into the world, he bought a new car, drove back in style to his moom pitcher career, and worked all of two weeks. At the preview of "Howards," he folded his pool into mothballs and silently slunk away.

Back to good old New York, where Claire's first piece of news set him straight back on his heels—Chris was going to be married.

It seems she'd met this actor Michael Ames—handsome as all get out—a hit in "Sister Eileen." They'd fallen madly in love.

"Why didn't you stop her?"

"Don't be silly, Bud. She didn't tell me till they were practically engaged. Besides, she's of age—"

"What do you mean, of age? She's a mere child—"

"Nineteen, willing and able—"

"Look, do you want her to marry him?"

"No, but I can't stop her."

"You could make a stab at it."

"How?"

"Send for Josie."

Claire thought it over. "That's an idea," she said.

Bud picked up the phone and handed it to her. Josie said she'd take the next train.

let's surprise chris . . .

"We'll have a party," Claire plotted. "We'll ask Chris and Michael. Josie'll be the surprise."

"Fine," snorted Bud. "I'll bring Mitzi Green."

He did, too. They explained to Josie, who was pretty upset on arrival, that this way she could meet Michael and form her own opinion. The lovebirds walked dewily into the trap. It's a party they'll all remember, especially Michael, unaccustomed as he was to Alderdices.

Into the midst of polite, if nervous conversation, Bud dropped the first grenade. Ignoring the happy fiancé, he addressed himself to Chris. "How can you bring yourself to marry an actor?"

She giggled, to make Michael think he was kidding. "You're an actor yourself—"

"True, but you're not marrying me."

Claire's manners are normally beyond reproach. But against the instinct to line up beside her brother, she was helpless. She spoke with gentle reproach. "Chris, you're too young to marry. It's not fair to your mother—"

This from Claire was more than Chris could take. "My mother's here to speak for herself. And I think I can pretty well guess who got her here."

To switch her off that tack, Bud turned his attention to Michael. "What do you expect to keep her on? She spends money like water—"

"That's not true," Chris broke in hotly. "Besides, since you're all so smart, Michael's just been offered a contract by Warner Brothers."

Inwardly, Bud reeled, but you'd never have known it. "Doesn't mean a thing. Six months, and he'll be out on his ear."

It was then that Michael made his first and final crack. "You ought to know. Come on, Chris, let's go."

Gloomily, Bud stared after them. There went the world's luckiest fellow—collar ad face, Hollywood contract and Chris.

"I sure fixed things," he muttered.

Josie patted his arm. "They were fixed before you took over. If I know my child, she's made up her mind."

A month or so later Claire's phone rang. "I'm married," said Chris. "We're at the station, leaving for Hollywood."

Claire thought—correctly—that Michael would hardly appreciate a godspeed from her. Still, one of her old friends ought to say goodbye, so Bob dashed over.

"How did she look?" Claire asked.



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All Bud did that season was work with Alice B. Young and take army physicals. Pals would throw him a party, and 48 hours later, zoom! he'd be back. After five parties and five physicals, Uncle Sam gave him a card that was stamped 4-F.

Summer stock, and more plays that never reached Broadway, and summer stock again. He began to think seriously of taking his cousin up on that Bethlehem Steel offer.

In April an agent called. Brock Pemberton needed a replacement for the boy in "Janie." Bud got the part. Replacements don't rate critical reviews, but agents drop in to look them over. The publicity man brought Howard Hoyt to Bud's dressing room one evening.

"I liked your performance. Would you be interested in a test for M-G-M?"

"They wouldn't be interested in me. I'm not the picture type—"

"There's no such thing any more as a picture type. Why not try it? You don't have to sign with me unless you get a deal."

"terribly sexy voice". . .

"Fair enough," said Bud without much enthusiasm. Over a period of time he'd made several tests, and they'd all looked pretty gruesome to him. Anyway, he knew these Hollywood contracts. What he'd told Michael Ames went double for himself.

Even when Hoyt said, "Looks like they're going to sign you," he kept cool. Even when the deal went through, and he checked in a few weeks later on the M-G-M lot. Bud was a very wise cookie. "I'll be here for six months, twiddling my thumbs the whole time. So I might as well learn something."

The first day he met Bill Grady, casting director, and registered for singing lessons with Harriet Lee. He's been taking them ever since.

The second day they changed his name to Tom Drake, Alfred Alderdice being too flossy.

The third day they introduced him to Pasternak and Richard Thorpe, who tested and took him for "Two Girls and A Sailor." He was impressed with Pasternak, Thorpe and the cast, but didn't see how the part could do him any good. Day after the preview, calls swamped the M-G-M switchboard. "Who was that soldier with the terribly sexy voice?" So they put him into "St. Louis" opposite Judy, and the fan mail started pouring in. . . .

As far as girls were concerned, Tom was still playing the field. At one time he and Gloria Haley sort of got themselves engaged, but it was an engagement that sat lightly on both. Gloria married someone else without bothering to break it.

He'd been in Hollywood a month when he heard that Chris was singing at the Florentine Gardens. With Maureen and Peter Cookson, pals from summer stock in Westboro, he went down to hear her. After the show they all traipsed backstage. Chris seemed happy to see him, but she was different, quieter, not a kid any more. Maybe because she'd had a baby.

"How's Michael?" someone asked.

Chris spoke with her old directness. "All right, I guess. I haven't seen him for a while. We're being divorced—if I can ever get to Las Vegas."

Tom had been right. Heartbreak's a good educator, and Chris had grown up fast after her marriage. Their happiness had been shortlived. Michael's work was almost more important than anything else, and it didn't go well. At first she tried to coax him out of his moods, but they only grew blacker. If he'd been less wretched

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WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1897



about his career, they might have jogged on. In the end though, it wouldn't have made any difference, they were just ill-matched. . . .

Her job had come out of a quarrel. Michael hadn't wanted her to work. She thought it was silly not to. A baby was coming, and they could use the money. Finally Michael flung out: "What makes you think you can get a job?"

"I can try—"

"All right, I dare you to try the Florentine Gardens."

She did, and succeeded, and sang there ten weeks before little Chrissie was born. Bruni, the manager, was wonderful to her—told her to come back when she felt strong enough. Things were better for a while. Michael even seemed proud of her. But they didn't take up his option at Warners. He joined a stock company and Chris went back to the Gardens.

She was making enough to pay for a nurse for Chrissie, and to take singing lessons. That had been Bruni's idea. "You've got a good voice. If you study, you'll go farther." He raised her salary to cover the lessons. Michael had agreed to a divorce, but she couldn't afford to take the time off. There was always the rent to pay and the groceries to buy.

It was good to be able to talk to Bud again. After that first time, he'd drop by at intervals to see her. He was changed, too. Oh, the old wackiness would crop out, and she loved it. But there was a new gravity, a kind of responsibility she'd never noticed before. It sounded so funny to hear people call him Tom. To Chris he'd always be Bud, whom she'd been in love with at fifteen, but wasn't in love with any longer, of course. . . .

Bruni sent the show to Las Vegas for two weeks, and there a nightclub manager offered Chris a job—which meant she could work and get her divorce at the same time. The job lasted four months. She returned to Hollywood free, but also fat. The air or the food or the easing of nervous strain or a combination of all three had sent poor Chris from her normal slim 110 to 140. Bruni eyed her in dismay. "You're too heavy, Chris. I can't use a baby Sophie Tucker. Take some of that fat off, and then we'll talk business."

It wouldn't come off. She'd lose a few pounds, die of hunger and eat them back again. She avoided people—especially Bud—because she didn't want them to see her fat. Except for job hunting, she didn't go out at all. Her funds began running dangerously low. She dismissed the nurse, boarded Chrissie with friends, and took a room for herself. She thought of taking a war job, only she'd never earn enough to get Chrissie back. In her lowest

(Continued on page 122)

## GOSH, BUT YOU'RE LUCKY!

Yes, we mean you, sitting there in your comfortable room reading how you can help . . . instead of being helped. It all adds up to this: Wouldn't you rather give an artificial limb than get one? And rather send plasma to Paris, garments to Greece, canteens to Cairo, and shoes to Shanghai . . . than be on the receiving line? You're not only more blessed giving than getting; you're so much more fortunate! So when the NATIONAL WAR FUND DRIVE appeals to you for aid, give whatever you can . . . and then give a little more. Because you're so gosh-darned lucky!

## "The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—James Whitcomb Riley

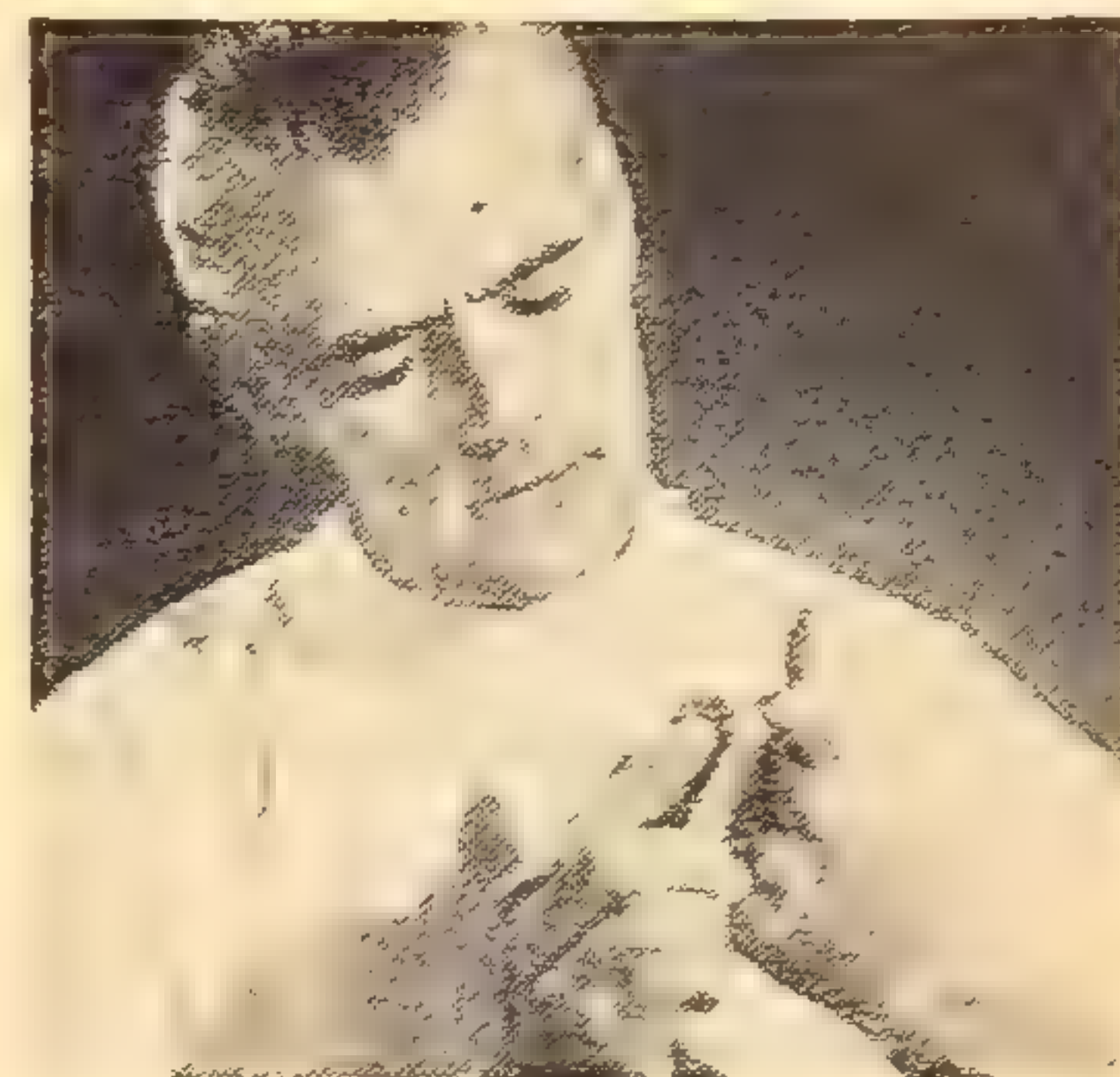


## Lady, you don't get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!

It's a mean job . . . cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh? Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

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a way to keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubbings a day. More abuse than most hands take in any day's housework! It was Pacquins Hand Cream that was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with an ingredient (doctors call it "humectant") that helps dry skin feel softer, smoother, more pliant!



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It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, try Midol! These effective tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

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**CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"**

Dana Andrews  
doesn't seem to make  
a habit of regular  
meal times, but when  
he eats he makes  
it worthwhile!



Can they be laughing at dad's account of his genius at whipping up baking powder biscuits? The amused little moppet is Kathy Andrews, with her mom.



Good! Good! Good! This gorgeously rich Mocha Pie which is made by a quick twist of the wrist deserves star rating on your picked list of "just desserts!"

## Dining With Dana

By Nancy W.

■ We once read an astounding story of an Armenian who knew of 150,000 ways to prepare eggplant. A close second, with 90 recipes to their credit, are the Dana Andrews! A victory garden with the eggplant division working overtime and Sundays occasioned this specialization. That was one time when Dana, who eats quite sporadically, had to buckle down and do his bit to help clean up the surplus. It was then that Mary evolved a very good eggplant recipe which is Dana's favorite. We give it to you as we got it from Mrs. Andrews—it's easy to make and only the olive oil is rationed.

"Dana is a very irregular sort of eater," says his wife. "sometimes he just eats and eats and other days he munches a bit here and there and finishes up with an empty box treasure-hunt just before going to bed." In keeping with such python-like eating habits, Dana eats dessert only occasionally, but when a yen for dessert seizes him he eats the richest thing he can find!

Both Dana and Mary Andrews like the same sort of food—Mexican, Spanish and Jewish food when they dine out. Both are currently becoming more and more enthusiastic about wine cookery. Mary is having a marvelous time of herself trying recipes from a special wine cook book Dana bought for her not long ago.

Here are some of the recipes Mary likes for use on Dana's eating days:

### EGGPLANT A LA ANDREWS

1 clove garlic, optional  
1/4 cup olive oil  
2 green peppers  
2 eggplants

1 medium onion  
6 ripe tomatoes  
1 tsp. paprika  
1 tbsp. salt



Cut clove of garlic, if desired, and thoroughly rub heavy iron skillet with it. Discard. Then pour olive oil in pan. Remove seeds from green peppers and cut in small pieces. Pare eggplants and cut into 1-inch dice. Chop onion fine. Heat olive oil and add peppers, eggplant and onion. Cook slowly until slightly browned. Add tomatoes, paprika and salt to taste. Cook until vegetables are tender. Serves 6.

### BAKED CHEESE SAVORY

7 slices bread, cut in 2-inch squares  
 ½ lb. American cheese, sliced  
 3 eggs, beaten  
 ½ tsp. paprika  
 ½ tsp. salt  
 ¼ tsp. dry mustard  
 2¼ cups milk  
 ¼ cup sherry wine

Arrange alternate layers of bread and sliced cheese in greased shallow baking dish. Beat eggs with paprika, salt and mustard, add milk and wine, pour over bread and cheese. Bake slowly at 325° F. 1 hour. Serves 4.

### DATE AND FIG TORTE

¼ cup fortified margarine  
 ¾ cup sugar  
 2 egg yolks  
 1 cup nut meats, coarsely chopped  
 ½ cup bread crumbs  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 3 tbsps. flour  
 ¼ tsp. salt  
 ¼ tsp. allspice  
 1 cup dates and figs, chopped together  
 ½ cup milk  
 2 egg whites  
 ¼ cup sugar

Cream margarine, add sugar gradually and mix well. Add egg yolks, well beaten. Mix nuts, baking powder, bread crumbs, flour, salt and allspice. Add chopped fruits to crumb mixture and mix well. Add to creamed mixture along with milk and blend thoroughly. Pour into fluted 8-inch pie plate, well greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Top with meringue made by beating egg whites until fluffy, adding sugar gradually and beating between additions. Bake an additional 20 minutes. A very rich dessert which serves 6 to 8.

### MOCHA PIE

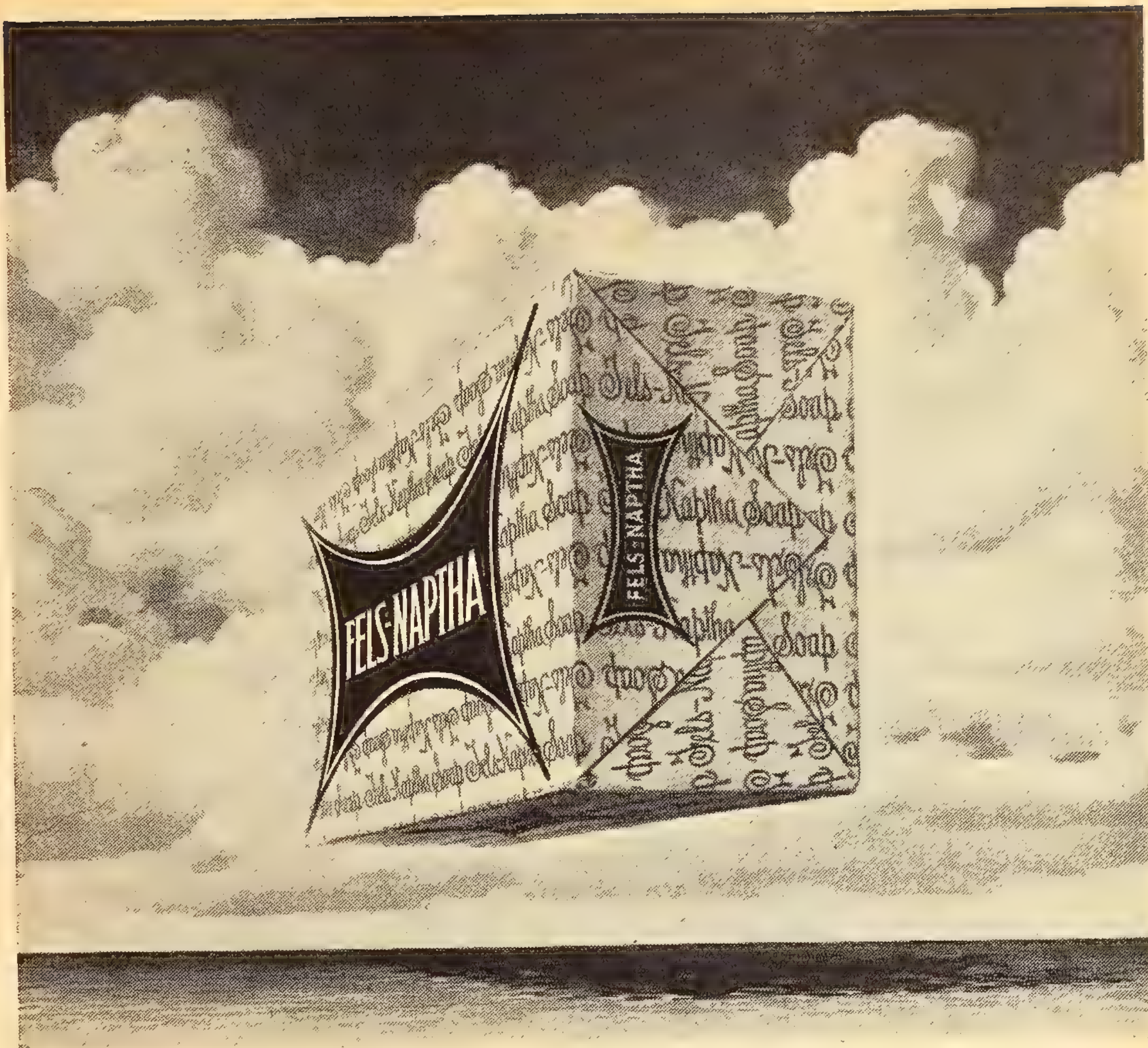
2 squares (2 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate  
 1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk  
 ½ cup strong black coffee  
 Baked pie shell (8 inch)

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and cook over rapidly boiling water, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes or until mixture is thick. Add coffee and blend thoroughly. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with chopped nut meats or whipped cream, if desired. Chill thoroughly 1 hour or more before serving.

### WINE SAUCE FOR PUDDING

⅔ cup claret wine  
 ⅓ cup water  
 ½ cup sugar  
 1 tbsps. cornstarch  
 2 tbsps. butter  
 Sprinkling of nutmeg  
 Few grains salt

Bring claret wine and water to boiling. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt and add to hot liquid. Let boil 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter and nutmeg. Serve hot over bread pudding, tapioca cream or other simple pudding. Serves 6.



## Not yet, but —

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that you can't get *any* Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it—fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We *hope* it will be . . . soon!

# Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" 121



## How to Keep FRESH



**Splash!** In your bath, we mean. Dry yourself. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc into every curve and ripple of your body. Ahhh! that's cooling, caressing.

## How to Feel SMOOTH

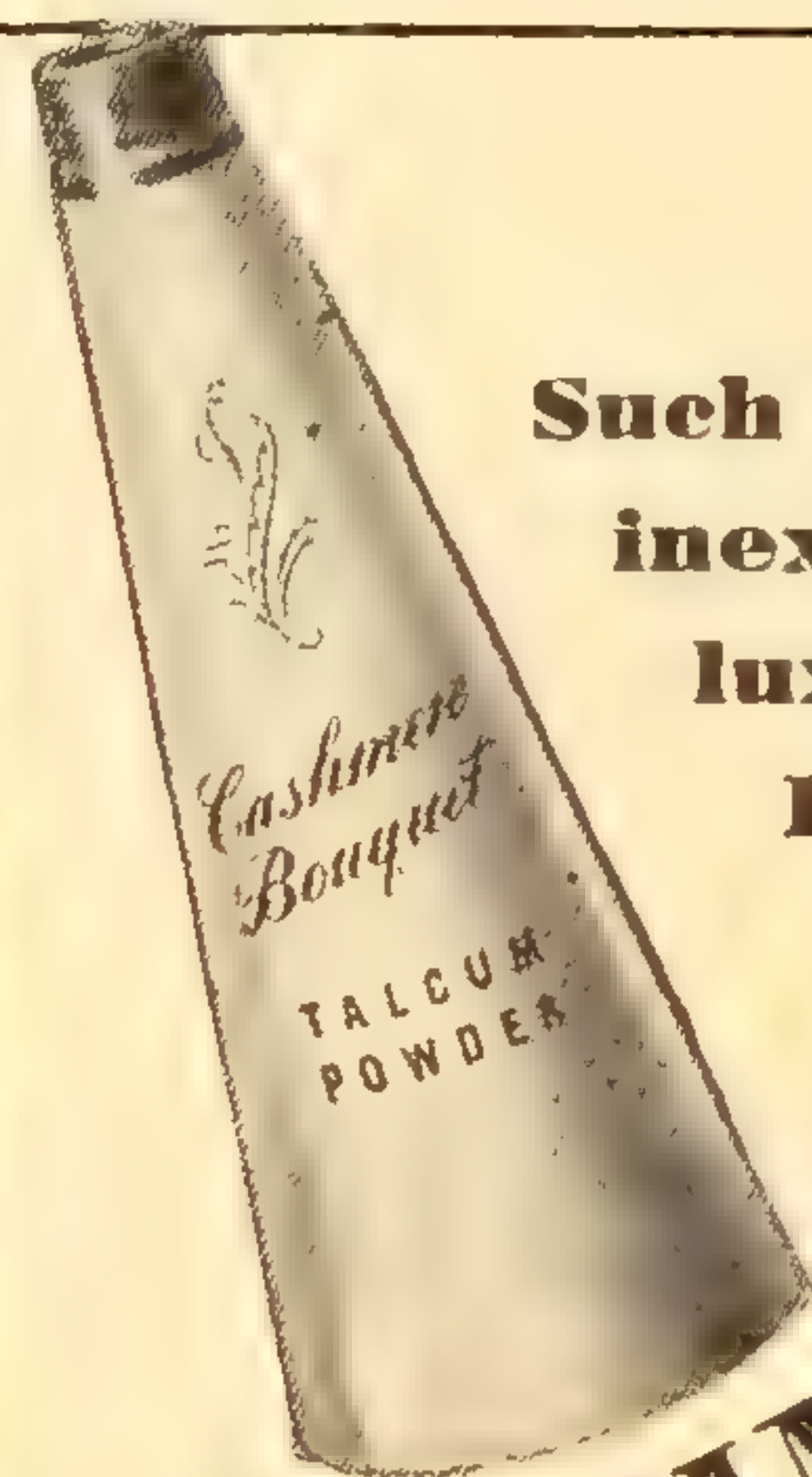


**Dash!** For a double dash of comfort, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. Like a silken sheath it keeps your skin serenely smooth.

## How to Stay DAINTY



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moments, she contemplated going back to Stroudsburg. That would be admitting defeat, and her whole spirit rose in revolt against it. . . .

At last she got a job. It wasn't much of a place nor much of a salary, but one thing she felt sure of. Nobody she knew would ever come near the joint.

Of course she was wrong. They had matinees as well as night shows, and one day Ulmer Lide, her good friend and Bud's, walked in for lunch. Her face went crimson. As she finished singing, a note was handed to her. "Come down to the table. I want to talk to you."

discovery . . .

No use trying to snub Ulmer. Besides, he'd tell Bud where she was working, and that would be worse. A defenseless Chris sat down at his table.

"Why haven't you called Bud?"

"No special reason. Just sort of putting it off."

"He went down to the Gardens. Bruni didn't know where you were. Want to give me your phone number? You might as well, Chris," he added gently, "unless you want me to send him down here."

It was New Year's Eve. She was through after the dinner hour, and hadn't been home ten minutes when the phone call came.

"Just heard you were back," said Tom, ignoring all the rest. "Cooksons are having a party. Will you go with me?"

"Thanks, Bud, but I don't think so. I'm pretty tired—"

"You can sit all evening. I'll bring you anything you want—"

"Oh, Bud," she wailed. "I don't want you to see me, I'm fat—"

"Ah, g'wan, you couldn't be *that* fat."

Suddenly, more than anything, she wanted to see him. "All right, I'll come. Give me half an hour. I've got a black dress that'll take off pounds."

A month later Tom asked her to marry him. He knew now that for him there'd never be anyone else. Marrying Chris would be like coming home. . . .

As for her, she was falling in love again—not with the harum scarum boy she'd known back east, but with someone matured by the years, whose eyes were steady now instead of mocking, and whose ways were so kind they made her want to cry.

But this time she had to be sure. So she said, "Let's wait a little." And he'd wait till next day before he asked her again.

The question took different forms. Like, "Ellie May says she hopes you'll marry me. Getting bored, she says, with just me to cook for."

He'd acquired Ellie May and the house last summer, when Claire brought her two daughters out for a visit. An apartment, said Tom, was no place for kids. He adores children, and they return the compliment. "Bud's my favorite man," Chrissie had informed her mother.

One February morning Chris and Ulmer Lide were at Tom's for breakfast. "Pardon me," said Tom, "while I ask this woman a question. Will you marry me, Chris?"

He kept the tone light, but suddenly there was something in his eyes—an urgency, a loneliness—she wanted to wipe out.

Why, what a dope she'd been! She wanted to spend her life wiping it out. "Yes, Bud," she said quietly. "I'd love to marry you."

He leaped up. "When? Tomorrow?"

"Well, we could wait till next week—"

"No, I want to elope—"

"Who from?"

"How should I know?—the studio. Come on, we've got things to do."

They bought a ring and plane tickets



for Las Vegas and a black suit for Chris. They went to fetch Chrissie. Tom couldn't wait to get her into the house.

"You're going to have a new daddy," Chris told her.

"Who, Bud? That's what I thought," said Chrissie comfortably.

Next day the airport cancelled their reservations. Wartime, you know. Bud hung up and started figuring mileage.

"We don't have to go today."

"Yes we do, you might change your mind—come on, we're going over to Cooksons—wait, I'll phone Ulmer."

**madame, will you marry me? . . .**

Ulmer met them at Cooksons. They took a vote, and decided this trip was necessary. They pooled gas ration tickets and found they could make it. Through the rainy night Peter drove them to Las Vegas. Chris fell asleep on Tom's shoulder in the back seat . . .

At her marriage to Michael, she'd been scared to death. Standing beside Tom, she felt sure and serene. This time, she knew it was right. . . .

They called Josie first, and had a tough time persuading her that they weren't pulling the gag of their earlier days. Then they called Claire.

"I'm a married man," said Tom.

She caught her breath. "Who is it?"

"Guess."

"Izzy?" she faltered, "I hope—?"

The rest was a three-cornered babble.

Ellie May's not bored any more. There's a family to cook for, and long conversations with Chrissie, in which Sig often takes part. Chrissie uses him to bolster her own point of view. "See, Ellie May? Siggie thinks so too—"

His full name is Sigmund Sigelman Drake. He was supposed to be a small dog.

"Want a little dog?" Tom asked Chrissie.

"Oh yes!" She held her arms a foot apart. "A little teeny one."

As luck would have it, the kennel man showed Tom and Chris a Great Dane. At six months he'd practically reached his full growth. They couldn't resist him. . . .

Tom made the presentation. "Here, Chrissie, he's all yours." Sig tried to kiss her, but she backed wildly away. "I wanted a little dog."

**flesh and the devil . . .**

Now she rides him like a pony and calls him brother, and he supervises her bedtime routine. The other night he climbed in with her. "I hope you're comfortable," she told him. "Certainly I'm not."

Chris takes nothing for granted. Her eyes widen with the miracle of being married to Bud. "Life's so easy, he's always doing things for me—I never knew he was so wonderful."

He tells her how to make up, she won't buy clothes without him. "His taste is better than mine, and more decided. I was never sure what I liked. Now I like what he likes. Whatever he wants, I do."

So of course there aren't any arguments. Only once Tom got mad and Chris could hardly bear it. She's lost twenty of her excess pounds and has ten to go, and it's been tough sledding because she loves to eat. Unlike most husbands, Tom doesn't say: "Oh, have that eclair. It won't hurt just this once." On the contrary, he's a stern taskmaster. He knows she'll look and feel better at her normal weight.

One day Ellie May baked a chocolate cake. At dinner Chris passed it up, but all evening it haunted her. She could feel her teeth sliding through it, and the luscious taste of it slithering down. Came bedtime, and she tried to push it out of her mind, but the harder she pushed, the more she wanted that cake. . . .

Raising herself on an elbow, she looked

# Ann Dvorak

REPUBLIC  
Pictures Star



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over at Bud. He was fast asleep. She tiptoed down to the cakebox. . . .

"So that's how you stay on your diet!"

Poor Chris! He hadn't been asleep at all. And he wasn't pretending, he was really sore. When Tom gets sore, he doesn't rant and rave, he just ignores you, which is worse. Next morning he was frigidly polite. Chris went out to do some marketing, and stopped at the drugstore for a cup of coffee. She'd never bumped into Tom outside before. Now, looking idly about, she spied him having coffee at the other end of the counter. He turned and saw her, broke into a grin and brought his coffee over. All was forgiven.

But a slight shudder passed through Chris. "Thank heaven I didn't order the club sandwich."

Tom calls her his good luck piece. She brought him happiness for the first time since he was a kid. And while she has nothing directly to do with "The Green Years," he's convinced that in some mysterious way she's mixed up with it. . . .

He was crazy to play the boy in the picture, but knew he hadn't a chance. Bob Walker was set for it, and he was set for "Bad Bascom," by request of Wally Beer.

Then he heard that Bob couldn't do it because its schedule conflicted with the new Hargrove picture.

"They still won't give it to me," he told Chris, "but I wish they'd let me test, just to prove to myself I could do it. It's the first part I've ever had a real yen for."

"Why don't you ask them?"

He asked Bill Grady, who asked Leo Gordon, the producer.

"Sorry, Tom. Leon doesn't think you're right for it. Says your voice is too deep. . . ."

"The least they could do is test me."

"Well, I'll try to talk him into it. But don't count on anything."

That sounded final. Tom got ready to go to Wyoming with "Bad Bascom." But bumping into Grady one day, he was prompted to needle him. "When am I testing for 'The Green Years?'"

To his amazement, Bill said: "I'll phone and find out." To his greater amazement after making the call, Bill handed him a script. "Said they're testing a girl, and you might as well test with her."

Chris bubbled as she cued him in his lines. "You'll get it, Bud. I have a feeling."

"Too bad Leon Gordon's not my wife," grinned Tom.

They made the test on a Friday. Chris and Tom saw it together on Saturday. Tom tried to be objective. He'd kept his voice light—the brogue sounded okay—it seemed to him he wasn't wrong for the part.

Chris scorned objectivity. "It's wonderful, Bud. You're as good as in."

At ten Monday morning he was in Grady's office. "Do I get the part?"

"Sure," said Bill. "Didn't you know?"

At home Ellie May and Chris were making the beds. Tom appeared in the doorway—Tom, the cool, the skeptical, the original show-me guy—and his eyes were blazing. "Your man's playing the lead in 'The Green Years.'"

Chris flung herself at him. "What did you tell me? Oh Bud, how do you feel?"

"Like a cornfed ham. I could talk about myself for hours and enjoy it."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

That's the story as of now. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl. A happy ending, and a happier beginning.

On one point I can testify myself. I met Tom before that crucial New Year's Eve. He was the life of the party, gay and full of wisecracks. But all I could remember was the lost look in his eyes that Chris spoke of later.

Well, she's taken care of that. His eyes aren't lonely any more.



## HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

**Top Notch Top-knots.** You know how to set your own hair? If not, shame on you. With non-priority curlers, hair retainers and quick-drying setting lotions so easy to buy, you should be able to turn out a coif-masterpiece. Hollywood glam-or girls wouldn't dream of checking their good grooming with the studio hairdresser. Andrea, for example, was on a cross-country tour. She made personal appearances at local theaters, then rushed off to camp shows and bond rallies . . . but never a hair of her pretty head was ruffled. When necessary, she could care for her own curls, believes every girl should know how. Occasionally, she enjoys a really ultra hair styling. The one photographed was created especially for her by a top hairdresser. Très glamorous, but very easy to handle, she explained.

Decide upon your new top-knot by studying your film pet's hairdo. Then . . . this is important . . . adapt it to suit your own contours. Remember, Claudette's charming bangs may look plain silly on you. Use a setting lotion (a thin dime will buy a generous bottle) to achieve a professional smoothness. Try variety in your hair styles; don't become a one-style woman. In her latest hit, Andrea wears at different times, braids, pompadours, a loose bob and a chignon.

**Happy Ending.** It's a wonderful time to try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair beauty your objective. You have the rules, now it's up to you to give them a chance. With these hints on glamor and a few inexpensive preparations for shining locks, you're sure to be Number One on his "hit" parade.

\* \* \*

**Post Pays!** It's been fun answering your letters, and now that the topic is hair care I'll be glad to send you info on shampoos, rinses, lacquers, etc. And if you have other problems of figure, makeup or skin care, send 'em along also. They're my meat. A letter enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope does the trick. The address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



About five years ago, I met that jovial 5 x 5 comedian, Jack Oakie. Clowning about the sweater he wore, he told me it was handmade, with "love in every stitch." About three weeks later, I met Mr. Oakie again,

during the intermission of a play. This time I was with some friends, and they dared me to speak to him. Pushing through the crowd, I finally reached Jack Oakie, but was my face red—he didn't remember me! I smiled and said, "Jack, where's that sweater with love in every stitch?" That clinched it. He said, "Bless your heart, Kay," and gave me a kiss! Even my friends saw it happen!

Kay Schwarz  
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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## LUCKY BUM

(Continued from page 43)

job meant anything to him you'd never know it.

The producer eyed him critically.

"Let's see your profile." Bob turned it around lazily.

"Good gosh!" cried the producer. "Your nose has a permanent wave. It looks like it's busted."

"It is," said Bob in his calm, deep voice.

no pretty boy . . .

The producer shook his head and frowned. "And your hair sticks up all over like a weed patch. Your eyes are too little. Your ears are too wide. Your this is too this, and your that is too that. Frankly, Bud," he ended, "you're terrible!"

Bob felt his fists clench and with him that's a danger sign. What did he care if this guy across the desk could make or break a job that he needed above anything else in the world?

"Oh, yeah?" said Bob icily. "Well, my fat friend, did you ever have a gander at that pan of yours? Better take a good look—because I'm going to change it for you." And he started over the desk.

But the producer had already pressed his buzzer and the studio cops swarmed in and tossed Bob out on his ear.

Now that obviously is no way to win friends and influence people in Hollywood—of all places—but Robert Mitchum is a lone wolf, a maverick, unique, and occasionally a lethal dose of male man who just can't take any sass from anybody and never has. He's the most rugged bit of star stuff to hit Hollywood in ages—a restless, rollicking, talented ex-hobo with the kick of a Missouri mule in both fists and a reckless laugh in his eyes. His wife calls Bob "a character." His agent calls him a "young Bogart." The bobby soxers (who called him to MODERN SCREEN's attention) tag Mitchum "divine" and "superman," and Bob—well, Bob just kids himself as "Baby Boy Bobby," laughs at his luck and takes nothing from no man. No, sir!

First picture he ever made, a "Hopalong Cassidy" hoss opera, Bob played, as he always did then, one of the "bad guys" who tangle with the "good guys" in every Western ever filmed. Bob can act just naturally, and he'd had some experience knocking around, but he'd never before looked into a camera lens. Still, that didn't turn a whisker on the bushy beard he'd sprouted. His blood practically changes to ice water whenever he steps into a scene. So, right away, this one was as easy and natural and realistic as any he's made since. In fact, maybe it was too realistic.

Bob had to annoy Bill Boyd, the star, at a bar. Whenever Bill reached for a drink it was Bob Mitchum's job, as a heavy, to knock it out of his hand. He did it like he meant it—and after a couple of takes Bill Boyd got sore as a boiled owl. There was something in the rough and insolent way this new kid slapped his arm that smacked of the real thing. Bill went over to the director, steaming like a tea kettle.

"Say," he said, swearing softly. "That new guy—he makes me plenty sore the way he acts. In that last scene, I damn near slugged him!"

The director took a look at Bob. "Uh-huh," he said. "Well, Bill, I reckon it's a good thing you didn't. Because I was watching that guy and he was just about to slug you first!"

That's typical of Bob Mitchum. It's also typical of him that when he found out his rude scene had really made Bill Boyd



sore, he went over to him and apologized. He told him frankly that he didn't want Bill down on him because he wanted to make good in the movies and he needed the dough. They shook on that and they were steady pals through eight give-and-take "Hopalong" before playing Van Johnson's buddy in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" lifted Mitchum out of horse operas forever. When you see "G. I. Joe" you'll know the house afire hit Mitchum made in "Tokyo" was no false alarm.

If you're Mitchum-mad, you'd better be sure and look that one up, by the way. It's the Ernie Pyle picture, for one thing, and Hollywood's movie memorial to a great little writing guy all GIs loved, who died in action on the Ryukus not long after he left Hollywood. For another, it's the last time you'll be seeing Bob on the screen for a while, because he's a real GI Joe by now and he'd have been one sooner, only first off he was a pre-Pearl Harbor papa and then it seemed he was always making a war effort picture when his draft number came up. They can use a guy in the Army like Bob Mitchum who would rather fight than eat. When he was inducted at Fort MacArthur they asked him if he had any branch of the service he'd prefer to join.

"Nope," said Bob, "put me wherever I get some action."

"That's the kind of answer we like to hear!" said the sarge with a grin. "Infantry." So Bob's in the infantry, and if he can keep out of the guardhouse he'll make an ace doughfoot scrapper for Uncle Sam, you can betcha, because there's another thing about Bob Mitchum that's as outstanding as his urge for action. He's as glib as a sideshow spieler and he simply can't resist talking himself into trouble.

#### MITCHUM VS. MAIDEN

Coming back from the Florida location of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" last season, Bob hopped off the train at a tank town for a bite to eat in a depot restaurant. He got in a wisecracking argument with the waitress right away and she got even by refusing to wait on him. "Okay, Sister," stated Bob. "I don't think I want you to wait on me anyway. It's very plain you're suffering from leprosy."

"What!" blazed the girl. "Why, you—" She stepped out the door and summoned the local cop. "This—this said I had leprosy!" she complained.

"I was just kidding," grinned Mitchum to the local law. "You see," he lied glibly, "I've lost an arm in a crash and I'm a little balmy." The constable sympathized, as Bob spun a long tale, probably inspired by the script of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," about his exploits. Just then the train tooted and Bob got up. He stuck out his hand. "So long," he said. Then the policeman came to. He looked at both of Bob Mitchum's perfectly good hands and arms and did a delayed "take."

"Hey," he shouted, "you ain't lost no arms—you big bum!" Which Bob proved by swinging onto the moving train and escaping the pursuing and outraged cop.

And nobody, I'm sure, but Robert Mitchum would have the cool nerve and brash humor to pull what he did at his Army physical exam. After the medicos had finished their thumpings, he stepped into the psychiatrist's office. The doctor looked him over. "Do you like girls?" he asked.

"Some of them," said Bob.

"Ah," said the doctor. "Do you go out with girls?"

"No," said Bob, "not much."

The scientist thought maybe he had something. "Ah," he prodded, "why not?"

Bob grinned. "Because," he answered softly, "my wife won't let me!"

So you can see that Mrs. Robert Mitchum is not kidding when she calls her husband

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"a character." He is that, but he's a very attractive character. Some of the things you notice right away when you meet him are his merry eyes sparkling away under enormous sweeping lashes. They're hazel-green sometimes and blue others, especially when he gets sore. He's got a devil-may-care look about him and a mischievously humorous grin as if to say, "Life's a hell of a laugh, so bring on the fun!" You can't miss the big 46-inch chest and the shoulders that look as wide as the San Francisco Bay Bridge above the snake hips that stack him up above the waist like a great Big V. But maybe what registers best is the way Bob walks, or rather glides—like a panther, smoothly, gracefully, but restlessly, too. That's the tip-off that Bob Mitchum has to have action. If you put him in a cage—like a leopard—he'd just pace back and forth and soon go really nuts. He's got to keep moving; something has to happen with Mitchum or he busts. It has always been that way with the guy.

Right before he got his first Hollywood break, Bob took a job on the graveyard shift of an airplane factory near Hollywood. He wanted to help make the big ones and besides it was a case of strictly from hunger then with the Mitchum family. Being fenced in, feeding a machine monotonously was bad enough for Bob, who craves something new and different every minute. He whipped that, however—but when there was a protracted change-over at the plant which kept him standing around idling night after night. Bob just went off his beam. He dropped forty pounds from his lean frame, got so he couldn't sleep and began to scream when a feather dropped out of the pillow and hit the bedroom rug. He went to a doctor.

"What do you want to do?" asked the doc. "Keep your job—or live?"

"I sure don't want to die," said Mitchum.

"Okay," decreed the physician. "Quit the job." Bob quit. He got better right away.

**strong-arm poet . . .**

But long, long before that, Robert Mitchum revealed that he craved an exciting, adventurous life like most people crave three square meals a day. When he was only twelve he landed in jail. The charge—vagrancy. He'd run away from home to see the world. Bob kept on running away, too, and although the cops got sick and tired of sending him back home, long before he was twenty-one, Master Robert Mitchum had seen every one of the forty-eight states in the Union and had more adventures than an ordinary guy collects in a hundred years of comfy existence.

Bob started his restless life in Bridgeport, Connecticut. His mother's Norwegian. His father was American, with a touch of Indian blood in his veins, and maybe that's where Bob gets those high cheekbones and that strong, silent look. Bob's dad was in the last war, and a few years after Bob was born he was killed, railroading. That left Mrs. Mitchum with Bob, his older sister, Annette, and his young brother, Jack, on her hands to raise. It was a pretty big job. She worked on a newspaper, the Bridgeport Post, so the kids necessarily were on their own a lot of the time. They developed "topsy-like."

One of Bob's kiddie quirks was to become a boy poet, of all things. He's still pretty sharp with a pen and typewriter, and later on for a time, made a precarious living scribbling skits for night club entertainers. He can tell a wonderful story today—sometimes too wonderful—because after he's told it ten times there are ten different versions—but all of them good. Anyway, back in his romper years, the Bridgeport Post printed all sorts of Mitchum poetry, starting with one epic called "A Chreestmus Pome." Bob then waxed



lyrical about World War I, and here's the last stanza of "A War Poem" I copied down just to show you the kind of stuff the Muse stung the youth Mitchum with:

"I seek adventure and I find too much.

"Oh, if I were only rich!

"I'd not be in this terrible 'dutch,'

"I'd not be in this ditch."

I suppose Bob was already putting himself in a grown-up soldier's place in the trenches. But why he thought being rich had anything to do with it, is a mystery. Anyway, Bridgeport called him, right out in print, "Bridgeport's finest young poet." They even tagged Bob, "Bridgeport's genius!" With early publicity like that "genius" stuff, Bob was a cinch to wind up in "super, terrific, colossal" Hollywood.

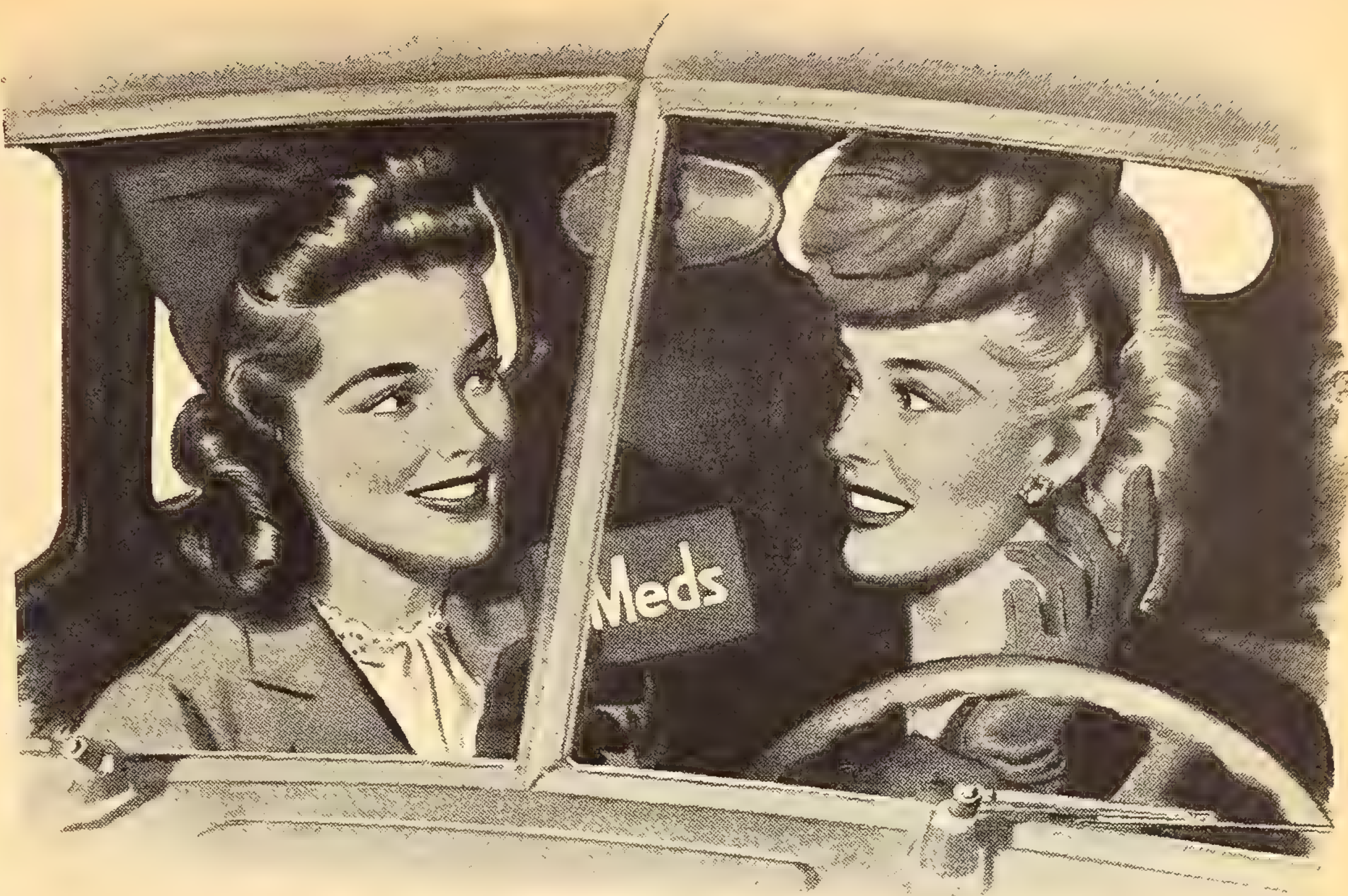
He spent a lot of time as a kid on his grandparents' farm down near Woodside, Delaware, and that's where he first started running away regularly and hopping freights back up to Connecticut. Physically, life on the farm didn't hurt him, although it did put Bob in sort of a spot years later in Hollywood.

When the Hollywood agent who uncovered Bob, Paul Wilkins, landed him his first "heavy" job in a "Hopalong," Pop Sherman, who makes them, said, "He looks okay—but can he ride?" After all, a hoss-opera is made with hosses. Wilkins called up Bob and asked him the \$64 question. Bob remembered the old plugs and dob-bins who used to sleep-walk around the Delaware farm. "Oh sure," he said. "I used to handle the horses on a farm."

#### baby commando . . .

That was translated to Producer Sherman as "he used to break broncos on a ranch" and so Bob was hired pronto. Bob had to hustle out to a San Fernando Valley riding academy and cram up on horsemanship. He had some nasty spills anyway, when they gave him a wild cayuse to ride in the picture, but what's a spill to Bob Mitchum? He catches on to any kind of action quick. Today he's a superb horseman.

Farm life, schoolyard scraps, a summer at a CCC camp and athletics built Bob's lean, rugged figure. He was good at baseball and swimming particularly. He felt he had to prove himself to the bullies at every school he attended and as a result was always getting booted out for fighting. He went to grammar school down in Delaware and in Connecticut and had a fling at high school in New York City. He never finished. He was too restless to stick to books, although he has since read himself into a good education. He lit out on the lam whenever he had a chance, sometimes with his brother Jack and sometimes alone. He rode the rods and the blind baggage, lived in hobo "jungle" camps, dodged yard bulls in railroad centers, begged for handouts at back doors all over the land. In his early teens Bob grew as self-reliant as a young commando—and about as tough. Once he got caught on top of a high-balling box car by a "bull" and they battled it out while the train rocked and rolled until one of them got knocked off the car—and it wasn't Bob. Bob can hold out for hours about his weary-willie exploits as a kid. He fell in with some Tennessee hill billies once when he was only fourteen. They forced him to swallow white mule moonshine whisky, kidnapped him to their mountain shack and Bob woke up in the pig pen the next morning, snoozing away with some friendly porkers—just like Li'l Abner. But I won't go into Ramblin' Bob on the road—because that would take all day and night, and, like I say, you'd never know whether Bob was quoting gospel or taking you for a ride—and maybe he wouldn't know himself.



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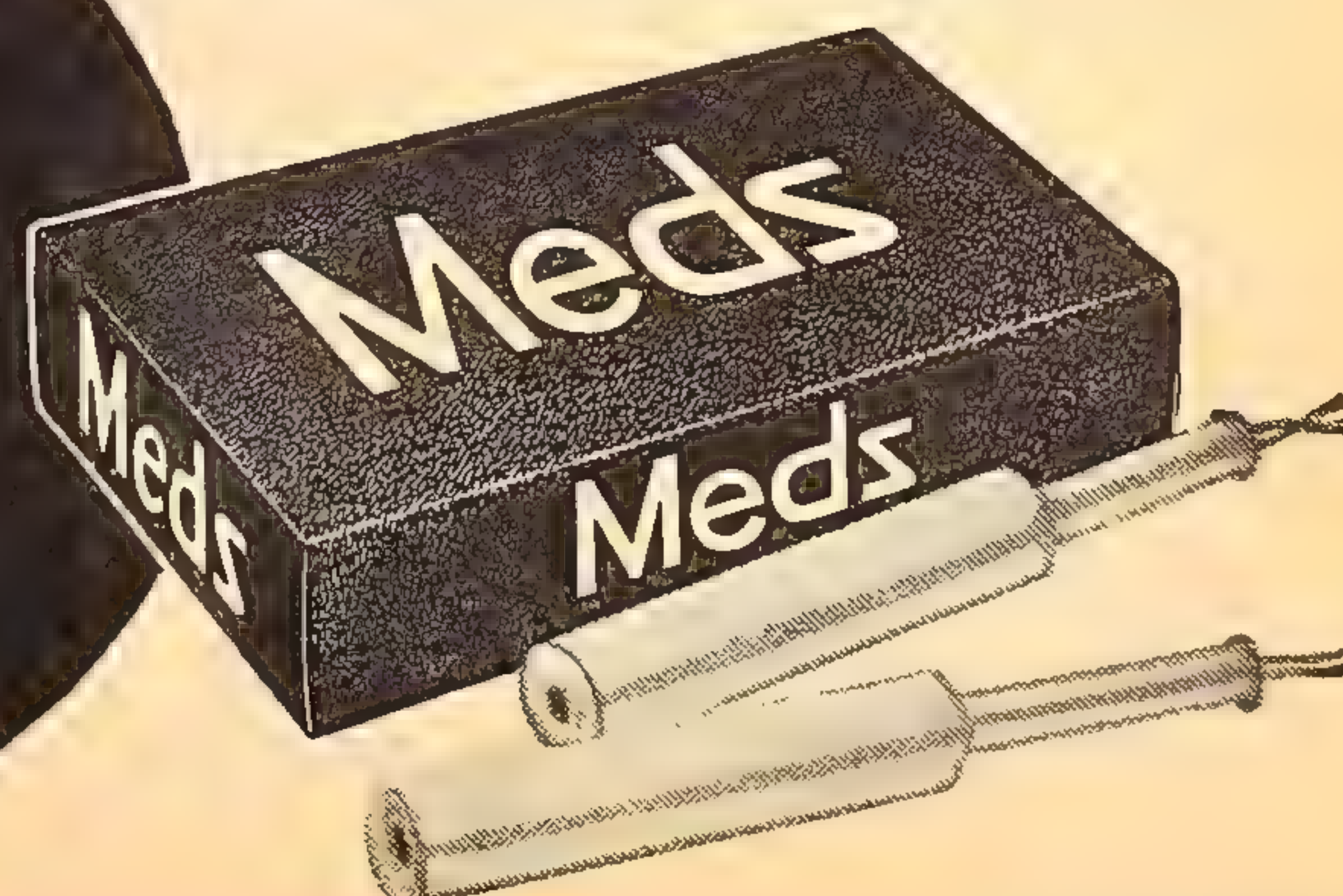
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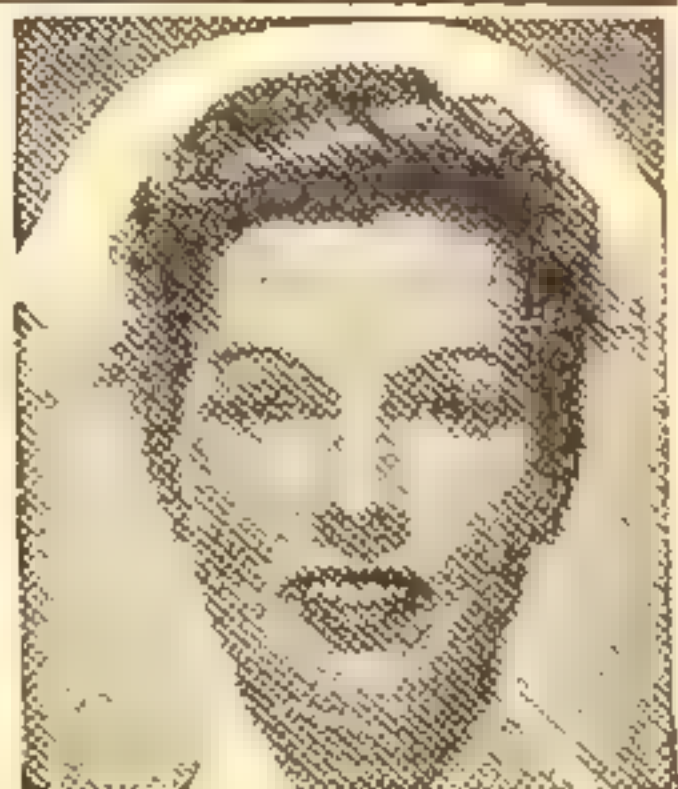
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There was one bit of method behind this adolescent wanderlust of Bob's, besides itchy feet. He was already acting-happy. His mother always hoped for her children to be performers. Older sister Annette got an early start as a night club singer and today Bob's younger half-sister, Carol, is aiming for movie fame. Bob clicked in with the family ambition and what made him a steady passenger on the lonesome railroads was chasing tent shows, carnivals, circuses and things that traveled around. He landed all kinds of jobs with them, hauling water, taking tickets, hustling baggage, cooking, dishwashing and sometimes helping out in a shabby act. He even learned to toot a sax a little. He loved it.

home to roost . . .

But he always came back to Delaware. The reason was a slim and beautiful brunette with big brown eyes, named Dorothy, whose mother owned a tourist cabin court in the town of Camden. Dorothy is Mrs. Mitchum today and mother of Bob's two sons, Jimmy Robin and Christopher, rugged chips, incidentally, off the not-so-old-block.

She was fourteen when Bob first met her and he was sixteen. Dorothy was Brother Jack's girl at first but when he brought Brother Bob around one night that was a mistake. Dorothy fell for the Mad Mitchum like a ton of bricks, especially after Bob and Jack had a slam-bang battle right in front of her eyes over her affections and Bob took the nod. That might not be so easy today, even with Bob Mitchum's lullaby right. Because Jack, who's a private in the Army, too, grew up to be very classy in the professional ring and not long ago won the lightweight championship at Camp Crowder, Missouri.

Bob and Dorothy were just getting going steady and parking a Model A Ford in the moonlight under the soft Delaware skies, when the Mitchum family moved to Long Beach, California, where sister Annette had married a Navy man. Bob's mother was remarried, too, by that time, to Major Hugh Morris, an Englishman with a brilliant record in the first world war who's now doing his second war bit aboard a "floating refrigerator" ship in the Pacific. At that time he had landed a job managing the Long Beach Yacht Club. The family rolled across the Continent in a share-the-ride-auto. Jack and Bob hitch-hiked. Bob was seventeen.

Long Beach is right on the back doorstep of Hollywood. Bob didn't overlook that. He rustled odd jobs around the beach, in service stations, stores, factories and along the amusement Pike—and found time to get brown as a nut in the sun and swim all over the ocean which didn't hurt that Indian chief build of his. But what really got him buzzing was the Long Beach Theater Guild. It put on amateur plays under the direction of a professional dramatist, Elias Day. A girl named Laraine Johnson, from Utah, was there then and later on when she came up to Hollywood she took his name to become Laraine Day.

It wasn't long before Bob had made his "professional" debut in "Stage Door"—although he didn't get a bean for it. From that time on everything else was incidental. He haunted Little Theaters wherever he found them. He started writing stuff for local radio performers and sold some, too. Sister Annette got divorced and resumed her night club career singing around at Hollywood spots and in Palm Springs. Bob took to writing patter for her. He quit his odd jobs in Long Beach and moved up to Hollywood. He had to eat so he fell into a typical Hollywood endeavor. He teamed up with—of all things—an astrologer. This astrologer was a top man in his field and he whacked out horoscopes for people like Marlene Dietrich and Maria Montez and

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a lot of metaphysical-minded stars. Bob became his "contact man." He met a few stars but not many. The bulk of the seer's trade was old ladies and lonely wives. He held teas in hotels and lectured here and there and Bob traveled along wherever his astrologer went. He got pretty hep on the star-gazing business himself and today he can look at you and come right up with the day and month you were born and what's giving with your future.

This was kind of confoozin' pretty soon, because Bob had not forgotten Delaware Dorothy by any means. In fact, since he'd come to sunny California he'd made three trips back just to hold her hand and—yep—he'd traveled the box-car express all three times. The psychic business got to working too, because every time he'd head east Dorothy would start to tingle and know he was on the way although he never let her know. Maybe it was the Mitchum personality zooming over the ether.

the stars look down . . .

The confoozin' part came in when Bob's star-gazing boss took a tour of the Atlantic Coast. They started in Florida and worked up the coast to New England. Dorothy had gone to business school in Philadelphia by then and was working in a Quaker City insurance office. Bob whipped over from the Traymore Hotel engagement in Atlantic City and the only thing that stood in the way of a preacher was the stars.

Bob's boss consulted the horoscopes and shook his head.

The stars said he was under the influence of Leo the Lion. Dorothy was guided by Taurus the Bull. "Conflict," predicted the astrologer. "It'll never work."

Dorothy's parents thought the same thing, by the way, without benefit of the planets. You couldn't blame them for not approving of wild Bob Mitchum as a match for Dorothy. Dorothy knew his faults, too, but as she says, "I was so much in love with him that I didn't give a darn." She's still that way, although they've had more ups and downs than a pogo stick.

They went down to Camden to get married. Bob borrowed a hundred dollars and Dorothy had another hundred her office had collected for a going-away gift. They routed a preacher out of bed one Saturday night late and he wrapped himself in a blanket and made them one. The parlor was too chilly so he married Bob and Dorothy in the kitchen, and the cabbage aroma wasn't exactly orange blossoms. Neighborhood kids peeked in the kitchen windows to kibitz.

After a one-day honeymoon in one of Dorothy's mother's tourist cabins, they hopped a Greyhound Bus to Hollywood. There they piled in with Bob's folks, making nine people in a two-bedroom house. Bob had left his astrologer job and had plenty of no prospects. But Dorothy never worried a bit. None of the Mitchum family had a steady job then and things became rugged, especially when Jimmy Robin promptly announced his approaching arrival.

There were days when Bob had to cinch in his belt and skip meals while Dorothy dodged bill collectors. She got a typist's job and finally Bob connected with a Wilshire Boulevard shoe store as a clerk. His pants were worn so thin at that point, he remembers, that when he stooped over to try on a shoe, he had to ease down sidewise lest they rip open and ruin the sale. He peddled things from house to house, too, and finally landed the graveyard shift airplane factory job a month before Jimmy was born. So they got by.

But, as in Long Beach, what really hypnotized Bob Mitchum's mind all the time was acting. And working or not, he knocked himself out every night at Michael

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Mark's Little Theater on La Cienega Boulevard in Hollywood. They put on a play called "The Lower Depths" (which was very apropos of Bob's financial status at that point) and the opening night, just about curtain time, Bob got the Big Word. He would be a father any minute. He didn't even have an automobile but he borrowed one and dashed Dorothy down to the hospital—then rushed back and did his stuff on the stage—and back to the hospital in time for the main event.

That probably had nothing to do with it—but Jimmy Mitchum started talking at five months, and plenty, "just like his old man," remarks Dorothy.

Bob's luck began breaking fast the minute he became a proud papa. That's when Paul Wilkins, this agent fellow, dropped into the show one night to see a girl somebody had asked him to look up. The young lady wasn't so hot, he decided right away, and he was yawning and reaching for his hat when Bob Mitchum came on. Mr. Wilkin's gaping mouth snapped shut and he came to attention. So did the audience. Whenever Bob left the stage they went to sleep. When he came on they sat up in their seats. Wilkins observed all this. "H-m-m-m—" he hummed. "This kid has something."

So that's how Bob Mitchum, Hollywood actor, started. Wilkins signed Bob and the next day landed him his first "Hopalong" job, just like that. Once he was on film, even nasty man parts, a bushy beard and Bob's studio caprices couldn't keep him under cover. The fans started swooning and swarming right into the horse opera circuit. When Bob turned romantic for one "Hopalong" and actually kissed Teddy Sherman (Pop's acting daughter) you'd have thought he had betrayed sweet young American womanhood en masse. The howls reached to high heaven.

Mitchum got his Hollywood diploma from the bang-bang B's first when he played that brief but charming scene in "Human Comedy"—remember—where the three soldiers date up the girls on the street and treat them to a movie? Next came "We've Never Been Licked"—just another bit at first—but when Walter Wanger, the producer, saw the rushes he spotted Bob with an experienced Hollywood eye. "Rewrite the script," he ordered, "and give this Mitchum a real part." The break in that added up to the part of Pig Iron in "Gung-Ho," the next Wanger special. And when the director of that one, who'd had Bob forced on him practically, started skipping Mitchum's scenes, Walter Wanger, himself, hopped right down to the set and personally corrected that.

tough and tender . . .

That's a funny thing about Mitchum. He can be as belligerent as a U. S. Marine on a toot; as cocky as a rooster; as explosive as a Teller mine. But something brazen about his personality makes him aces with big shots. Mervyn LeRoy tumbled for Bob in a big way at M-G-M, and even plugged him to play the Van Johnson part of Captain Ted Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." He tested Bob for 32 different parts while he was there and told him one day, "Mitchum—you're either the lousiest actor in the world—or the best. I can't make up my mind!" Bill Wellman, who directed "G.I. Joe," had never seen Bob before he showed up to be interviewed for the Captain Waskow part (called "Captain Walker" in the movie). But after five minutes talk with Bob and no test or even a reading, Wild Bill told Wild Bob, "Well, that's it. You're the Captain!"

And when Ernie Pyle saw Bob he marvelled, "It's amazing. You could be Waskow himself." High praise from the late and taciturn Ernie, indeed. Because Captain Waskow is the most beloved character



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in "G.I. Joe," a real life American worshipped by his men, whose death prompted Ernie Pyle to write his greatest column. One of Bob's treasures is a copy of Ernie's "Brave Men," inscribed to him.

But oddly enough, it's not big and famous men who intrigue Bob Mitchum. He has barely a pal around Hollywood you'd know even if I spelled out names. Bob's interested in the little guy. He got in a beautiful fight in a Sunset cafe because a big bully was picking on a pint-sized guy. He ran into a kid the other day who'd worked with him in Little Theaters. He was just back from two years in the Army and looking for work. Bob took him over to the "G.I. Joe" set and Jack Shea worked there six weeks. Bob says that he didn't have anything to do with it, but Jack knows better.

Even when he doesn't know whom he's plugging for, Bob can get just as het up. The other day he and Paul Wilkins were going by the gate at RKO studios, where, until Uncle Sam hired him, Bob was getting his steady pay check. But, anyway, there was a new husky at the RKO door this day. As Bob passed by he barked, nastily, "Where the hell do you think you're going?" Bob spun around.

"What did you say?"

He repeated it.

battlin' bob . . .

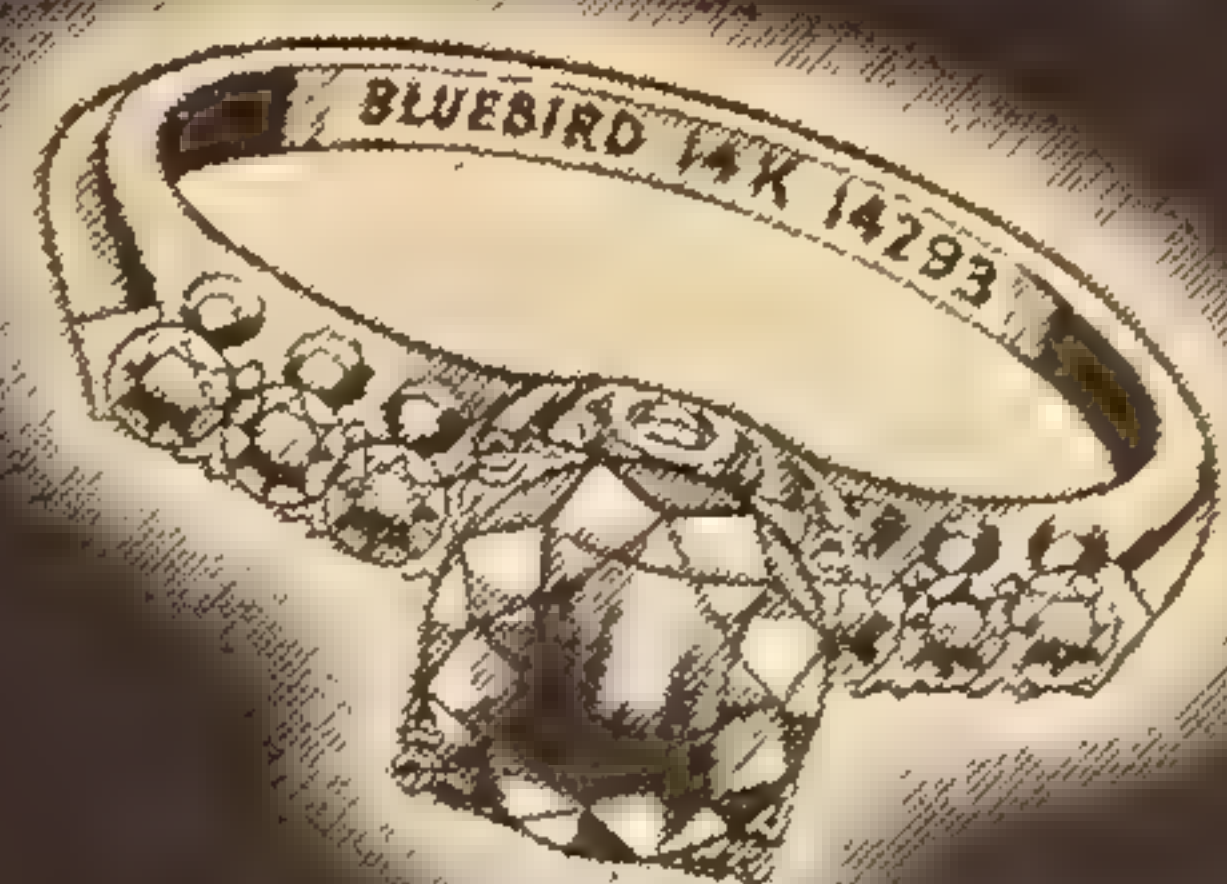
Bob jumped forward to slug him and Paul Wilkins grabbed Bob. Later, inside the studio, he lectured him. "You can't do that around your own studio, Bob," he said. "You'll get everybody down on you."

"Look," explained Bob. "I wasn't mad at what he did to me. I can take it. But if he cracks like that at me he'll do it to some unknown kid down on his luck. And that'll hurt him. It's that little guy I was thinking about when I got sore."

That's just another odd quirk in Mitchum's makeup—that he can be as instantly hostile as a grizzly bear and underneath as friendly to everybody as a kitten. All the camera crew are Mitchum's pals wherever he plays. In the marketing district near the Mitchum house, Bob is better known than his wife, Dorothy. He strolls up there when he's home and pals around with the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker. When he started making westerns he got himself a lasso and entertained the merchants, lassoing what he wanted from the shelves. He can think of the darndest things. A half-breed Indian came one day to trim the palm tree in Bob's back yard. Bob started chinning with him and found he was a stunt man out of work. Not only did Mitchum hustle up a job in a studio for the fellow right away, but latched onto him, as a pal.

Being Mrs. Robert Mitchum, Dorothy confesses, is strictly a never-a-dull-moment deal. Bob's as unpredictable around the house as he is around the studios. In fact, whatever character he's playing in a picture, he's quite likely to be the same thing at home. He gets all wrapped up in his parts and if it's a toughie he's playing, Mrs. M. leaves him alone. He's a particularly swell father, now that Jimmy has got so he can pal with his pop. Bob's forever teaching him gag nifties and having Jimmy spring them on the drop-in trade of new friends he seems to make every week. Dorothy never knows when she's going to have a flock of people she's never met for dinner, but that's not so bad, because Bob's a terrific cook, a wizard with meats, gravies and salads. He always bakes Dorothy (he calls her "Goodie" and "Dorsey") a birthday cake, too.

He launches into great homework projects that never seem to get finished—like the lawn he dug up to seed and stopped, leaving it looking like a victory garden without the V. And the tiny whippet car



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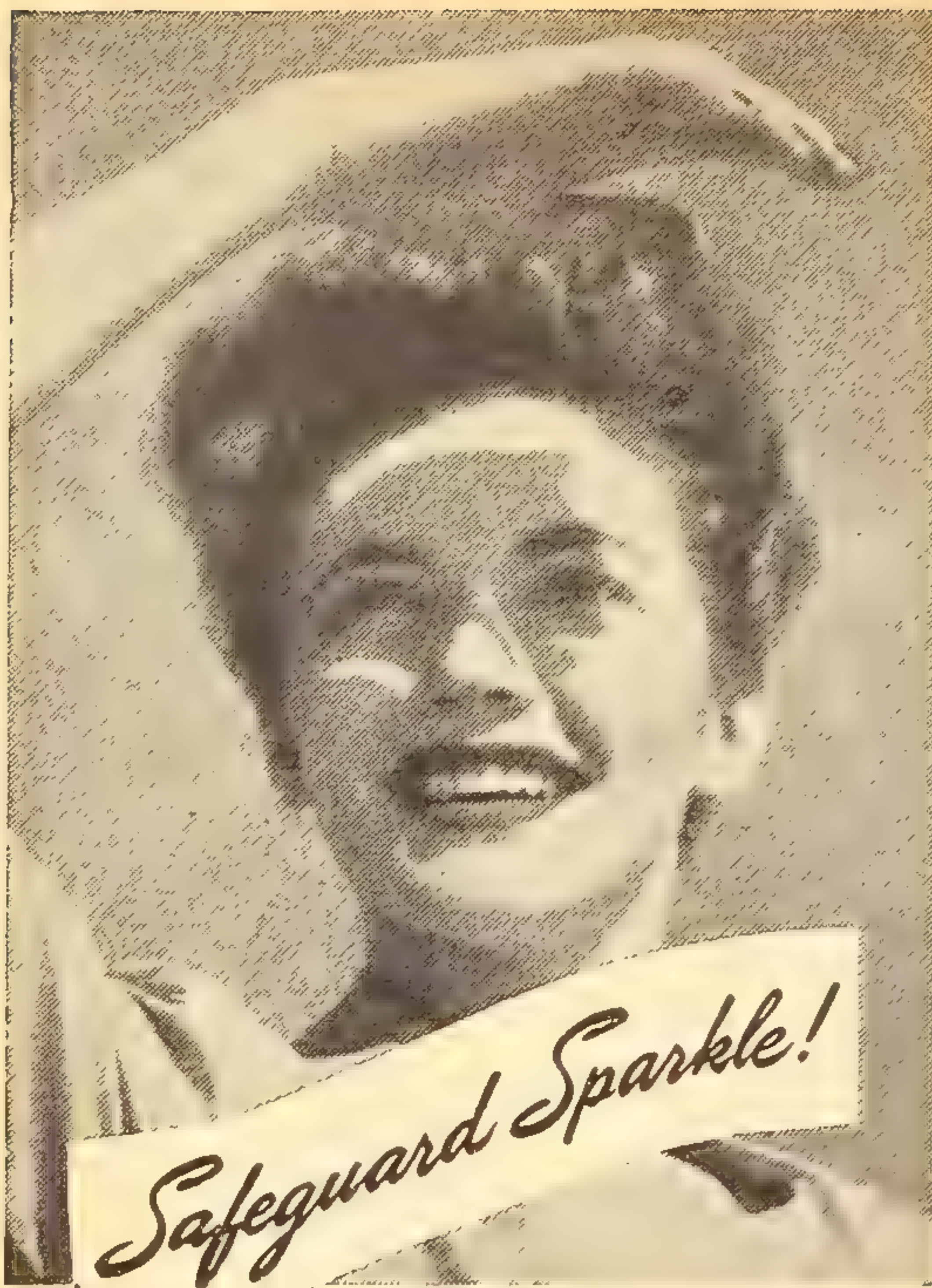
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he bought for Dorothy and decided to recondition. She's had it a year but has never driven it yet. It's been scattered all over the garage. Bob took it apart but he never got around to putting it together again.

Bob's not lazy but he likes his comfort. He takes two-hour soaks in a tub, never shaves unless he has to, likes to lie on the floor and listen to the record music he loves. He's a stayer-upper until all hours, a slave to black coffee. He likes bourbon whisky best and hangs a cigarette out of his mouth most of the time—except on Saturday nights when he walks up to the drug store and comes back with two big black cigars and the Sunday paper.

He'll stay in bed all hours unless he's working, snoozing in the raw. He can't stand tight clothes or being mussed up. Anyone who touches him suddenly is likely to pick himself up off the floor. That's a hangover from his hobo days when he had to be quick on the draw. For indoor fun he'd rather play poker, but outdoors he's strictly beach and boat happy, with a frustrated ambition to own a sailboat and cruise off the Delaware coast, where Bob still hopes someday to own a farm.

### sentimental gentleman . . .

Because Bob is sentimental under his leather tough hide. His family lives right down the street and the Mitchums are thick as leaves. Bob never takes a gold ring off his little finger, which Dorothy gave him when he put the wedding ring on her finger. It's her school class ring from Camden High. He also hoards a red-checked handkerchief of hers which he swiped back in their courting days. He's a sucker for a sassy Scottie named Lady Macbeth who queens it around the house. His business manager had to take away his power to sign checks because Bob was giving his salary away every week to down-and-outers. He's got an easy-come-easy-go complex about money that makes him a check grabber and a soft touch. And—it's hard to believe—but when he played some heartbreaking scenes in "G.I. Joe" Bob wept real tears like a kid.

All in all, you might believe that when Dorothy Mitchum refers to her ever lovin' as "a character," she is making true talk. What Bob Mitchum is likely to do the next minute is anybody's guess, including his own. But there's one thing that's dead certain—he'll get along.

Because he's built like Superman, even the army quartermaster had a rugged time whipping up a uniform for Bob when he was inducted recently. For a week Bob walked around in dungarees while waiting for his uniform issue. Then the week end rolled around and he wanted to hop up home to Hollywood. But the Army has a rigid rule that way—not a step do you go off the post without full uniform.

Bob made it up to Hollywood all right. Maybe his uniform fit him a little quick in some places and a little slow in others. His shirt covered his big shoulders but it hung around his wasp waist like an empty gunnysack. And his pants were half way up to his knees. But it was all regulation.

What Bob Mitchum had done was go over to the post hospital and borrow this and that from the sick report GIs who weren't going anywhere, anyway. He got all he needed, except a dress cap.

Walking across the post, Bob spied a captain in full uniform. He had an idea. He marched up and saluted.

In a few minutes Private Mitchum was hitting the highway home to Hollywood. He wore the captain's hat, with the gold insignia stripped off, of course.

When a raw, dog-faced rookie can talk an Army captain out of the hat on his head—well—the future wouldn't seem to pose many serious problems for a character like Bob Mitchum, now would it?

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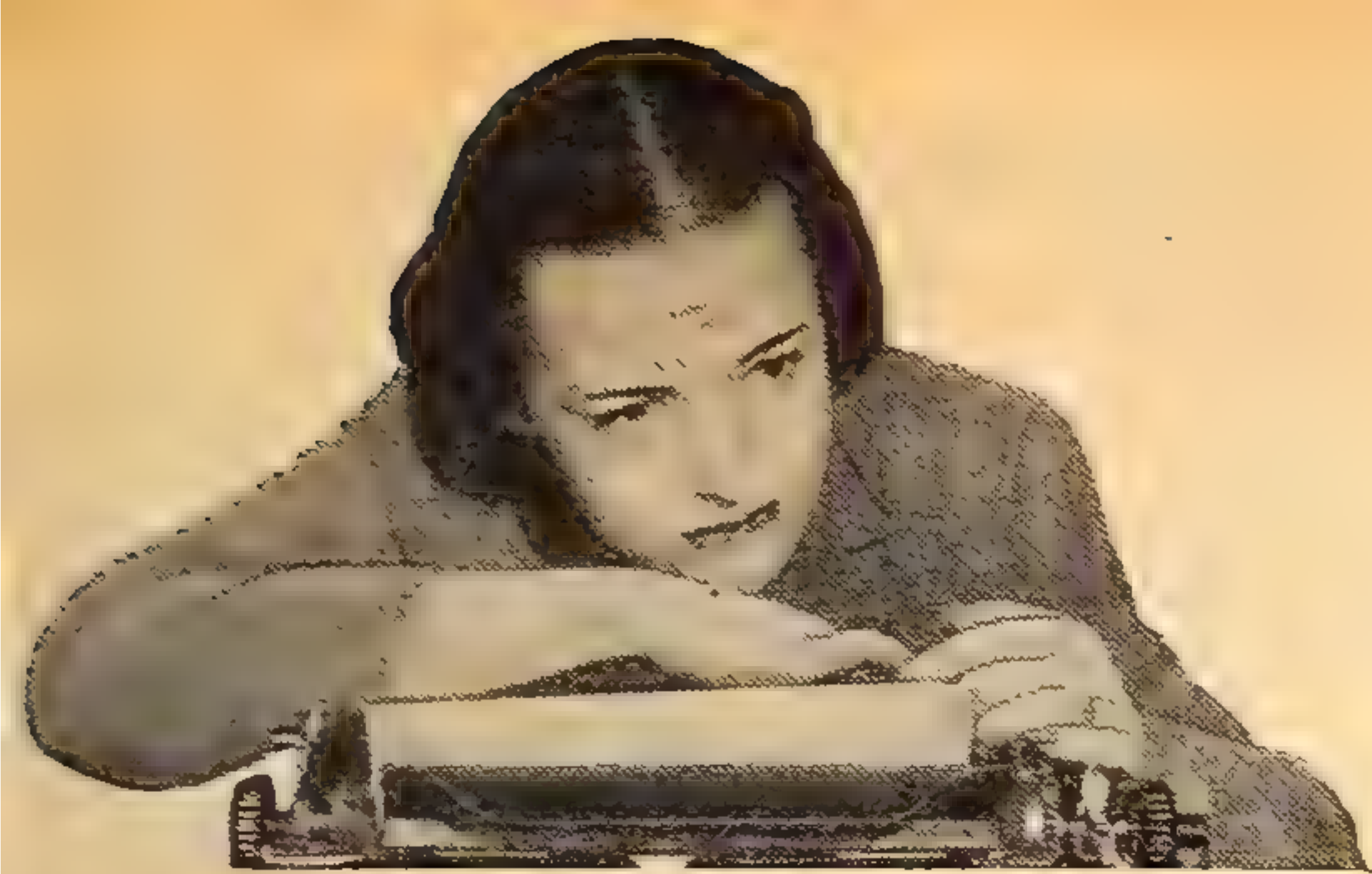
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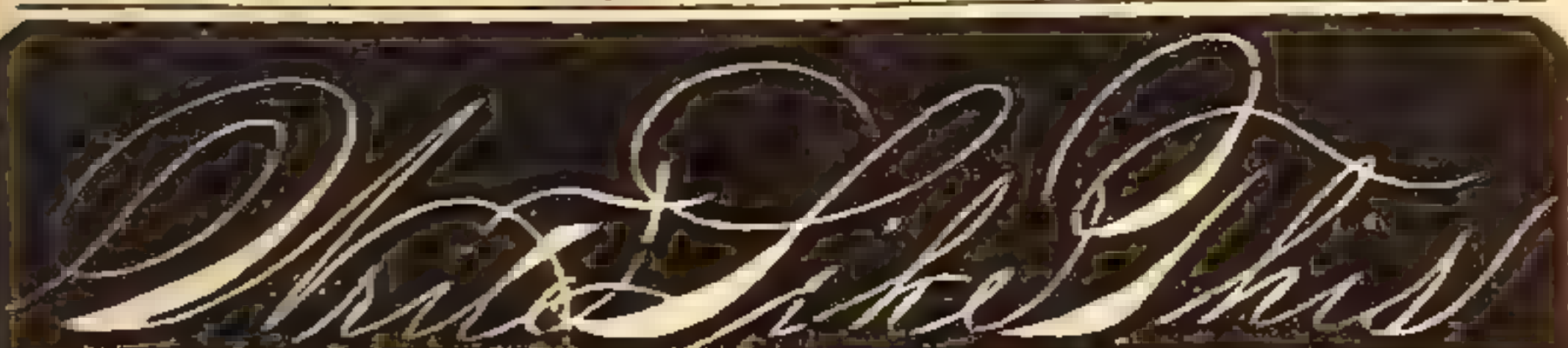
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## LAST LEAVE

(Continued from page 47)

helping the big plane make a tender landing; three pairs of eyes strained almost out of their sockets as the khaki load began to pile out and disperse. "Bud!" called Lon's mother, running forward.

And so, Lon McCallister was back with his family; back, that is, for a brief leave, knowing that it was his last before reporting to a Port of Embarkation for duty outside the continental limits of the States.

Chattering like four mynah birds, the family hopped into the car and made for Santa Monica. "Everything looks so wonderful and green," announced Lon. "And the sun is just as bright as ever, and there's just as much fog over the ocean, and the girls are still as yeow-yeow in their bathing suits. . . ."

#### buzz bomb tactics . . .

And just ahead was the worst motor accident Lon had seen in his life. Luckily, the McCallister car wasn't involved. In the distance, Lon and his grandfather saw it happen, saw other cars stop to render aid. "There isn't anything we can do, except keep moving," Lon said. But as they passed he saw a woman from one of the cars involved, lying starkly still in the vast indifference of death.

It dampened his homecoming considerably, but he refused to let his family know about it. He chattered on, telling them about the last few months of the tour of "Winged Victory."

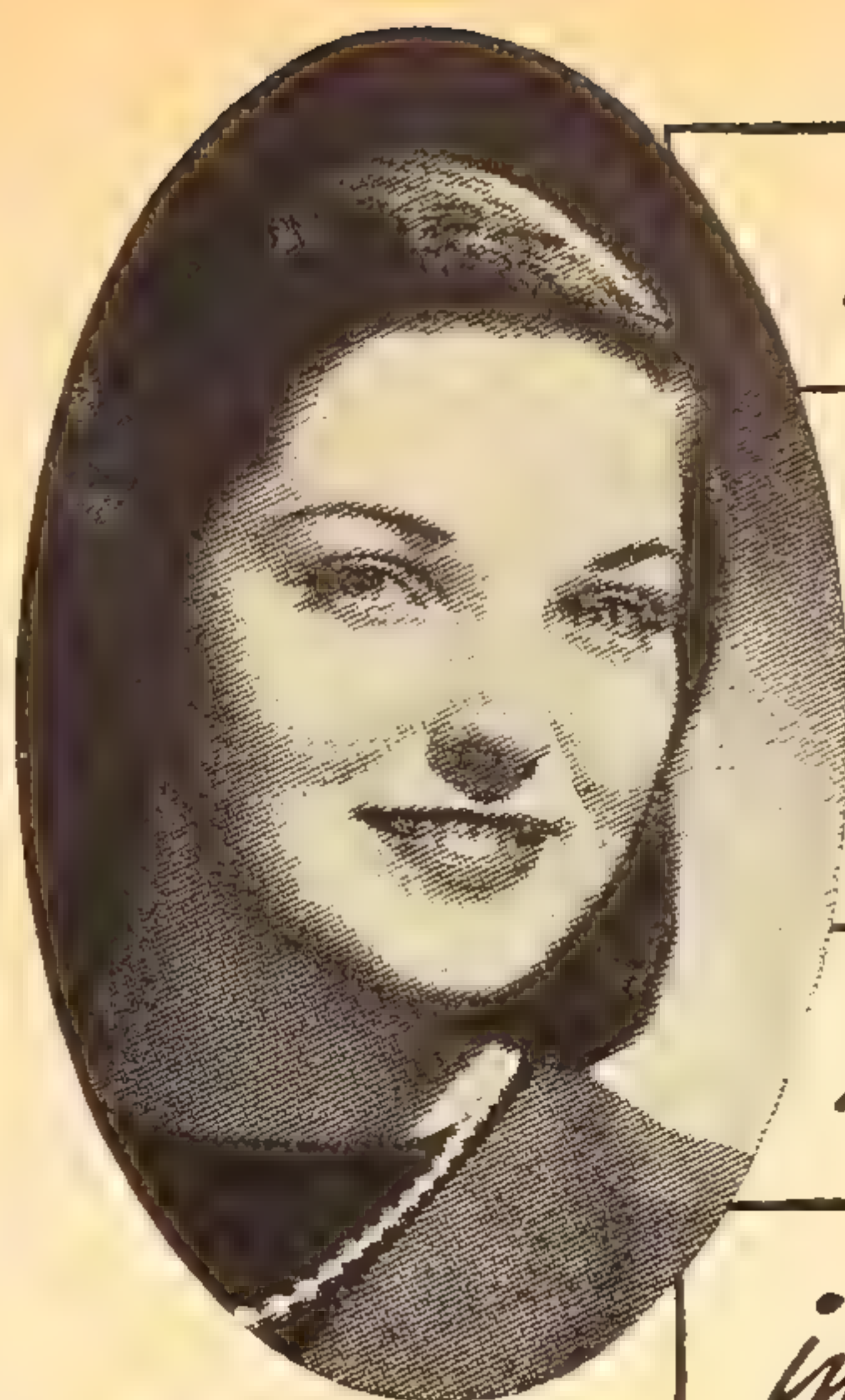
He told them about the day he was scheduled to give autographs in the record department of an eastern department store. One member of the cast was to be present each day for a week; Wednesday had been advertised as Lon's day. The other two fellows who preceded him on Monday and Tuesday said it wasn't so bad; lots of kids, of course, but most of them orderly and well-mannered.

Lon got all gussied up fit for inspection—shoes polished until they should have worn blinkers, trousers creased, buttons polished, hair brushed flat. As he stepped out of the elevator on the third floor (music department) he heard the sound of locusts ruining a "Good Earth" landscape. He hesitated. But he who hesitates is bossed. Quickly, a floorwalker approached. "Right this way, Private McCallister," he said, mopping his forehead and burning as red as a fugitive from forty days in an open boat.

When the assembled record buyers saw Lon, a shriek went up the like of which you won't hear until final surrender is signed. They began to thrust pens, pencils, notebooks, menus, scarves, belts and several other items at him. "I'll take care of everyone in a minute," said Lon. His voice couldn't be heard sixteen inches away because of the general hysteria. Someone on each side gave Lon a boost, hoisting him to the top of a counter.

He began to sign autographs with frantic haste. Meanwhile, the mob closed in; some of the bobby soxers climbed up beside Lon. One bright cherub with less sense than the Lord gave little green gooseberries, grabbed one of Lon's cuff buttons, gave a mighty tug, and ran away in triumph—the button imprinting the U. S. crest in the flesh of her palm.

That did it. If an M.P. had arrived at that moment, he could have put Lon in the brig for being out of uniform. But it didn't stop there. Other bright minds began to covet other McCallister treasures.



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One girl tried to snatch his tie; another was trying to possess a second button. One fan even took a firm grip of Lon's hair in order to pull out a few samples for her memory book.

Police officers had arrived by that time. They managed to get Lon into a freight elevator and up to the roof while frantic fans clogged the regular elevators and packed themselves subway fashion into the stairways.

Lon, sitting on the roof in the afternoon sunlight, wore a wry grin. He thought it over very carefully. It was wonderful to be famous—it was the thing many people wanted more than anything else in life. But it had penalties—plenty. What man could enjoy having his clothing torn, his hair pulled, his neck see-sawed by fans, no matter how flattering their intent?

Lon thought of something else. He thought of men he knew who were flying over the Japanese home islands and dodging flak; he thought of male fans who had written to him from destroyers eluding kamikaze pilots; he thought of kids he had known in school who were working in underwater demolition teams, preparing the way for beachheads to be established.

By and by the store manager, who was charming throughout this unexpected riot, and several other people, came up to Lon's hiding place; they made arrangements for him to descend by freight elevator to the alley, and there they had a cab waiting. So Lon got back to his hotel with a full head of hair and a uniform in fairly good condition.

Then there was the time in Cincinnati when he was ordered to remain in the wings and to keep off the stage after the first performance. During that first performance, the kids in the audience set up such a screeching that the lines being spoken by the principals in "Winged Victory" couldn't be heard. Adult members of the audience protested, but with refund-my-money tones, so Steps Had To Be

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently Jean Pierre Aumont spoke at our school. At the close of his speech, he asked if there were any questions. One girl asked: "Are Frenchmen as romantic as they're supposed to be?"

Lt. Aumont grinned and said he wasn't sure, but he thought they were. His wife, Maria Montez, was in the audience, and the next "question" was a request that she go on the stage. When she arrived at the microphone, she said she'd known they'd invite her up there to answer the above question. With a mischievous look at her husband, a wink at the audience, and a grin on her beautiful face, she leaned toward the microphone, sighed, and softly whispered, "Ah, yes, indeed they are!" Whereupon a blushing Lt. Aumont exited behind some curtains, Maria's grin broke into a big smile, and the whole audience broke out in gales of laughter. The Aumonts showed themselves to be wonderful people with grand senses of humor, as well as fine performers.

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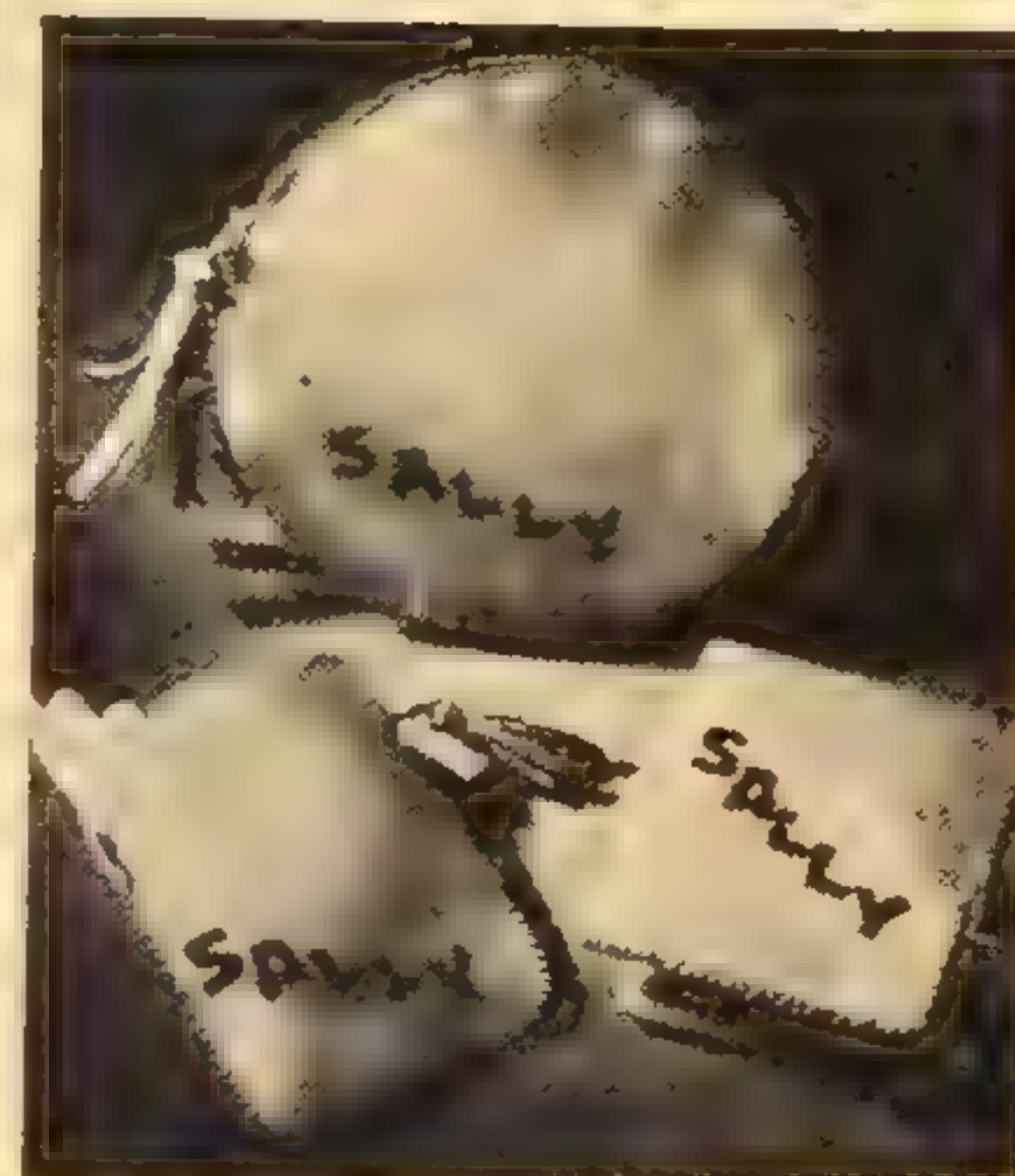
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aken. Lon's two scenes were cut from the play, and after that he remained backstage.

In another town, after the first matinee, there were so many bobby soxers at the stage door that the cast had to remain in the theater for dinner. Sympathetic members of the regular theater staff slipped out through various fire escapes, secured gallons of coffee and sandwiches, and fed the besieged army.

"In other words," admitted Lon, as the family drove into the garage at the Malibu beach house, "I've really been surrounded by people, people, people for a long time. That's why—if you folks don't mind—I'd like to take a long walk down the beach—alone—before we have supper. I don't even want Mack to go with me, because it's a responsibility."

"You run along," Mrs. McCallister said. Supper won't be ready for two hours . . . and develop an appetite, because I've cooked all your favorite things."

"Hamburgers!" yelled Lon.

"No," said his mother with dignity, "patties of ground round steak." (She always makes this distinction; this same conversation has been exchanged regularly since Lon was mumbley-peg champion of his block.) "And chocolate cake," she added.

Too much and too long . . .

"A guy who is about to take a long stroll on the beach is going to work up such an appetite that he might as well be somewhat fortified in advance, don't you think?" suggested Private McCallister, using the propaganda approach.

So his mother cut a slab of the three-story cake and passed it over to the hiker.

He set out, loving the squishy feel of sand and through the beach shoes he had exchanged for his G.I. gruesome twosome. As far as he could see, there was no one on the beach; he was utterly alone. After years of spending every waking and sleeping moment surrounded by people (every man in uniform knows the sensation of perpetually living at Broadway and 42nd), this isolation was utter bliss. He closed his eyes, breathed to the bottom of his lungs, and walked on.

He thought. He had said when he left home that he would never change. He had vowed that he would come back with the same viewpoint with which he had been armed when he left. Now he wanted to talk that over with himself.

Because he had changed.

At first he told himself that the alteration he felt could be blamed upon the natural process of growing up. "Even if I had never gone into the army, even if I had stayed here, working in pictures and seeing my same friends every day, I would have changed," he said, although the words—even as they were formed—were torn apart and scattered by the sea wind.

And he thought again, "No. I wouldn't have changed as much as I have."

He felt older; much, much older. He felt more serious. He had begun to worry about responsibilities, not only to his family and to his friends, but to his profession, to the people who would some day see his pictures. "I want to do really good things," he told himself solemnly.

A few nights later, when he and Jeanne Crain had dinner together at Mrs. Weiss' Czarda restaurant in Beverly Hills, they talked about the future. "Still crazy about your career?" Lon asked her.

"More than ever," she said, looking up through those incredible eyelashes.

Lon grinned at her. Kiddingly, he said, "Well, if you're going to marry me, you'll have to give it up."

Jeanne studied him. "Are you serious



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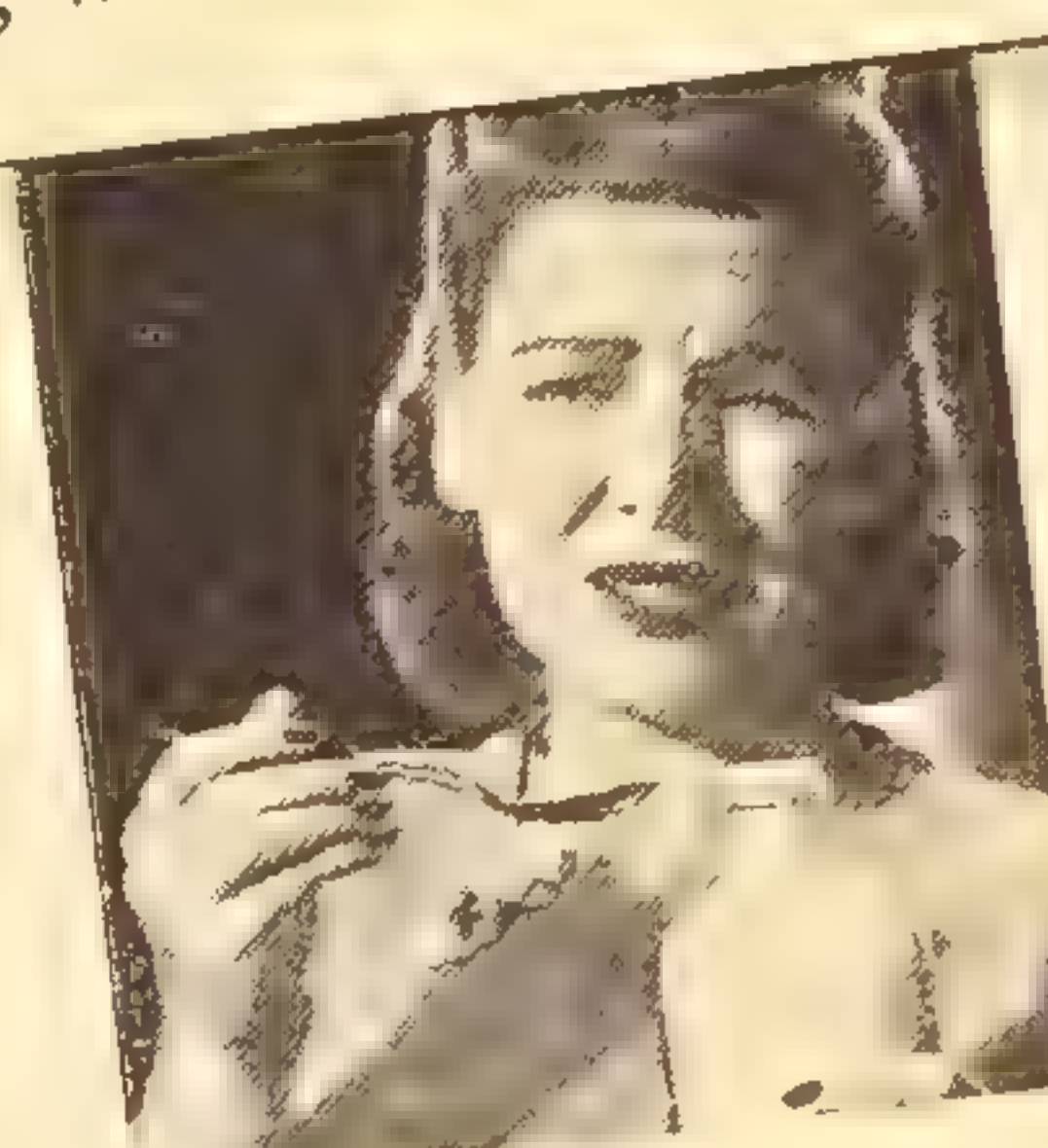


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**RESINOL**

about wanting the girl you marry to give up her career if she has one, or to be a non-career girl in the first place?"

"Dead serious," he said. "I really mean it. When I get married, I want to be able to come home and find my wife there. If she had a picture career, she might have to work late on the day when I felt lowest and needed her the most. You know yourself how it is. There are times when you need someone to tell you that you're taking yourself too seriously and that dinner will be ready by the time you've changed your clothes."

"I don't think I'd ever be happy without my career—now that I know what a thrill being an actress is," admitted Jeanne. "I want to go on and on, making more important pictures, learning how to do great dramatic work . . . I don't want to give it up, just to be married."

Lon said, "I used to think that I wanted to marry an actress because she would understand my work thoroughly. Well, that would be okay if she wanted to give it up, in order to be one hundred percent a wife after we were married. I've decided that just since I've been in the army, Jeanne. A guy gets a lot of ideas in the army that stick with him—the feeling of the importance of a home, for one thing."

"It's going to be hard for you to meet a girl like the one you have in mind," Jeanne pointed out logically. "The girls you get to know well are all in theatrical work."

"I'll figure it out while I'm overseas—when I'll have plenty of time for that kind of thinking," grinned Lon.

helping hand . . .

Several nights later he took Marjorie Riordan to dinner; they didn't talk very much career stuff because Marj has been having a bit of a struggle despite the fact that she is one of the most beautiful and most talented girls in Hollywood.

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



It happened at the "Music That Satisfies" program in New York. The announcer came out to "warm up" the studio audience. After introducing the members on the program and talking about the applause, the announcer looked at the clock. Then he said, "I think I'll tell a joke. A little girl was watching her father at the telephone. After her father hung up, the girl asked, 'Papa, who made the telephone?' His answer was, 'I don't know.' The little girl then asked, 'How old is Mama?' She received the same reply. 'I guess I'd better not ask you any more questions,' the child said. 'Oh, no,' said her father, 'After all, how else can you learn?'" The audience, except for a few polite chuckles, remained quiet. The announcer looked grim. He began again. He got up to the part where the girl asks her father, "Papa, who made the telephone?" Before he got any further, a chorus of voices called out, "Your brother!" The announcer was, of course, Jim Ameche, kid brother of Don Ameche. It was the first time a studio audience ever "warmed up" the announcer.

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After he had returned to Malibu, Lon said to his mother, "From now on I have just one terrific reason for wanting to get to be so important in pictures that I'll be able to wave a hand and say, 'I want So-and-so for my next picture.' There are so many swell kids in this town who aren't getting the break they deserve. Golly, I wish I could do something . . . something really important to help."

"Everything in its proper time, Bud," said his mother. It helped; it pointed out a goal, and somehow it made tomorrow seem much nearer.

One Saturday morning Lon, Ray (his longtime buddy who works for Lockheed), and a third man (who sold Lon his Malibu house originally) went up to a lake about one A-ticket into the hills. They took along two sleeping bags and a stack of blankets because the fog always comes down to the water's edge at night at that time of the year.

And they took along their fishing gear; object: Large fish.

All afternoon and late into the evening they cast their bait into the lake with exactly the proper wrist movement; they moved up the stream that feeds the lake, trailing all sorts of stuff that would, presumably, entice a finny glutton.

Total result: 17 medium-sized trout.

#### busman's holiday . . .

At their camp site, they discussed the dinner menu. "I hope you don't think I'm a Section 8," (i.e., psycho-neurotic), said Lon, "but I don't want fish for dinner. I don't like to meet my food socially, as I have these characters, before I eat it."

The other two anglers were in agreement. Besides, the fish were so small. They opened a can of peaches, a can of spam (yeah), boiled a pot of coffee, and boiled half-a-dozen eggs in the coffee. It was a wonderful dinner.

As the fire died down, the trio bedded for the night, Ray and Lon in the sleeping bags, and their friend, the owner of the total equipment, stretched under several layers of blankets.

Ray, wriggling inside the sleeping bag, looked at Lon suspiciously. "I notice that you chose your fox hole pretty carefully. I'm just finding out why you hollowed out that area and removed all the stones and sticks before you bedded down."

"Can I help it if I've been trained in army methods?" taunted Lon. "Just a little superior planning, my boy."

There was silence for ten minutes. Then Ray crawled out of the sleeping bag and removed a few more stones and sticks from the depression of his choice. Silence for thirty minutes. Then a long groan. Ray: "Every time I turn over, I try to hang myself in this crazy thing."

No answer. Silence for twenty minutes. Choking sounds of a locomotive chuffing up a grade only to run into a mountain of cotton. Ray: "Hey, some little animal just ran over my face."

At which point Lon observed wearily, "I'm not getting much sleep, either. I guess my trouble is that I'm so used to Mack lying across my feet that I can't doze off without him."

Not that Mack is supposed to spread his weight across the foot of Lon's bed, of course. Mack now weighs around 160

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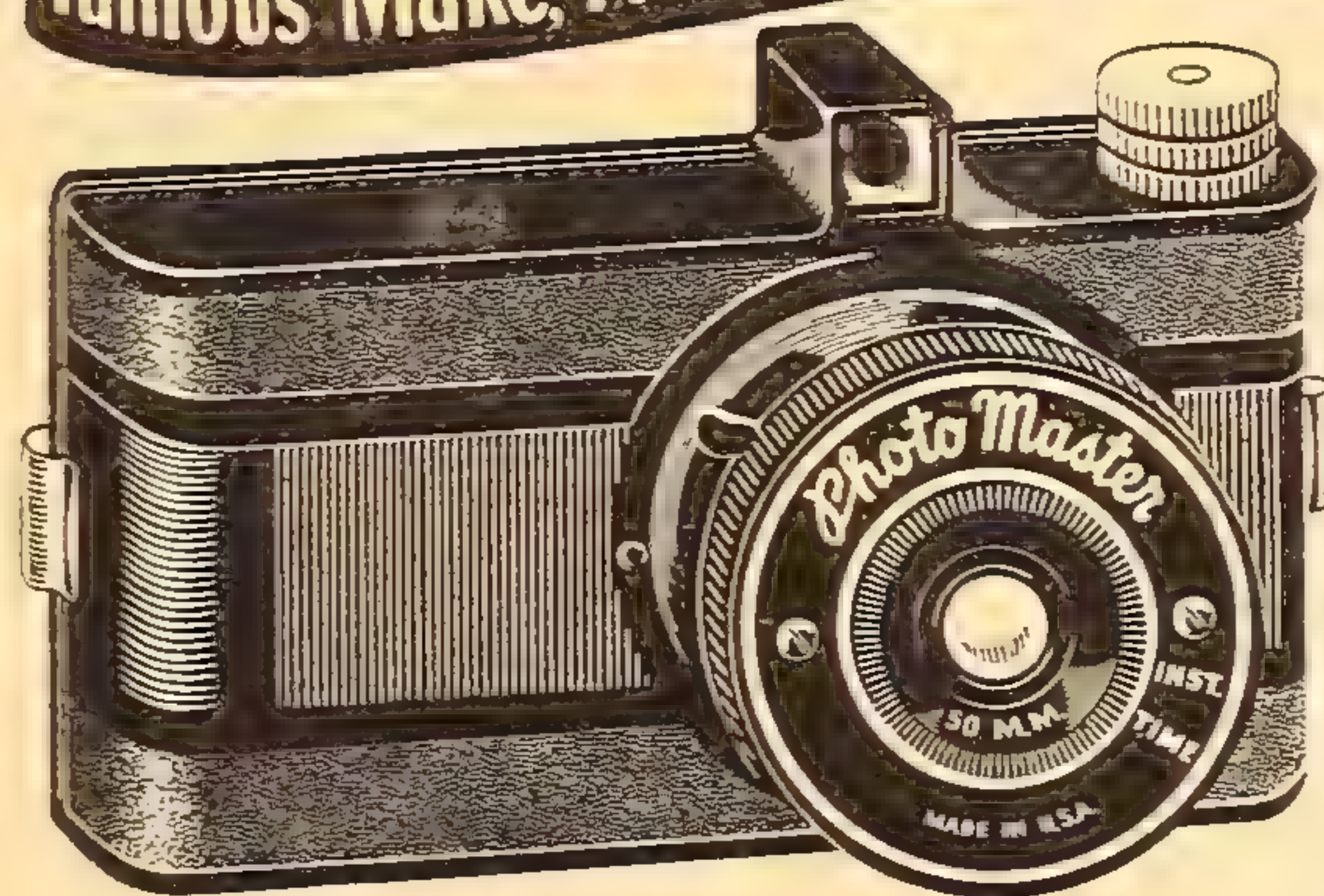
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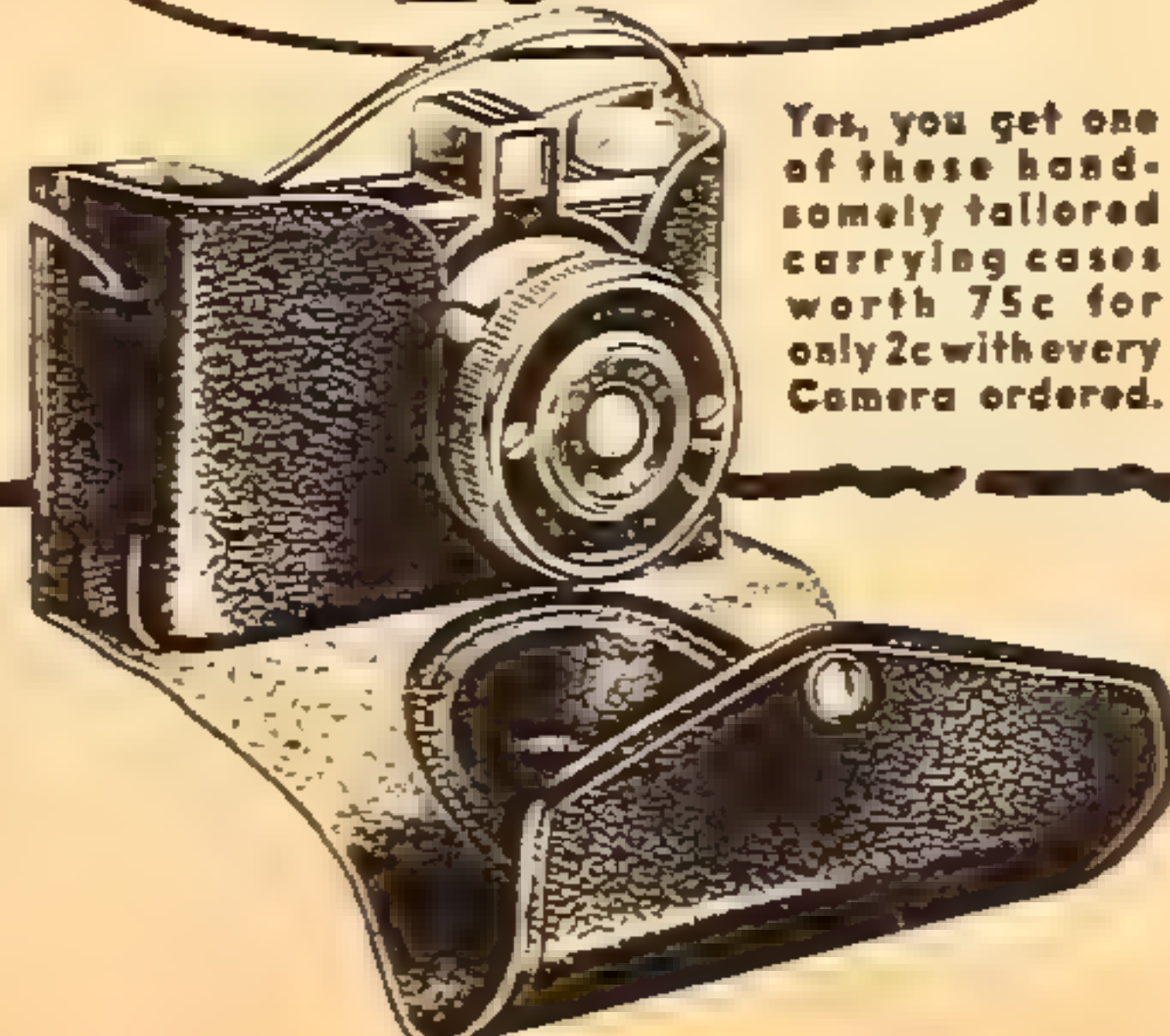
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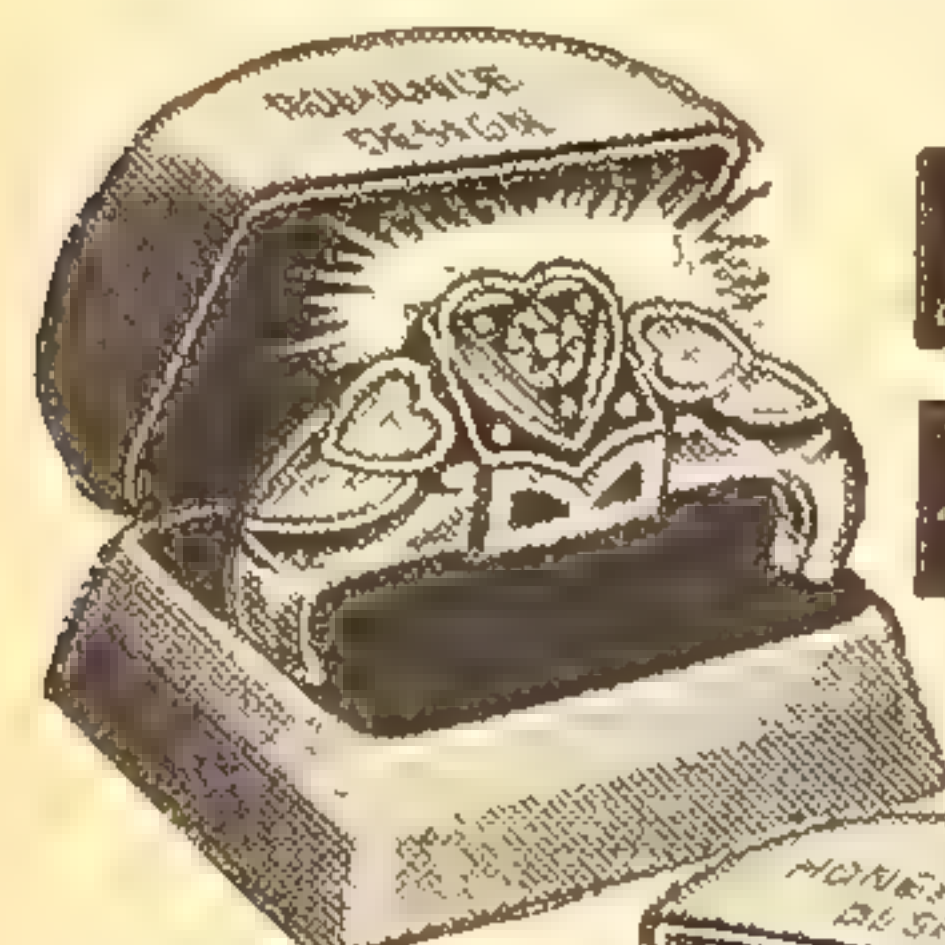
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pounds and stands, when leaping on his hind legs for joy, about six feet plus tall. But, great as is his size, Mack thinks of himself as a lap dog. He has a merry little toy poodle soul in his Great Dane body.

The first night Lon was at home, Mack actually tried to talk to him. The dog placed his face some four inches from Lon's and engaged in a prolonged recital of his woes. He growled, he arfed, he barked, he chuckled. He told Lon about every new dog and cat within twenty miles. But most of all, he told Lon that the way Private McCallister had sneaked away without telling his faithful pal, Mack, goodbye on the occasion of Lon's last furlough, was a shocking shame. And Mack let it be known that the affair was not to be repeated.

When they prepared for bed, Lon pointed to the rug and explained to Mack that the floor was the proper place for 160 rugged pounds of canine. During the night Lon awakened with the feeling that the Empire State building had been erected on his ankles. It was only Mack, keeping guard and snatching a little shut-eye at the same time.

Night after night the same performance took place. Mack was ordered to the floor. Lon would awaken with Mack on the bed. Mack would be ordered to the rug again. Again he would sneak up on the bed.

"It's a good thing he isn't here tonight," said Ray at the end of this story, "because that madman-mutt would be trying to get into your sleeping bag!"

Everyone finally went to sleep and awakened as soon as the sun managed to crawl gingerly through enough chiffon veils of fog to smother Salome. And for breakfast, to be different, they had canned peaches, spam, coffee—with eggs boiled in the coffee.

The last day Lon was at home he moved around the huge living room with its magnificent stone fireplace, studying each corner, each wall space, each item of furniture with an appraising eye. "As soon as we can get good materials," he told his mother, "I think we should have those two lounges upholstered in bright red corduroy. Now we'll keep this one long lounge in sandtone, but don't you think the drapes would be swell if they were made of a print featuring those red Williamsburg roses?"

He stopped, leaned his head back and laughed. "Gosh, being in barracks really makes a guy appreciate a house," he said. "Oh well—I'll have two years to think about all the things I want to do here at home. Two long years overseas. I'm glad I'm going, but—yeow—how glad I'm going to be to get back!"

At this point he had a dejecting thought: "Do you suppose everybody will have forgotten me by that time?" he asked his mother.

"Certainly not," said that wise woman. "Fans will keep on writing to the studio, and the studio will forward the letters to you wherever you are, so you'll be able to see for yourself that you aren't forgotten. The idea!"

She is going to forward his lightweight typewriter to Lon so that he will be able to answer the letters he ardently hopes he gets.

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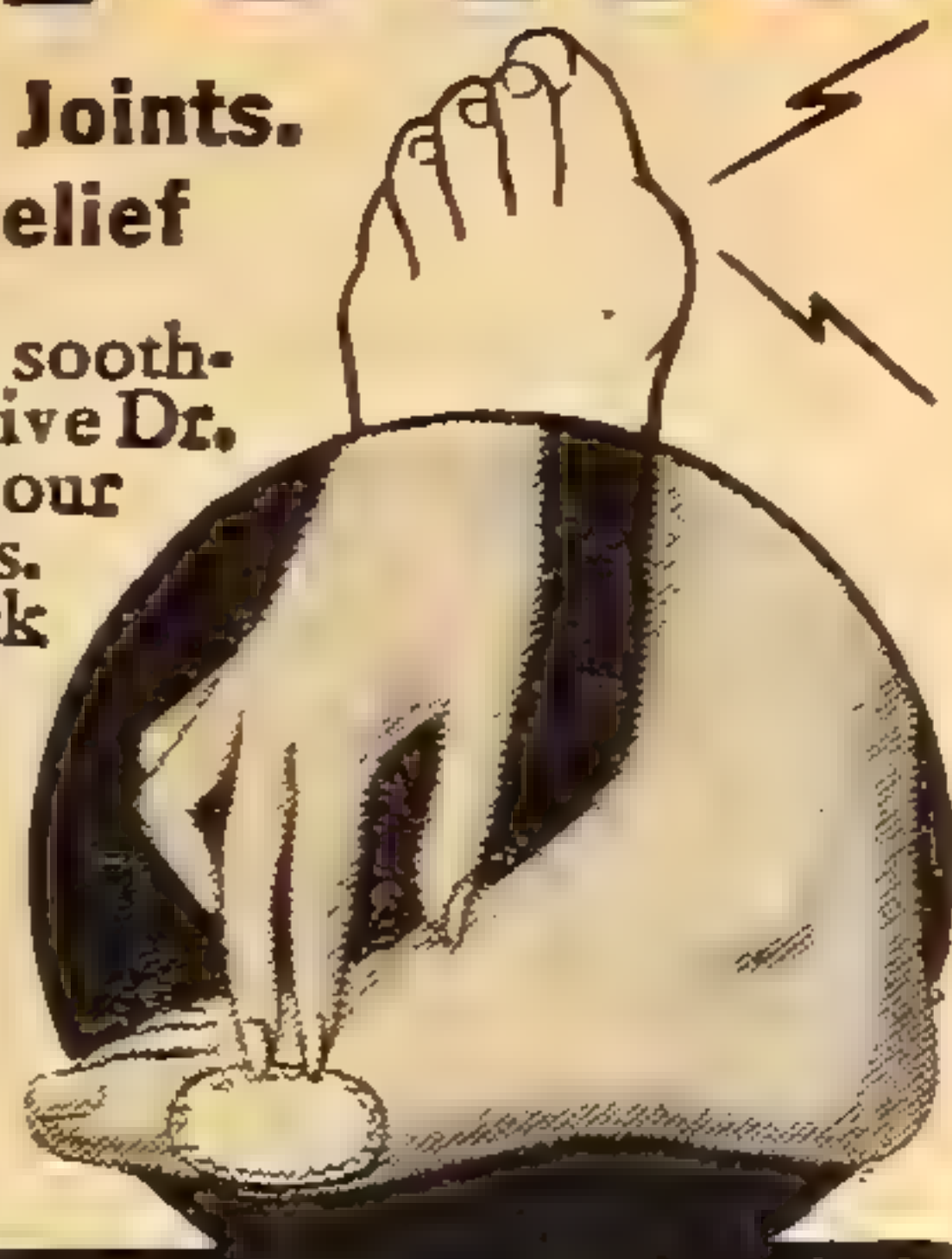
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**"WICKED WILLIAMS"**

(Continued from page 54)

She only knew that her hair was still damp and stringy, and she'd left her lipstick home, and that for the first time in her healthy young life she was wishing she could manage a swoon.

"It was one of those things that calls for a faint—and all I could do was gulp and gulp."

The test, what with several rehearsals and being photographed from various angles, took four hours to make. When Clark, who didn't know the script any better than she did, forgot one of his lines, he reverted to S.O.P. In the Army, that's Standard Operating Procedure—in a Gable picture it means he kisses the gal. At the end of four hours, Esther had been kissed some thirty-five times!

**bean babies . . .**

These days when Clark passes Esther on the lot he sometimes waves and says, "When are we going to do a picture together?" She still gulps, and says "I don't know"—which happens to be true. It could happen, of course, "—but I'm not doing any pining," she says, "I'm not a gal to push my luck!"

You can't really know Esther unless you know "Mommy"—wise and lovely Bula Williams who managed while teaching school, to give private lessons in normalcy to a brood of five at home. Ask Esther the secret of that exuberance and vitality of hers and she'll say, "I'm a product of fresh air—and Mommy's baked beans!" That's when you'll see a look of amusement and remembrance and companionship go quietly between them. The "joke" about the beans, neither of them minds telling you, is that one winter the Williams family would have been pretty hungry if it wasn't for a five-bushel basket of the darn things!

Esther was born in Los Angeles, after another thespian in the family had already caused them to trek west. Her Dad, Lou Williams, was an artist, doing theatrical art work in Salt Lake City. A troupe visiting there became impressed with six-year-old Stanton Williams, and the youngster was given a role in a play starring Clara Kimball Young. Her brother Stanton's acting career was a pitifully short one, he died when Esther was quite young. In other ways too, the family had its good times and its bad ones, as most families do.

Mr. Williams is now head painter at Calship, "—but in those days Dad was a dreamer, not a doer—" says his daughter proudly. "One winter when he was having one of his big beautiful dreams, we got all the way down to those five bushels of Navy beans. Mommy fixed them every day in a different way—baked, boiled, with tomatoes and without. It's a tribute to her ingenuity that to this day my favorite dish is still beans!"

The swimming began when Esther was eight years old and a public playground, complete with pool, was built near her home.

Because her mother's P.T.A. activities had been largely responsible for the pool, young Miss Williams was invited to assist in the dedication. She was to swim across the pool (after a little preliminary practice she could just about make it) and render a "thank you" speech. Nothing might have come of it if one Teddy, with whom she was very much in love, hadn't been present at the ceremonies. The embryo Bathing Beauty stepped to the edge of the pool, posed, and hit the water in what is known among the younger set as a "belly whopper." The roars of the crowd wouldn't



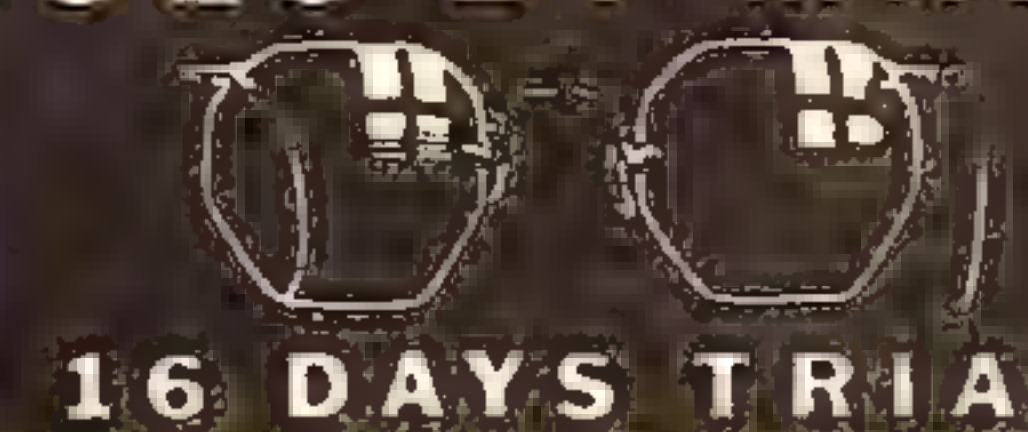
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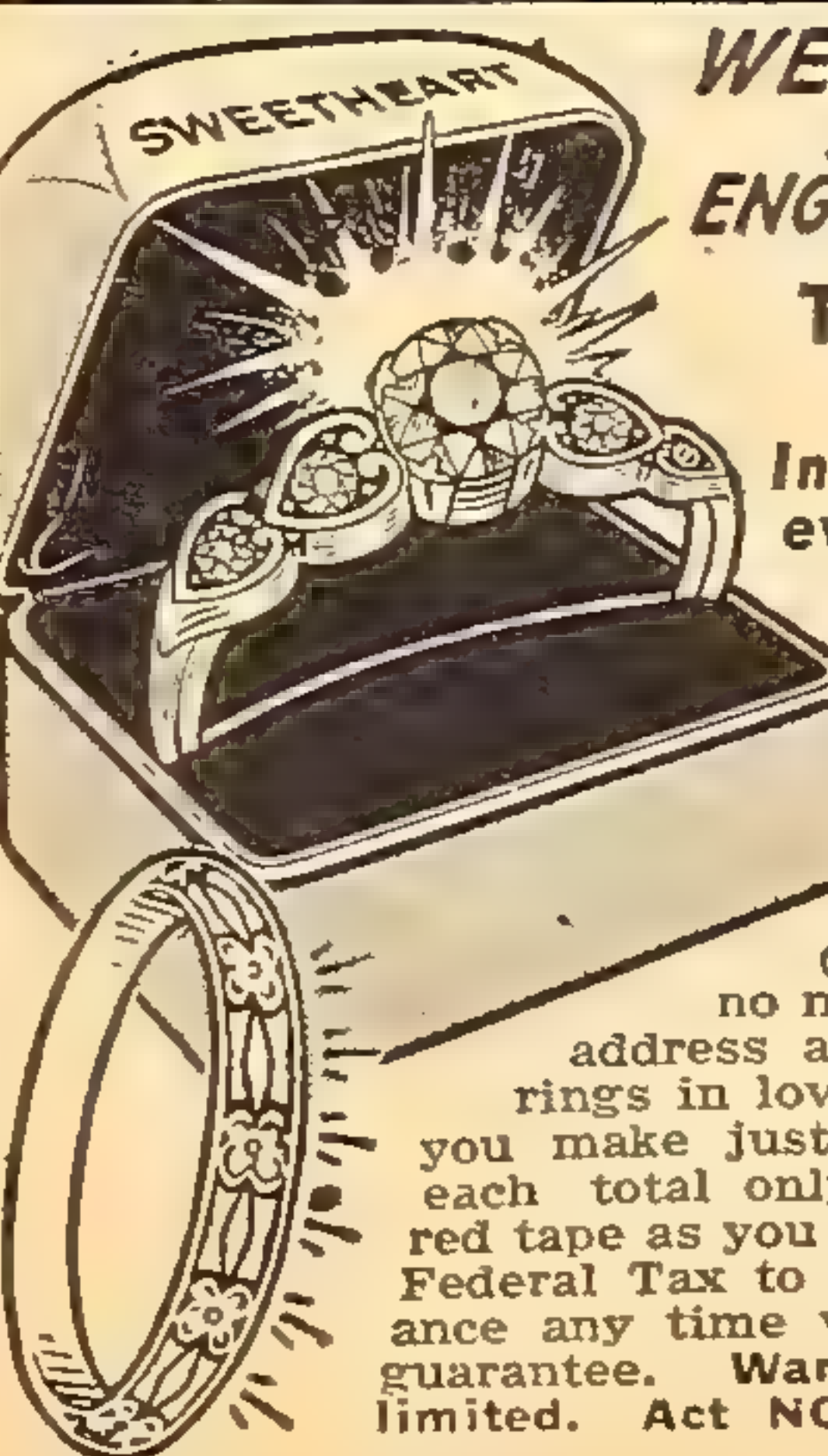
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have mattered, but the unsentimental snickering of the ungallant Teddy was too much.

"I made it to the mike," she recalls, "but when I opened my mouth nothing but water came out. From then on, learning to swim was merely a matter of revenge. I'd laugh in that Teddy's face some day! So what happened? Today Teddy's on my rationing board, and believe me, I'm nice and polite to him!"

Esther worked her way into that particular school of fish to which she belongs by counting towels at public pools, an hour's free swim for every hundred towels. At fifteen the Los Angeles Athletic Club became impressed with her form (and this time we speak technically) and promised they would make her a champion in four years. "I can't wait that long," said the brown-haired buzzbomb, "I'll do it in two—or give up."

So, late one hot and breathless night in '39, Esther stood on the edge of a pool in Des Moines, Iowa, talking to the pool and herself. The water lay dark and torpid, still warm with the heat of a blistering day and the hard breathing of straining young bodies, but to her it was a very heavenly piece of H<sub>2</sub>O. "You great big, beautiful old thing, you," said the new champion, with arms outstretched as if to embrace it, "You let me do it—you let me win the Nationals, and I'll never forget you!" She hasn't, either.

The Pacific peach broke national records like some people break their New Year's resolutions, one after another. 100 meter free style, the 300 meter medley, and as a member of the champion 400 meter free style relay team. She also set a record for the 100 meter breast stroke that year. She was in training to be America's Olympic queen when came the war, and all Hades broke loose at Helsinki. Since you can't get your vitamins eating your medals, she went to work at modeling for a while until showman Billy Rose sought her out as star of his San Francisco Aquacade.

It was at the Fair that Esther met John Murray Anderson, famous creator of water ballets, and whom she has met since, "—and always head-on! Mr. Anderson and I are old friends—want to see my scars?" she asks with a grin.

It seems that while Billy Rose is known as the little man who does things big, the lavishness did not extend to the leading lady's wardrobe. Esther, who is five-foot-seven, had to telescope herself into the last year's costumes of Eleanor Holm, who is five-foot-one.

"Came dress rehearsal and I walked out on the stage looking like something off a tramp steamer."

Mr. Murray looked up, pinned her with a startled gaze and stabbed her with a sharp inquiry:

"What—or rather, who—are you?" he asked coldly. "Esther Williams—" she said, in a voice as inadequate as her costume.

"Can I help it if Mr. Rose can't afford new costumes for me?" she asked hotly.

"We don't speak about what Mr. Rose can afford around here," said the director. "Just do something about it before the opening—"

ice cube atmosphere...

There was just one kindly smile on all that big stage—it belonged to Morton Downey whom she had always wanted to meet, but under better circumstances.

For the rest, there were dozens of young swimmers, professionals but not champions, most of whom were nursing injured feelings caused by not being chosen to star themselves. All in all, the atmosphere could have been cut up into large, frigid ice cubes.

Next time she met John Murray Ander-

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son it was on the Metro lot where she was the prize "Bathing Beauty" from the picture of the same name. It was then that Mr. Anderson smilingly nicknamed her "the Wicked Williams," which she liked—"it seemed like a friendly sign." The water chorines rehearsed day after day and Esther, busy with costume fittings and such, counted on two or three weeks rehearsal of her own. That's what it usually takes to perfect a precision ballet—only Mr. Anderson knows that Esther is no more "usual" than her native state's weather.

"We start shooting tomorrow," he all of a sudden told her. "You have today to rehearse in." Then, while her mouth hung open, "Get into a suit, get into the water—and improvise!" he told her.

She hopped in and was improvising "like a terrified tadpole," when came the director's voice over the mike: "Why you silly little girl you—now that was nice and stupid—"

"I climbed grandly out of the tank," she recalls, "wrapped my robe around me, and stalked majestically off to my dressing room. 'Send Mr. Anderson in—' I said, arm raised in queenly gesture. He came, and he said, 'How do you find time to be so childish? Hurry back to the tank, you're delaying us!' So—oh, I hurried back to the tank!"

If you saw "Bathing Beauty" you haven't forgotten the liquid grace of those ballets. "I guess J. M. A. is my favorite foe, after all, although knowing him is something like running yourself through a wringer," says his favorite victim. "I expect to go on meeting him all my life, and winding up every time limp and starchless—and knowing it's good for me!"

When she was not quite eighteen, Esther met and married young medical student Leonard Kovner, whom she divorced a year ago. For a while she did a gallant job of quick-changing from movie star to housewife, a housewife who fixed breakfast before she rushed off to "glamor," and at night switched contentedly from grease paint to biscuit dough. She doesn't talk about it much, but if she did she wouldn't make Hollywood the villain in the case. Two people in any town can find it impossible to think and feel the same about the same things—and that's what happened to this first love of hers.

Currently, with the advent of blonde six-foot-four Sgt. Ben Gage, life is again a lovely, laughing thing for Esther. "He's such a happy character," says the girl who knows happiness is not a possession, but a habit. "Full of fun, but underneath it he's solid and loyal—the first real friend I've ever had!"

crazy like a fox . . .

Esther's own loyalties are deep rooted—and unpredictable. There was the day recently when her handsome Sarge took her to Santa Anita for her first time. Not until he had carefully explained all about betting, of course—about reading the racing form, and picking a good jockey, and so on.

"That's certainly interesting," said his girl friend, after a while, "but I'm going to bet on Old Dad, because he's Mr. Mayer's horse and I'll bet he's nice—"

"Look, you don't bet on a horse's beautiful soul—not unless he can run, too. And this particular horse can't run—read the consensus if you don't believe me—" said her Sarge.

Esther regarded the consensus with her nose slightly upturned, because that's the way it grows, and said, "That's all the more reason I'm betting on Old Dad. For a long time Mr. Mayer paid me a salary when he didn't really know how I'd turn out, either. The least I can do is spend two dollars to encourage his horse—"

"I found a New Personality..."

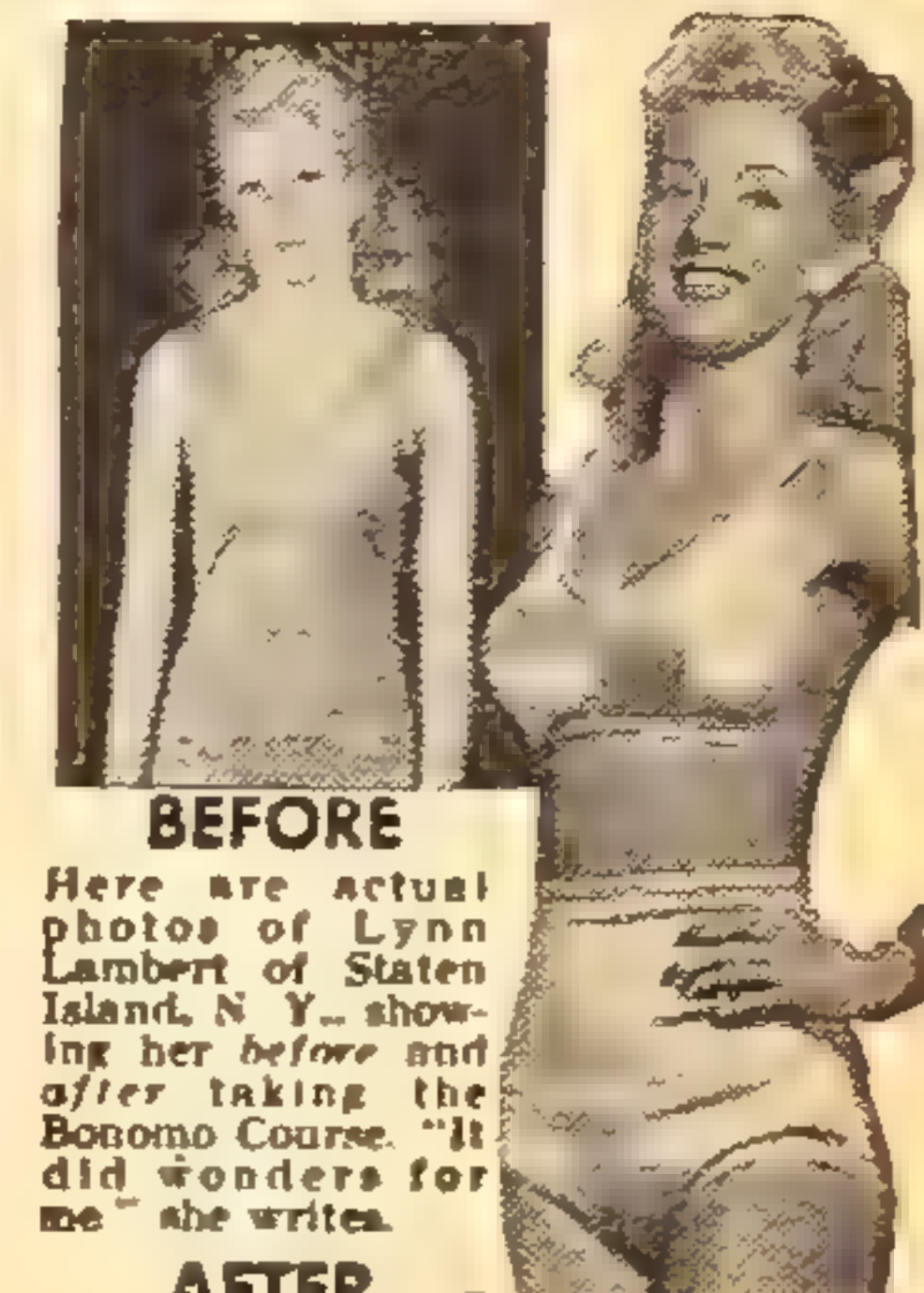


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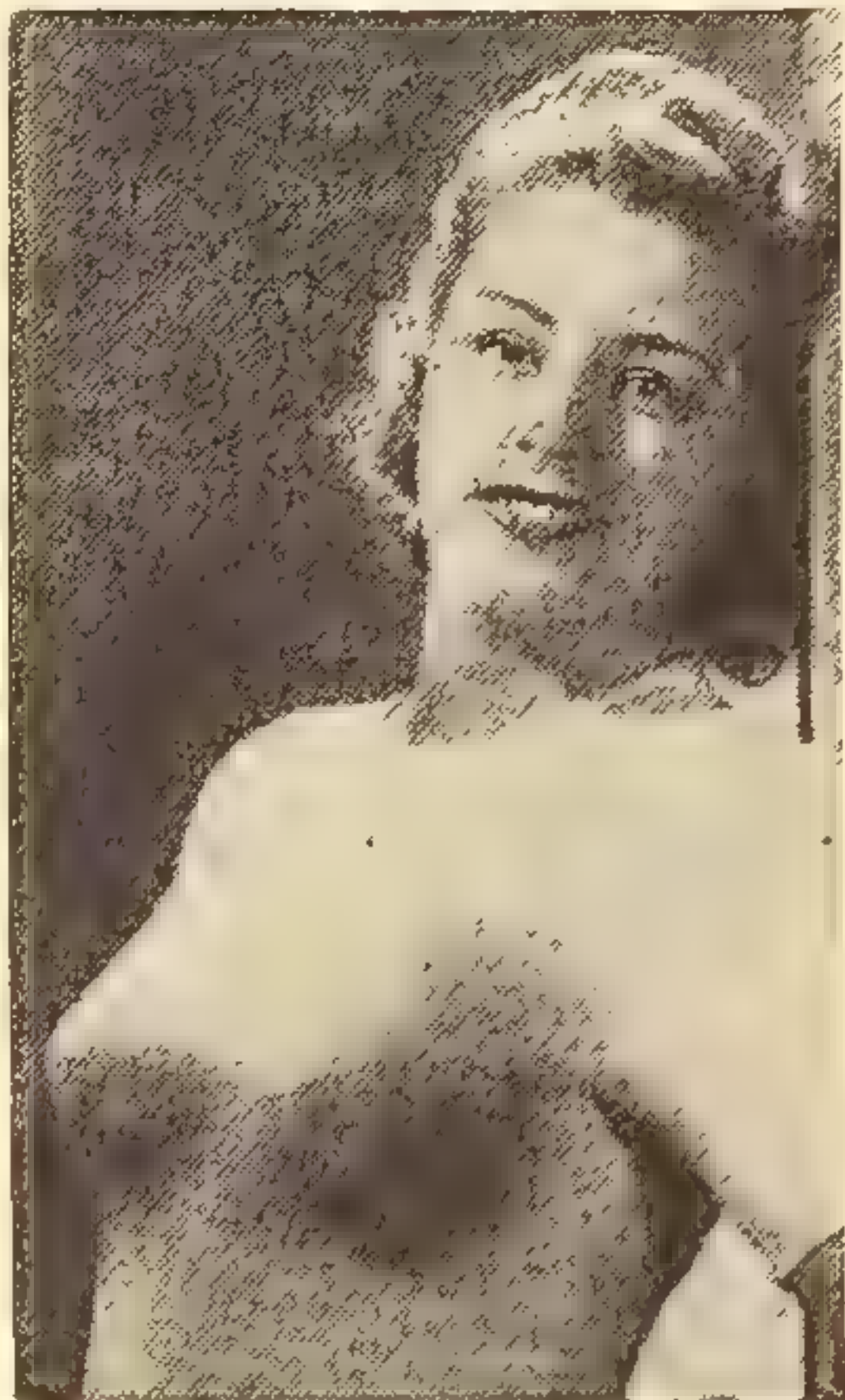


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## **DR. MILES NERVINE**

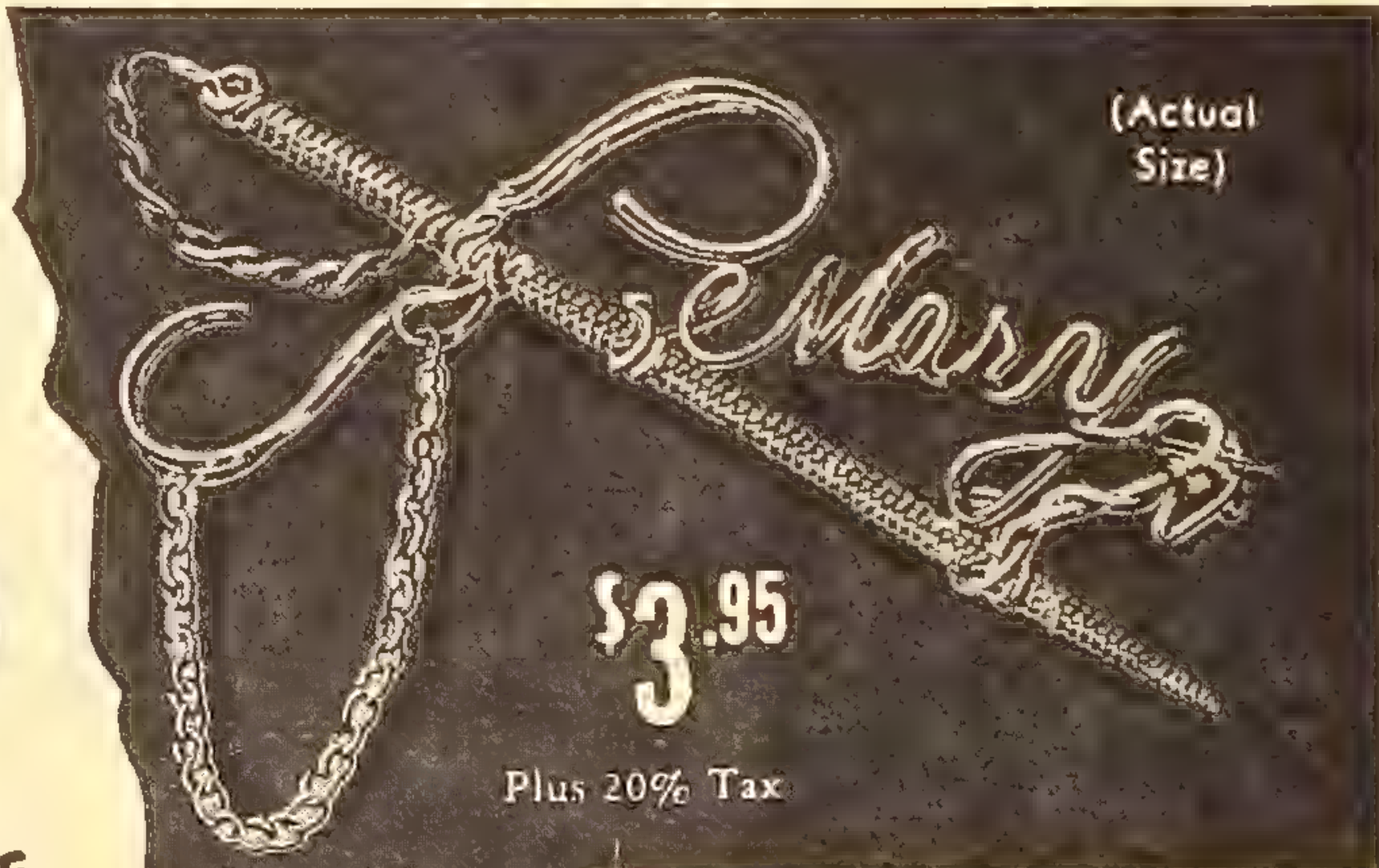
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It was very discouraging for Sgt. Ben when Old Dad won. Also when all the other horses Esther picked because they "reminded her of someone," or maybe just because she happened to stick a pin in their name on the racing form, kept on upsetting the consensus. It was nice, however, being able to borrow dinner money from her after his own betting was done!

Recently, when Esther toured the service hospitals it was suggested that since she had no vaudeville or "entertainment" tricks up her silken sleeve, it might be enough just to let the service men see and talk with such an engaging bit of femininity. Her answer was typically Williams:

"Look, I've got news for you—most of those fellows have been out of the country for a couple of years and have never even heard of Esther Williams. Even if they have, I'm not walking in on them with a big, silly grin on my face and saying 'Here comes a big fat treat for you, kids—me!' If I'm going to have a chance to be with those boys at all, I'm going to work for the privilege!"

It's a safe bet nobody ever worked harder. She whipped up a skit, a "screen test" idea, with the huskiest fighting man having to play heroine in a beflowered bonnet. A little on the corny side, but reminding them of the parlor dramatics they used to have fun with at home. She sang, and she staged rhumba contests and jitterbugged so many heels off her shoes she several times had to finish her show stocking-footed. And always, since most bases have pools or tanks, she gave exhibitions and raced the fellows in the water.

In Washington, where it was mid-winter, the Walter Reed Hospital authorities thought she might want to skip the swimming. "What for?" she asked, and waded through the snow from dressing room to tank à la Bathing Beauty, but with goose-pimples! At another hospital her audience consisted entirely of men with artificial legs and arms. But when it came time for the swimming and rhumba challenges, she walked down front like she had everywhere else, looked them straight in the eye and said, "Any takers?" There were plenty. Every fellow who raced her in the water had to remove a mechanical limb before he got into the tank, "—and I never had to swim harder to beat anybody in my life—!" They jitterbugged and rhumba'd with one leg apiece and sometimes on crutches, and did it like professionals. After she had kissed the winners, which was part of the show, "I went to my dressing room and cried like a fool," she says.

Then, there were the traction wards. The slow torture chambers where fellows lie week after week strung up on pulleys, and the stench of unwashed and rotting skin under their casts is so strong that even some of the sincerest and stoutest-hearted visitors have to skip it. "Then that's where I want to go," said Esther. She walked into the fetid room, this tall girl who looks like nothing stronger than a clean salt breeze had ever touched her, and said "Hi, kids!" The kids didn't answer. Broken, bitter boys, once as fresh and whole as she was, they lay in the tortured positions they hadn't been out of since they came, and watched her. Watching for that uncontrollable wrinkle of the nose, or grimace of the mouth as the stench hit her, waiting to scream "Get out of here, you—" as they had at others who couldn't take it.

Esther went from bed to bed, and talked until she got an answer or a grin. One blonde chap, he must have been a straight-backed six-footer with a spring in his step before he went into battle, was particularly sullen.

"I suppose you've come to leave us your autograph—how sweet!" he said abusively.



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"It isn't sweet, but it's short—I'd be happy if you'd let me scribble it somewhere," she said.

"Okay—autograph that—" said the boy grimly. "That" was a foul and odorous cast, with a smashed leg under it. He watched her bend over it with a smile, and take her time about it while she wrote, "Love—and all that good luck you've still got coming, Esther Williams."

"Aw, cut the clowning—" he was ugly, wanting to hurt others like he had been hurt. "You don't fool me—I know you hate getting near that stinking thing!"

Esther straightened up—and hit right back. "Look, Dirty Disposition, I'm from Hollywood, remember? You ought to smell some of our B pictures!"

A grin spread over his face, the grin he'd lost when his plane crashed. "You're okay, kid—" he said, "Think you can take it again—come see me again, I mean?" "I'll be here tomorrow morning, right before I leave—" she said.

That's how she is, this "Wicked Williams," spunky and witty and gallant hearted. A kid who swam her way to a championship "against the most outstanding field of 100-meter free-stylists ever assembled," the sports writers said. The kid with the curves who'll be able to handle herself in any field, because she is also a champ at living and laughing. A lot of both is being done these days in the small house she recently purchased for herself. It sits high on a Pacific Palisade with hot-and-cold running wind and sun and a built-in view of the ocean, and every morning she takes a deep breath and says, "I'm going to live here till I die!"

While gulping and waving at Gable, she's also been busy acting opposite Mickey Rooney, Red Skelton, Van Johnson and William Powell—not bad screen dating, you'll agree. The Powell picture, "The Hoodlum Saint," will take Esther out of a bathing suit and present her for the first time as a completely dressed leading lady. "Removing the distractions—" is the way Metro describes it.

"I've had to learn something new for every picture," she says, "to sing and to dance, and now to wear clothes! It will certainly be a nice, warm change from those chilly-morning swim suit scenes. People were beginning to call me 'Water-Soaked Williams!'"

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



Several years ago, Dick Powell made a personal appearance at Shea's Theater in Buffalo. When he walked out on the stage for his 6:00 p.m. performance, he made quite a speech to the audience. It seemed that Dick

had three very ardent admirers who were sitting in the front row, and had been sitting there since 11:00 that morning, when the theater had opened. He explained that he appreciated the enthusiasm that the young women had shown, and felt he wanted to express his gratitude by giving each a small gift. With that, he went into the wings and came back onstage with three bottles of milk and three delicious sandwiches. I say "delicious" because they sure were. I was the gal in the middle, and that's how I know!

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# BABY TALK

(Continued from page 41)

M-G-M, and M-G-M wondered if they couldn't squeeze a picture in. A troupier from the cradle, Gloria was willing on condition that the doctor agreed. But the picture called for tight period costumes and lots of dancing, so he said better not. Was Gloria downhearted? If anything, her face turned a shade more radiant. "It's such fun to stay home—"

It's fun for many reasons. At first, there'd been the house to get settled. John had quite a lot of it done before their engagement, but Gloria got hold of the bedroom in time to rescue it from strict masculinity. Now it's soft, without being gooey—lamps that are neither too fussy nor too severe—crisscross curtains at the windows, crisp and fresh but not drowned in ruffles—an oversize bed flanked by two utility tables—in short, a restful, friendly room.

For the living room she bought all the fascinating doodads a man never thinks of—plus one major piece. Between two windows stood a cherrywood table they both hated. The decorator kept promising to find something else, but Gloria found it first—a lovely maplewood desk that looked perfect for the spot—and had it sent home. As a rule, John's quick to notice any change, but this time of course he didn't—rambled all over the place with never a glance in the right direction till Gloria was ready to scream. Finally, she maneuvered him to a sofa facing the desk—now he'd have to see it. Instead, he kept his eyes on her face. "What've you been doing today, honey?"

She collapsed into giggles. "Buying us something you won't even look at—"

P. S.—He liked it.

Then there's the fun of planning for after the war. Like other good citizens, the Paynes put their money into war bonds, saving against inflation and making blueprints of what they'll do when the war's over. John's going to pull out the orchard behind the house and put citrus in—have a swimming pool built and, in the far corner, a corral with a horse or two. Years ago he acquired a piece of beach property. Every month they pore over house-and-garden magazines, and know exactly what their beach house will look like. A huge living room, all windows on the oceanside—a tremendous fireplace—the necessary bedrooms and kitchen—a workroom "for me to waste time in," says John—the whole built strong against onslaughts of wind and wave. But not now, with costs 300% more than they should be. What John and Clarence could do with their own hands, they've done—cleared the land, laid a foundation. The rest will wait, though Clarence would like nothing better than to put the house up himself. To Clarence and Mary Ellen, their couple, the Paynes are family.

They've also had a vacation—not the one they'd planned, but a nice one just the same. Their honeymoon was cut short, when TC-Fox called John back to start the "Dolly Sisters." He'd had no holiday since before entering the service so, with the picture finished, he decided to take Gloria to Mexico. Travel was less curtailed than it is now, but you still had a tough time getting reservations. Finally John came home waving the tickets—and much good they did him. The studio called. "Get ready to go to New Orleans for "Enchanted Voyage." They canceled the tickets, kissed Mexico goodbye and waited for orders, which came in due course. "You don't have to go to New Orleans—"

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So they went to Del Monte, explored Monterey, swam and played golf. Gloria'd never played before, but the pro told her she'd be good some day, which was more than he'd say for John who doesn't want to be good. John's attitude toward the game might be called indulgent. What he likes about it, it keeps him in the air. His idea is to hit the ball a whack. If it overshoots the green, that's the ball's business. As long as he smacks it 250 yards, he's a happy man. "Good deal," he says. Anything that leaves him content—a date with a friend, a book he's enjoyed, a fire on his hearth—is to John a good deal.

Finally, to keep the best for the last, there's always Julie, daughter of John and Anne Shirley, a dark eyed charmer with an irrepressible personality. Of course she's not always there, but John lost a lot of time with her while he was in the service, and Anne generously agreed to let him make it up. . . .

He's Pop to Julie, and Gloria's Button—a name she took over from John. She and Button were fast friends before the marriage, but not till they lived under the same roof did Gloria discover the infinite variety and diversion provided by an almost 5-year-old. . . .

Julie's blessed with an inquiring mind and a reluctance to admit ignorance on any subject. She'll fish for information, then pretend she's known it all along. Gloria bought her a hammer set. Following directions, Julia hammered a juggler together. "See what I made, Button! Isn't it wonderful?"

"It's a juggler," Gloria told her.

"Look, Pop, it's a juggle—"

He explained what a juggler was—how he throws and catches and balances things. Two minutes later they heard her in the kitchen. "Of course it's a juggle, Mary Ellen, he *balances* thing, don't you know what a *juggle* is—?"

who's little girl? . . .

Pop's the disciplinarian. If Julie's naughty with Button or Mary Ellen, they'll say, "Maybe your father should know about this—" And Pop takes direct action. His child has a lot of excess energy, and doesn't mind a fight. A little stronger and more active than most kids her age, she generally wins. The first time John heard of these doings, he gave her a long talk on the good neighbor policy, and why you don't trample on other people. She listened attentively, but had the bad luck to be caught redhanded a couple of weeks later. The result was a royal spanking, since then she's kept her hands respectfully in her pockets.

To Gloria, Julie's such fun that at first she wanted her own child to be a girl. But discovering that John sort of goes for boys she changed her mind. After all, they'd like more than one, and it's nice for the older to be a boy. Names have been discussed, but no final decision reached. "Let's wait and see what he looks like," says John. Somehow it always slips out "he." What "he" won't be, by paternal decree, is John Howard Payne, Jr. Payne thinks a kid's entitled to his own name.

At first you couldn't sell Julie anything but a boy—she definitely didn't want another girl around. Pop knew what was eating his daughter when, having heard about the baby, she eyed him for a minute, then made a running jump into his lap and smeared him with kisses. "Am I your little girl?" asked the small voice.

"Look, honey," he explained. "There are all different kinds of love, and a person's heart stretches to hold them all. When you got to know and love Button, did that make you love me any less? Well, I'll love a new little boy or girl very much, but you'll always be Julie. The way I

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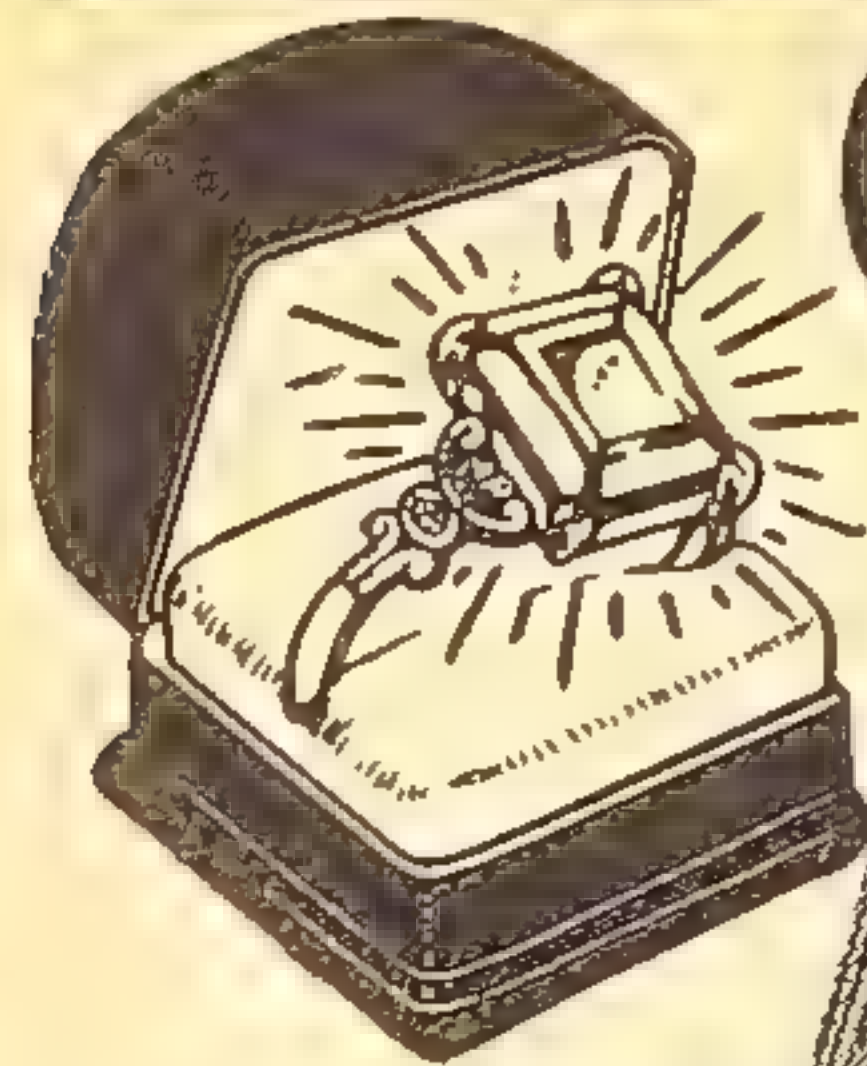
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love you belongs just to you, and nobody can take it away—"

From the start, Gloria shared the new baby with Julie, told her about it while it was still a secret, took her along on shopping expeditions. Julie began acting like a grandmother. "You shouldn't do that, Button. Let me do it for you—" At the baby shop she got very busy and helpful. "Of course we'll have to have these bands to put on its stomach." But the payoff came when she fell for a ravishing blonde of eighteen months. "You know, Button, we might have a girl. Nothing would surprise me—"

Gloria gets as excited as the next one, but doesn't let it show. Through the swift days of engagement and marriage, she kept her composure. Not till she stood in the church vestry, did she start shaking. That's how it was with the baby—she was all serenity till she sat in the shop with her mother that first time, and realized she was buying these things for her very own child.

She did her shopping early because things are hard to get, and because later on she might not feel like it. She took her mother's advice and bought only the basic necessities. "All you need to start

### ANSWERS

(Continued from page 84)

1. Fiction—"Emperor Jones"
2. Lived—"Diamond Jim"
3. Lived—"House of Rothschild"
4. Lived—"Shine On Harvest Moon"
5. Lived—"The Magic Bullet"
6. Fiction—"The Tarzan Series"
7. Fiction—"The Wizard of Oz"
8. Lived—"The Bowery"
9. Lived—"Juarez"
10. Lived—"Blossoms in the Dust"
11. Fiction—"Desert Song"
12. Lived—"Mutiny On the Bounty"
13. Lived—"Annie Oakley"
14. Lived—"Queen Christina"
15. Fiction—"Stage Door Canteen"
16. Fiction—"Gone With The Wind"
17. Fiction—"The Falcon Series"
18. Lived—"That Hamilton Woman"
19. Lived—"The Adventures of Marco Polo"
20. Lived—"The Warrior's Husband"

with are shirts and diapers and night-gowns." One night John came home with bottles, nipples and four dozen new diapers from a fellow at the studio. Down in Virginia, his Aunt Rosie is knitting soakers. And one morning he arrived on the set to find 8-year-old Connie Marshall, who plays his little sister in "Enchanted Voyage," making with the blue yarn and needles. "It's a sweater for your baby, John." He already had Connie down for a marvel, but that cinched it.

The nursery's ready. Boy or girl, it's blue, for the sensible reason that Gloria likes blue. For contrast, the wallpaper's pink with a blue stripe. She did want a bassinet, but without all the dust catching bows and flummery. Only you can't get them nowadays, so she settled for a miniature crib in powder blue. There's a hamper and waste basket to match, and a little lamp, and a wardrobe, and a rocker with a quilted seat to sit in when you hold the baby. First day the things were in, Mary Ellen ran up eight times to look at them. "Here's where the baby sleeps," Julie explained. "And this is a bumper. You know what a bumper is, Mary Ellen—so as not to bump its little head—"

Gloria used to get up to breakfast with John every morning. Now she wakes up just long enough to say goodbye. Mary Ellen cuddles her to a fare-you-well—

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"Why don't you let me bring you a tray, Mrs. Payne?" Or: "Why don't you break that appointment? Mr. Payne can take care of it—"

As a rule, though, she's up for breakfast with Julie, and sees her off to school. Takes her time about dressing and lunches at home, where Mary Ellen feeds her exactly what the doctor orders. Up to now, she's spent most afternoons shopping for the baby—taking Julie places, ranging from the dentist to "Dumbo"—picking up groceries on the way home. On Mary Ellen's day out, they get hamburger, cheese and cole slaw and John takes over at the barbecue, fixing wonderful cheeseburgers which they eat under a huge pepper tree in the patio.

A couple of nights a week they go to pictures. "My taste," says John, "is strictly from hunger. I like to see them all." He gets a bang out of oldies run at the studio, especially when Gloria's never seen them before. And they'll take in some bad ones, just to see what makes them bad. When they're at home, people drop in. Or they listen to records or read. At least, John reads.

He has a thirst for books that can't be slaked. He wants to read everything, ten lives wouldn't be long enough. "Some guy's worried about it and written it," says John. "Least you can do is find out if he's got anything to tell you."

no better, no worse . . .

"I can't read," says Gloria, neither proud nor abashed, just stating a fact. "The idea of sitting alone and just reading a book always made me nervous—"

John tempted her with this and that. "For your own sake, Button. You don't know what you're missing—"

She finished "Leave Her to Heaven." She liked it, which encouraged them both. . . .

"Why don't you read aloud to me, John? I'd enjoy that—"

So he read aloud to her. Three minutes, and she'd fall asleep. Now he repeats the performance every night, and it's even better than a sleeping pill. When all's nice and quiet, he can read to himself in the cool, quiet house.

He's given up on another score, too. Gloria's chronically late. John tried to train her to punctuality—

"I think I'm a little better," she coaxes, "don't you?"

"No," he says, without even looking up.

just like a woman . . .

She's given up trying to make him dress more. Not that she asks for a collar and tie, that would be overdoing it. But she wishes he weren't quite so devoted to his old jeans—and that he'd wear shoes round the house once in a while. She has nothing against bare feet in and of themselves, but he runs through every draft in the house and he's bound to catch something. Only for spite he doesn't.

If you could eavesdrop, you'd hear things like this go on—

John gets up early even when he doesn't have to. Gloria can't see why—

"Because I'm naturally lazy," he explains.

## AUTOGRAPHS!

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Betty Grable

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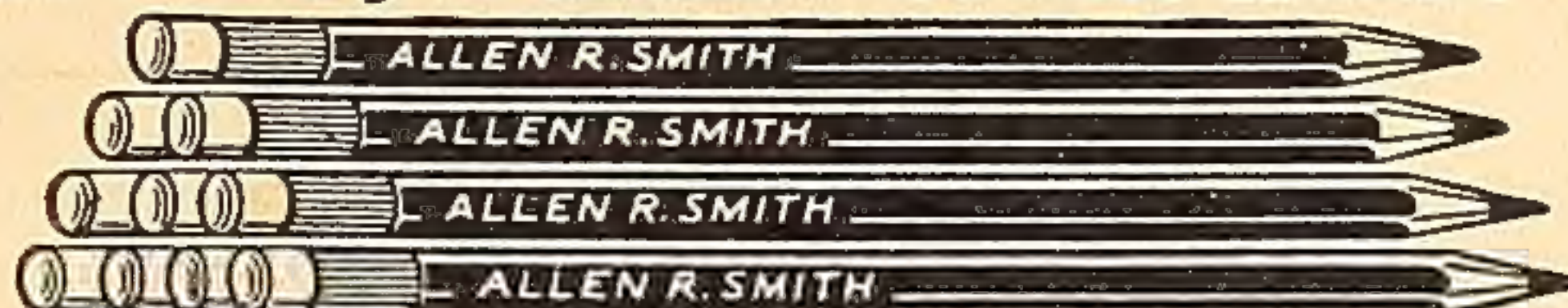
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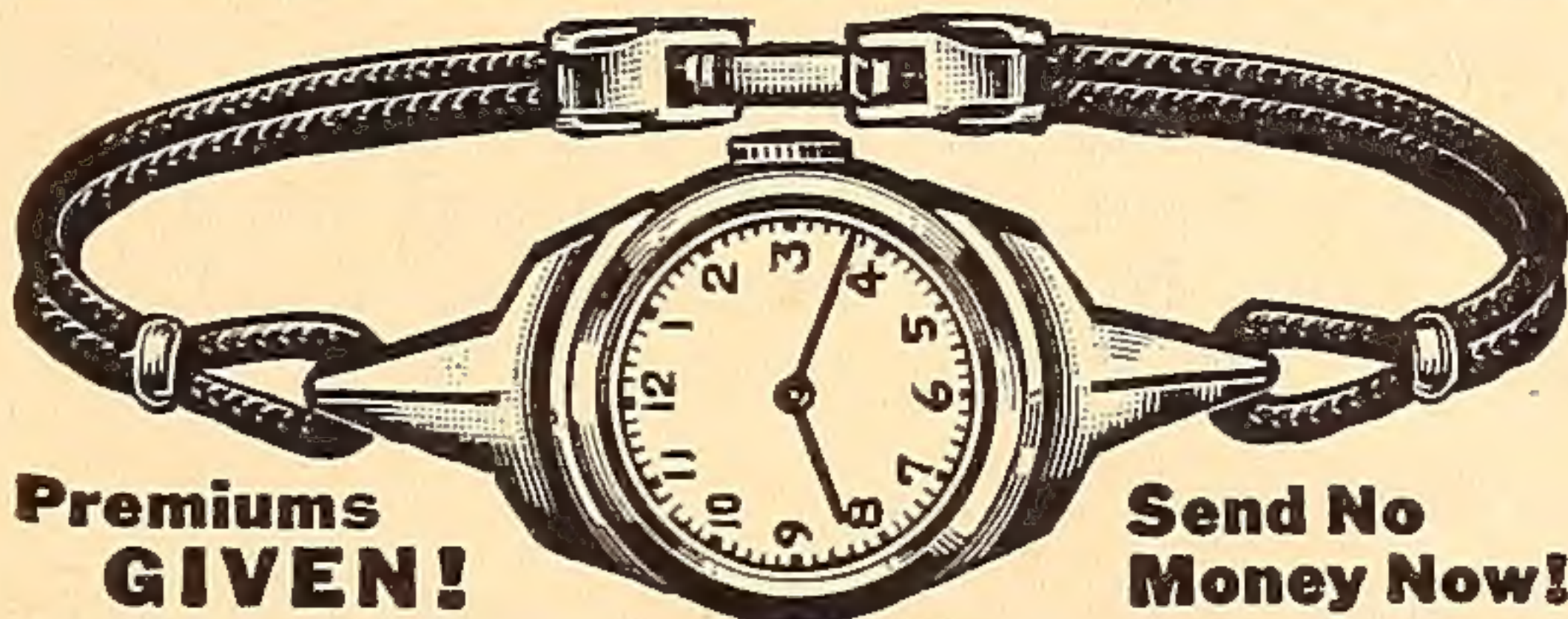
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"Did you take your pills, Button?"  
"No, I can't stand them—"  
"Just like a woman. The doctor prescribes 'em, she can't stand 'em, so she blissfully forgets them—"  
"I'll take them tonight—"  
"You're supposed to take them three times a day—"  
"I'll take *three* tonight—"  
She takes them three times a day.  
As a thrower of surprise parties though, John'll back his wife against the field. With the odds stacked against her, she pulled off a dilly for his birthday on May 28th.  
First of all, Julie knew—and how many five-year-olds can keep a secret? But Gloria had a special reason for telling her. She'd meant so desperately to keep the secret of the baby. One day it accidentally popped out before she realized, and the woe in her face was more than Gloria could take. She had to prove she trusted Julie in spite of the slip. Wild horses couldn't have dragged a word from her this time. Not by so much as a glint of the eye did she let on. . . .

#### surprise spoiler . . .

Then, John wasn't working and they couldn't get rid of him to do the necessary phoning. Gloria did most of it from her mother's and, even so, had to warn people not to call back because John's long legs carry him to the phone before anyone else has a chance to pick it up. Consultations with Mary Ellen and Clarence had to be held with a weather eye to the door, and plans had to be made for a fake celebration.  
"What would you like to do on your birthday, John?"  
"Oh, nothing special. Let's have dinner at home and maybe go out later—"  
Dorothy and Bill Wellman were in on the conspiracy. They'd just started laying the groundwork one afternoon, when Gloria gasped: "Adlib. I hear John coming—"  
Dorothy took it from there. "Why don't you kids come over for dinner Monday?"  
"Good deal," said John.  
"Oh, but Monday's your birthday, John. Did you forget?"  
He flopped right into the net. "Honey, it's fine with me. Let's all four celebrate my birthday. But over here—"  
Dorothy yielded sweetly. "Well, if you'd rather, seeing it's *your* birthday. But come over to us for cocktails first—"  
So it was arranged. The guests had promised to be there by 6:30. Gloria'd asked them to park their cars away from the house. Fieldsie Lang would be on hand to receive them. As John turned into the drive, everything looked perfect—no cars around, the place quiet and dark. Then John spoke: "Looks like we've got callers—"  
Just ahead of them walked Lillian and Fred MacMurray. "We're dead ducks," thought Gloria wildly. "I might as well tell him—"  
But Fred and Lil had turned, waiting for them to pull up. They never cracked a muscle. "Hi, John, Gloria. You've been asking us to drop in, and we had a few minutes before dinner. Hope it's not inconvenient—"  
"Swonderful," said John, with his key in the lock. "Perfect timing. Another couple of minutes, and we'd have missed

you." He flung open the door—  
Up went the lights. "Surprise!" yelled the gang, while John stood there saying "Oh no!" and Julie squealed: "I never told, did I, Button? I knew all about it, Pop, but I never told—"  
In the patio, where Clarence had strung lights through the trees, they ate spaghetti and hot cornbread and spare ribs, Gloria having had the foresight to borrow red ration points from her guests. Then they moved indoors to sing around the piano and play records and games. Whenever John missed, he'd yell: "Second chance, it's my birthday—"

#### matchmaking magazine . . .

The Paynes will always be special with MODERN SCREEN, because they met at another party, given by the Ladds for one of our editors last September. We wish all our friends well, but there's an extra warmth in our good wishes for them. Leaving the house behind the colonial pillars—bought by John before he ever knew about Gloria's dream of living in a colonial house—you take away pictures. John in a corner of the sofa, kidding his wife—Julie running in for Button to fix her hair—Gloria trying out the quilted rocker in the nursery—the wonderfully gentle look on her face as she said, "It's such fun to stay home—"  
Leaving, John's phrase sort of follows you on the breeze. It's a good deal.

#### MORE TIPS ON GI GIFTS

This year thousands of soldiers are moving to new assignments, across oceans and continents. It's going to be especially difficult to deliver your Christmas gifts to them safely and on time. We need your full cooperation.

1. This year please send only one package.

2. If your soldier is en route home or about to come home, don't send him a Christmas package.

3. Use his latest address and be sure it's complete and accurate; name, rank, serial number, organization and unit, APO, in care of postmaster at port of embarkation. Address it—then check it.

4. Mail Christmas gifts overseas from September 15 to October 15. This is the only time you can mail a parcel overseas without a request from your soldier. But . . .

5. If there's reason to believe he may move to a new location . . . it's safer to wait till you can mail your gift to the new address—even if this means asking him for a letter requesting your gift so that you can mail it after October 15.

6. Use a heavy box and strong cord. (Government-approved overseas boxes can be bought at retail stores.)

7. Send only non-perishable food and simple, usable gifts. Like hard candy, dried fruit, canned foods, razor blades, soap, a fountain pen, a wallet, a wristwatch, etc.

8. Your package must not weigh over 5 pounds. It must not be more than 15 inches long, nor more than 36 inches in length plus girth.

Mail Christmas cards any time, but seal them and put on first class postage.

Many millions of Christmas gifts will go overseas this year. If you'll start them off right, the post office will do its best to get them there.





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